

THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *THOMSON*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

With ADDITIONS and CORRECTIONS.



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W O R K S

Mr. THOMSON

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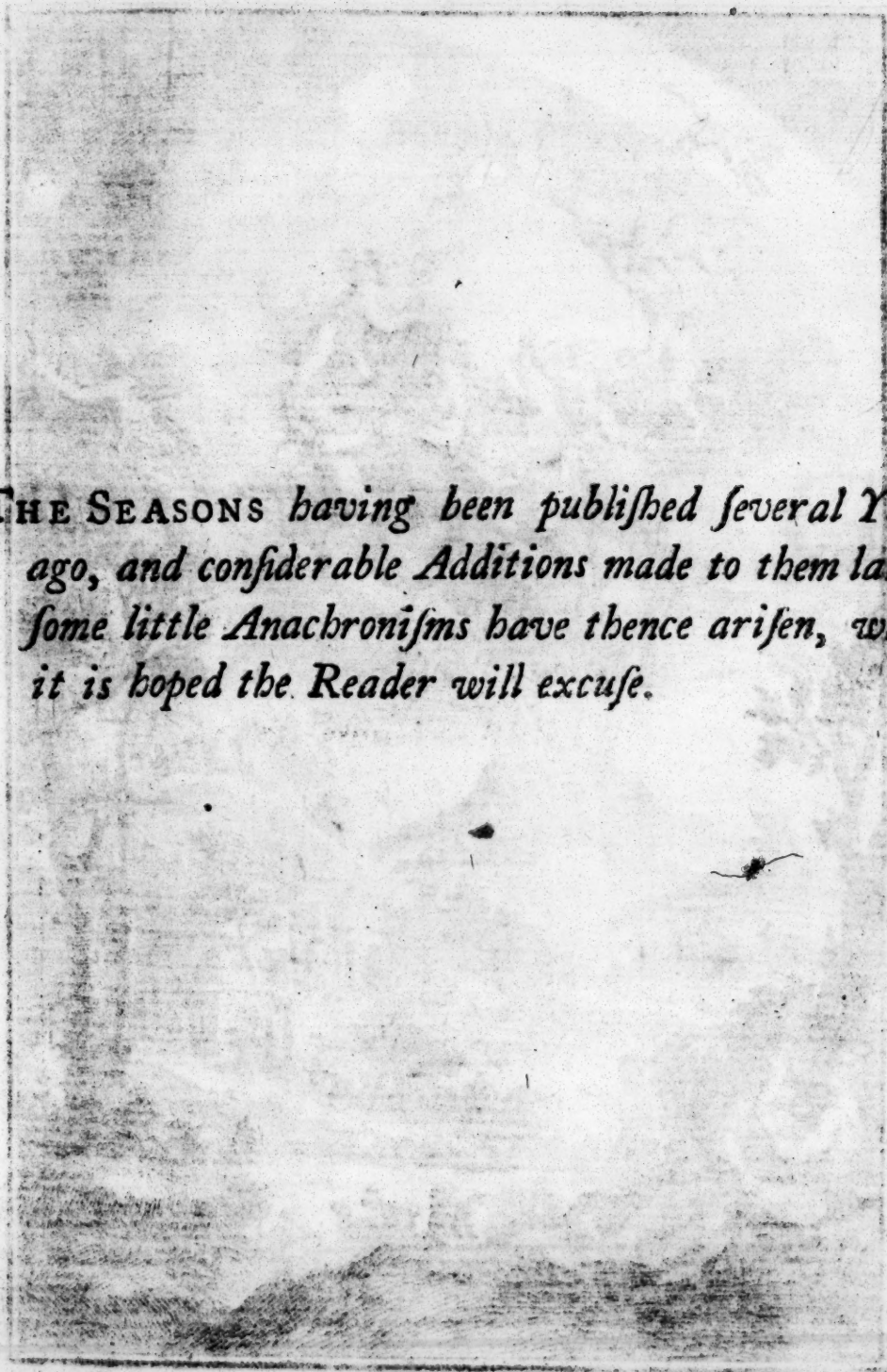
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THE SEASONS *having been published several Years ago, and considerable Additions made to them lately, some little Anachronisms have thence arisen, which it is hoped the Reader will excuse.*



SPRING



W. Kent inv. et del.

P. Faudrionier Sculp.

SPRING.

SPRING.

VOL. I.

B

The A R G U M E N T.

*The Subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of
HARTFORD. This Season is described as it af-
fects the various Parts of Nature, ascending from
the Lower to the Higher ; and mixed with Di-
gressions arising from the Subject. It's Influence on
inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Ani-
mals, and last on Man ; concluding with a Dissua-
sive from the wild and irregular Passion of Love,
opposed to That of a pure and happy Kind.*

SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,
 And from the Bosom of yon dropping Cloud,
 While Music wakes around, veil'd in a Shower
 Of shadowing Roses, on our Plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted, or to shine in Courts 5
 With unaffected Grace, or walk the Plain
 With Innocence and Meditation join'd
 In soft Assemblage, listen to my Song,
 Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all
 Is blooming, and benevolent, like thee. 10

AND see where furly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blasts :
 His Blasts obey, and quit the howling Hill,
 The shatter'd Forest, and the ravag'd Vale ;
 While softer Gales succeed, at whose kind Touch, 15

Diffolving Snows in livid Torrents lost,
The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at Eve resumes the Breeze,
Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleet 20
Deform the Day delightless: so that scarce
The Bittern knows his Time, with Bill ingulph't,
To shake the founding Marsh; or from the Shore
The Plovers when to scatter o'er the Heath,
And sing their wild Notes to the listening Waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive Atmosphere is cramp'd with Cold;
But, full of Life and vivifying Soul,
Lifts the light Clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid Airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding Earth, the moving Softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient Husbandman perceives

Relenting

Relenting Nature, and his lusty Steers 35
 Drives from their Stalls, to Where the well-us'd Plow
 Lies in the Furrow loosen'd from the Frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd Yoke,
 They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,
 Chear'd by the simple Song and soaring Lark. 40
 Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining Share,
 The Master leans, removes th' obstructing Clay,
 Winds the whole Work, and fidealong lays the Glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighbouring Fields the Sower
 stalks,
 With measur'd Step; and, liberal, throws the Grain 45
 Into the faithful Bosom of the Ground.
 The Harrow follows harsh, and shuts the Scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious Man
 Has done his Part. Ye fostering Breezes, blow!
 Ye softening Dews, ye tender Showers, descend! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
 Into the perfect Year! Nor ye who live
 In Luxury and Ease, in Pomp and Pride,

Think these lost Themes unworthy of your Ear :
 Such Themes as these the rural MARO sung 55
 To wide-imperial *Rome*, in the full Height
 Of Elegance and Taste, by *Greece* refin'd.
 In antient Times, the sacred Plow employ'd
 The Kings and awful Fathers of Mankind :
 And some, with whom compar'd, your Insect-Tribes 60
 Are but the Beings of a Summer's Day,
 Have held the Scale of Empire, rul'd the Storm
 Of mighty War ; then, with victorious Hand,
 Disdaining little Delicacies, seiz'd
 The Plow, and greatly independent scorn'd 65
 All the vile Stores Corruption can bestow.

YE generous BRITONS, venerate the Plow !
 And o'er your Hills, and long withdrawing Vales,
 Let Autumn spread his Treasures to the Sun,
 Luxuriant, and unbounded ! As the Sea, 70
 Far thro' his azure turbulent Domain,
 Your Empire owns, and from a thousand Shores
 Wafts all the Pomp of Life into your Ports ;
 So with superior Boon may your rich Soil,

Exuberant,

Exuberant, Nature's better Blessings pour 75
 O'er every Land, the naked Nations cloath,
 And be th' exhaustless Granary of a World!

N O R only thro' the lenient Air this Change,
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative Sun,
 His Force deep-darting to the dark Retreat 80
 Of Vegetation, sets the steaming Power
 At large, to wander o'er the vernal Earth,
 In various Hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green*!
 Thou smiling Nature's universal Robe!
 United Light and Shade! where the Sight dwells 85
 With growing Strength, and ever-new Delight.

F R O M the moist Meadow to the wither'd Hill,
 Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd Eye.
 The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves 90
 Put forth their Buds, unfolding by Degrees,
 Till the whole leafy Forest stands display'd,
 In full Luxuriance, to the fighting Gales;
 Where the Deer rustle thro' the twining Brake,

And the Birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
 In all the Colours of the flushing Year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working Hand,
 The Garden glows, and fills the liberal Air
 With lavish Fragrance; while the promis'd Fruit
 Lies yet a little Embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
 Within it's crimson Folds; Now from the Town,
 Buried in Smoke, and Sleep, and noisom Damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields;
 Where Freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 Drops
 From the bent Bush, as thro' the verdant Maze 105
 Of Sweet-briar Hedges I pursue my Walk;
 Or taste the Smell of Dairy; or ascend
 Some Eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy Plains,
 And see the Country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless Blush, one white empurpled Shower 110
 Of mingled Blossoms; where the raptur'd Eye
 Hurries from Joy to Joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair Profusion, yellow Autumn spies,

If brush'd from *Russian* Wilds a cutting Gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid Wings 115
 The clammy Mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely Frost ; before whose baleful Blast,
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her Foliage shrinks,
 Joyless, and dead, a wide-dejected Waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy North, 120
 Myriads on Myriads, Insect-Armies waft
 Keen in the poison'd Breeze ; and wasteful eat,
 Thro' Buds, and Bark, into the blacken'd Core,
 Their eager Way. A feeble Race ! yet oft
 The sacred Sons of Vengeance ! on whose Course 125
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year.
 To check this Plague the skilful Farmer Chaff,
 And blazing Straw, before his Orchard burns ;
 Till, all involv'd in Smoke, the latent Foe
 From every Cranny suffocated falls : 130
 Or scatters o'er the Blooms the pungent Dust
 Of Pepper, fatal to the frosty Tribe !
 Or, when th' envenom'd Leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled Water drowns them in their Nests

Nor, while they pick them up with busy Bill, 135
The little trooping Birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, Swains; these cruel-seeming Winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
Those deepening Clouds on Clouds, furcharg'd with
Rain,

That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 140
In endless Train, would quench the Summer-Blaze,
And, chearless, drown the crude unripen'd Year.

THE North-East spends his Rage, and now shut up
Within his iron Caves, th' effusive South
Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven 145
Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers distant.
At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining Ether; but by fast Degrees,
In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour fails
Along the loaded Sky, and mingling deep, 150
Sits on th' Horizon round a settled Gloom.
Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,
Oppressing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,

And

And full of every Hope and every Joy,
The Wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the Breeze, 155
Into a perfect Calm ; that not a Breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing Woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling Leaves
Of Aspin tall. Th' uncurling Floods, diffus'd
In glassy Breadth, seem thro' delusive Lapse 160
Forgetful of their Course. 'Tis Silence all,
And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling Verdure. Hush'd in short Suspense,
The plummy People streak their Wings with Oil, 165
To throw the lucid Moisture trickling off ;
And wait th' approaching Sign to strike, at once,
Into the general Choir. Even Mountains, Vales,
And Forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd Sweetness. Man superior walks 170
Amid the glad Creation, musing Praise,
And looking lively Gratitude. At last,
The Clouds consign their Treasures to the Fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimply Pool
Prelusive Drops, let all their Moisture flow, 175

In

In large Effusion o'er the freshen'd World.
 The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the Forest-Walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.
 But who can hold the Shade, while Heaven descends,
 In universal Bounty, shedding Herbs,
 And Fruits, and Flowers, on Nature's ample Lap?
 Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their Growth;
 And, while the milky Nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling Country colour round,

Thus all day long the full-distended Clouds
 Indulge their genial Stores, and well-shower'd Earth,
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life;
 Till, in the western Sky, the downward Sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the Flush
 Of broken Clouds, gay-shifting to his Beam.
 The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd Mountain, thro' the Forest streams,
 Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Mist,
 Far-smoking o'er th' interminable Plain,
 In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gems.

Moist,

Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
Full swell the Woods; their every Musick wakes,
Mix'd in wild Concert with the warbling Brooks
Increas'd, the distant Bleatings of the Hills, 200
The hollow Lows responsive from the Vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.
Mean time refracted from yon eastern Cloud,
Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal Bow
Shoots up immense; and every Hue unfolds, 205
In fair Proportion, running from the Red,
To where the Violet fades into the Sky.
Here, mighty NEWTON, the dissolving Clouds
Form, as they scatter round, thy showery Prism;
Untwisting, to the philosophic Eye, 210
The various Twine of Light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling Maze. Not so the Swain,
He wondering views the bright Enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs
To catch the falling Glory; but amaz'd 215
Beholds th' amusive Arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,

A soften'd Shade, and saturated Earth
 Awaits the Morning-Beam, to give to Light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different Plastic Tubes, 220
 The balmy Treasures of the former Day.

THEN spring the living Herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power
 Of Botanist to number up their Tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely Dale, 225
 In silent Search ; or thro' the Forest, rank
 With what the dull Incurious Weeds account,
 Bursts his blind Way ; or climbs the Mountain-Rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding Verdure of it's Brow.
 With such a liberal Hand has Nature flung 230
 Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in Winds,
 Innumeros mix'd them with the nursing Mold,
 The moistening Current, and prolifick Rain.

BUT who their Virtues can declare ? Who pierce,
 With Vision pure, into these secret Stores 235
 Of Health, and Life, and Joy ? The Food of Man
 While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told

A Length of golden Years, unflesh'd in Blood,
A Stranger to the savage Arts of Life,
Death, Rapine, Carnage, Surfeit, and Disease, 240
The Lord, and not the Tyrant of the World.

THE first fresh Dawn then wak'd the gladden'd Race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The Sluggard sleep beneath its sacred Beam,
For their light Slumbers gently fum'd away ; 245
And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,
Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,
Or to the chearful Tendance of the Flock.
Mean time the Song went round ; and Dance and Sport,
Wisdom and friendly Talk, successive, stole 250
Their Hours away. While in the rosy Vale
Love breath'd his infant Sighs, from Anguish free,
And full replete with Bliss ; save the sweet Pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious Act, nor surly Deed, 255
Was known among these happy Sons of Heaven ;
For Reason and Benevolence were Law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.

Clear

Clear shone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gates,
 And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun 260
 Shot his best Rays, and still the gracious Clouds
 Drop'd Fatness down; as, o'er the swelling Mead,
 The Herds and Flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,
 The glaring Lion saw, his horrid Heart 265
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen Joy.
 For Music held the Whole in perfect Peace:
 Soft sigh'd the Flute; the tender Voice was heard,
 Warbling the vary'd Heart; the Woodlands round
 Apply'd their Quire; and Winds and Waters flow'd 270
 In consonance. Such were those Prime of Days.

But now those white unblemish'd Minutes, whence
 The fabling Poets took their golden Age,
 Are found no more amid these iron Times,
 These Dregs of Life! Now the distemper'd Mind 275
 Has lost that Concord of harmonious Powers,
 Which forms the Soul of Happiness; and all
 Is off the Poise within; the Passions all
 Have burst their Bounds; and Reason half extinct,

Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280

The foul Disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,

Convulsive Anger storms at large; or pale,

And silent, settles into fell Revenge.

Base Envy withers at another's Joy,

And hates whate'er is excellent and good. 285

Desponding Fear, of feeble Fancies full,

Weak, and unmanly, loosens every Power.

Even Love itself is Bitterness of Soul,

A pensive Anguish pining at the Heart:

Or, sunk to sordid Interest, feels no more 290

That restless Wish, that infinite Desire,

Which, selfish Joy disdaining, seek, alone,

To bless the dearer Object of it's Flame.

Hope sickens with Extravagance; and Grief,

Of Life impatient, into Madness swells; 295

Or in dead Silence wastes the weeping Hours.

These, and a thousand mix'd Emotions more,

From ever-changing Views of Good and Ill,

Form'd infinitely various, vex the Mind

With endless Storm. Whence, inly rankling, grows

The partial Thought, a listless Unconcern, 301

Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good;
 Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
 Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence.
 At last, extinct each social Feeling, fell 305
 And joyless Inhumanity pervades,
 And petrifies the Heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.

HENCE, in old dusky Time, a Deluge came:
 When the deep-cleft disparting Orb, that arch'd 310
 The central Waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal Burst, into the Gulph,
 And o'er the high-pil'd Hills of fractur'd Earth
 Wide-dash'd the Waves, in Undulation vast;
 Till, from the Center to the streaming Clouds, 315
 A shoreless Ocean tumbled round the Globe.

THE Seasons since, as hoar Tradition tells,
 Have kept their constant Chace: the Winter keen
 Shook forth his Waste of Snows; and Summer shot
 His pestilential Heats. Great Spring, before, 320
 Green'd all the Year; and Fruits and Blossoms blush'd;
 In social Sweetness, on the self-same Bough.

Pure was the temperate Air ; an even Calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue Expanse : for then nor Storms
 Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage ; 326
 Sound slept the Waters ; no sulphureous Glooms
 Swell'd in the Sky, and sent the Lightning forth ;
 While sickly Damps, and cold autumnal Fogs,
 Oppressive, sat not on the Springs of Life. 330
 But now, of turbid Elements the Sport,
 From Clear to Cloudy tost, from Hot to Cold,
 And Dry to Moist, with inward-eating Change,
 Our drooping Days are dwindled down to Nought,
 Their Period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

AND yet the wholesome Herb neglected dies ;
 Tho' with the pure exhilarating Soul
 Of Nutriment and Health, salubrious, blest,
 And deeply stor'd with wondrous vital Powers.
 For, with hot Ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man 340
 Is now become the Lion of the Plain,
 And worse. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold
 Fierce-drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,

Nor wore her warming Fleece : nor has the Steer,
 At whose strong Chest the deadly Tyger hangs, 345
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With Hunger stung, and wild Necessity,
 Nor lodges Pity in their shaggy Breast.
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder Clay,
 With every kind Emotion in his Heart, 350
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her Lap
 She pours ten thousand Delicacies, Herbs,
 And Fruits, as numerous as the Drops of Rain,
 Or Beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair Form !
 Who wears sweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling Herd, 356
 And dip his Tongue in Gore ? The Beast of Prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye Flocks,
 What have you done ; ye peaceful People, what,
 To merit Death ? You, who have given us Milk 360
 In luscious Streams, and lent us your own Coat
 Against the Winter's Cold ? And the plain Ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless Animal,
 In what has he offended ? He, whose Toil,
 Patient and ever-ready, clothes the Land 365
 With

With all the Pomp of Harvest ; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel Hands
 Even of the Clowns he feeds ? And That, perhaps,
 To swell the Riot of th' autumnal Feast,
 Won by his Labour ? Thus the feeling Heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough,
 In this late Age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the Numbers of the *Samian* Sage.
 HEAVEN too forbids the bold presumptuous Strain,
 Whose wisest Will has fix'd us in a State 375
 That must not yet to pure Perfection rise.

Now when the first foul Torrent of the Brooks,
 Swell'd by the vernal Rains, is ebb'd away ;
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd Stream
 Descends the billowy Foam : now is the Time, 380
 While yet the dark-brown Water aids the Guile,
 To tempt the Trout. The well-dissembled Fly,
 The Rod fine-tapering with elastic Spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary Steed the floating Line,
 And all thy slender watry Stores prepare. 385
 But let not on thy Hook the tortur'd Worm,

Convulsive, twist in agonizing Folds,
 Which by rapacious Hunger swallow'd deep
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding Breast
 Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining Wretch, 390
 Harsh Pain and Horror to the tender Hand.

W H E N, with his lively Ray, the potent Sun
 Has pierc'd the Streams, and rous'd the finny Race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy Sport repair ;
 Chief should the Western Breezes curling play, 395
 And light o'er Ether bear the shadowy Clouds.
 High to their Fount, this Day, amid the Hills,
 And Woodlands warbling round, trace up the Brooks ;
 The Next, pursue their rocky-channel'd Maze,
 Down to the River, in whose ample Wave 400
 Their little Naids love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious Point, where with the Pool
 Is mix'd the trembling Stream, or where it boils
 Around the Stone, or from the hollow'd Bank,
 Reverted, plays in undulating Flow, 405
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive Fly ;
 And, as you lead it round in artful Curve,

With

With Eye attentive mark the springing Game.
 Strait as above the Surface of the Flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by Hunger leap, 410
 Then fix, with gentle Twitch, the barbed Hook;
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy Bank,
 And to the shelving Shore slow-dragging some,
 With various Hand proportion'd to their Force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd, 415
 A worthless Prey scarce bends your pliant Rod,
 Him, piteous of his Youth, and the short Space
 He has enjoy'd the vital Light of Heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the Stream
 The speckled Captive throw. But should you lure 420
 From his dark Haunt, beneath the tangled Roots,
 Of pendant Trees, the Monarch of the Brook,
 Behoves thee then to ply thy finest Art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the Fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft 425
 The dimpled Water speaks his jealous Fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun
 Passes a Cloud, he desperate takes the Death,
 With sudden Plunge. At once, he darts along, 429

Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd Line ;
 Then seeks the farthest Ooze, the sheltering Weed,
 The cavern'd Bank, his old secure Abode ;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the Pool,
 Indignant of the Guile. With yielding Hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious Course 435
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the Stream, exhaust his idle Rage ;
 Till floating broad upon his breathless Side,
 And to his Fate abandon'd, to the Shore
 You gayly drag your unresisting Prize. 440

Thus pass the temperate Hours : but when the Sun
 Shakes from his Noon-day Throne the scattering Clouds,
 Even shooting listless Languor thro' the Deep ;
 Then seek the Bank where flowering Elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the Lilly of the Vale 445
 It's balmy Effence breathes, where Cowslips hang
 The dewy Head, where purple Violets lurk,
 With all the lowly Children of the Shade :
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading Ash,
 Hung o'er the Steep ; whence, borne on liquid Wing,
 The

The founding Culver shoots; or where the Hawk,
High, in the beetling Cliff, his Airy builds. 452

There let the Claffic Page thy Fancy lead
Thro' rural Scenes; fuch as the *Mantuan* Swain

Paints in immortal Verfe and matchlefs Song : 455

Or catch thyself the Landfkip gliding fwift

Athwart Imagination's vivid Eye :

Or by the vocal Woods and Waters lull'd,

And loft in lonely Mufing, in a Dream,

Confus'd, of carelefs Solitude, where mix 460

Ten thoufand wandering Images of Things,

Soothe every Guft of Paffion into Peace,

All but the Swellings of the foften'd Heart,

That waken, not difturb the tranquil Mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing Proſpect bids the Muſe

Throw all her Beauty forth. But who can paint 466

Like Nature? Can Imagination boaſt,

Amid it's gay Creation, Hues like her's?

Or can it mix them with that matchlefs Skill,

And loſe them in each other, as appears 470

In every Bud that blows? If Fancy then

Unequal

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Unequal fails beneath the pleasing Task;
 Ah what shall Language do? Ah where find Words
 Ting'd with so many Colours; and whose Power,
 To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays 475
 With that fine Oil, those aromatic Gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successful, will the Toil delight.
 Come then, ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whose Hearts
 Have felt the Raptures of refining Love: 480
 And thou, AMANDA, come, Pride of my Song!
 Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast Eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those Looks demure, that deeply pierce the Soul;
 Where with the Light of thoughtful Reason, mix'd,
 Shines lively Fancy and the feeling Heart: 486
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed *May*
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The Morning Dews, and gather in their Prime
 Fresh-blooming Flowers, to grace thy braided Hair,
 And thy lov'd Bosom that improves their Sweets. 491

SEE,

SEE, where the winding Vale her lavish Stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the Lilly drinks
The latent Rill, scarce oozing thro' the Grass,
Of Growth luxuriant; or the humid Bank, 495
In fair Profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field
Of blossom'd Beams. *Arabia* cannot boast
A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the Sense, and takes the ravish'd Soul.
Nor is the Mead unworthy of thy Foot, 501
Full of fresh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,
The Negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
Unbounded Beauty to the roving Eye. 505
Here their delicious Task the fervent Bees,
In swarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,
Thro' the soft Air, the busy Nations fly,
Cling to the Bud, and, with inserted Tube,
Suck it's pure Effence, it's ethereal Soul. 510
And oft, with bolder Wing, they soaring dare
The purple Heath, or where the Wild-thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious Spoil.

AT length the finish'd Garden to the View
 It's Vistas opens, and it's Alleys green. 515
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery Walk
 Of Covert close, where scarce a Speck of Day
 Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted sweeps;
 Now meets the bending Sky, the River now 520
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,
 The Forest darkening round, the glittering Spire,
 Th' etherial Mountain, and the distant Main.
 But why so far excursive? when at Hand,
 Along the blushing Borders, bright with Dew, 525
 And in yon mingled Wilderness of Flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every Grace:
 Throws out the Snow-drop, and the Crocus first;
 The Daisy, Primrose, Violet darkly blue,
 And Polyanthus of unnumber'd Dyes; 530
 The yellow Wall-Flower, stain'd with iron Brown;
 And lavish Stock that scents the Garden round.
 From the soft Wing of vernal Breezes shed,
 Anemonies; Auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining Meal o'er all their velvet Leaves; 535
 And

And full Renunculas, of glowing Red.
Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays
Her idle Freaks: from Family diffus'd
To Family, as flies the Father-Dust,
The varied Colours run; and while they *break* 540
On the charm'd Eye, th' exulting Florist marks,
With secret Pride, the Wonders of his Hand.
No gradual Bloom is wanting; from the Bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky Tribes:
Nor Hyacinths, deep-purple'd; nor Jonquils, 545
Of potent Fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled Fountain hanging still;
Nor broad Carnations; nor gay-spotted Pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every Bush, the Damask-rose.
Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells, 550
With Hues on Hues Expression cannot paint,
The Breath of Nature, and her endless Bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEINGS! UNIVERSAL SOUL
Of Heaven and Earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
To THEE I bend the Knee; to THEE my Thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a Master-hand, 556
Haft

Haft the great Whole into Perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various Vegetative Tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,
 Draw the live Ether, and imbibe the Dew. 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial Soils,
 Stands each attractive Plant, and sucks, and fwells
 The juicy Tide; a twining Mafs of Tubes.
 At thy command the vernal Sun awakes
 The torpid Sap, detruded to the Root 565
 By wintry Winds, that now in fluent Dance,
 And lively Fermentation, mounting, freads
 All this innumeros-colour'd Scene of things.

As rifing from the vegetable World
 My Theme afcends, with equal Wing afcend, 570
 My panting Mufe; and hark how loud the Woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayeft Trim.
 Lend me your Song, ye Nightingales! oh pour
 The mazy-running Soul of Melody
 Into my varied Verfe! while I deduce, 575
 From the firft Note the hollow Cuckoo fings,

The

The Symphony of Spring, and touch a Theme
Unknown to Fame, *the Passion of the Groves.*

WHEN first the Soul of Love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital Air, and on the Heart 580
Harmonious seizes, the gay Troops begin,
In gallant Thought, to plume the painted Wing;
And try again the long-forgotten Strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft Infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
Than, all alive, at once their Joy o'erflows
In Musick unconfin'd. Up-springs the Lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the Messenger of Morn;
Ere yet the Shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts
Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Cope 591
Thick-wove, and Tree irregular, and Bush
Bending with dewy Moisture, o'er the Heads
Of the coy Quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thrush 595
And Wood-lark, o'er the kind contending Throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest Length

Of

Of Notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in Thought
 Elate, to make her Night excel their Day. 600
 The Black-bird whistles from the thorny Brake;
 The mellow Bullfinch answers from the Grove:
 Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to These
 Innum'rous Songsters, in the freshening Shade 605
 Of new-sprung Leaves, their Modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
 And each harsh Pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full Concert: while the Stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy Murmur thro' the whole. 610

'TIS Love creates their Melody, and all
 This Waste of Music is the Voice of Love;
 That even to Birds, and Beasts, the tender Arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy Kind
 Try every winning way inventive Love 615
 Can dictate, and in Courtship to their Mates
 Pour forth their little Souls. First, wide around,
 With distant Awe, in airy Rings they rove,
 Endeavouring

Endeavouring by a thousand Tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted Glance 620
 Of their regardless Charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least Approvance to bestow,
 Their Colours burnish, and by Hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach; 625
 In fond rotation spread the spotted Wing,
 And shiver every Feather with Desire.

CONNUBIAL Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods
 They haste away, all as their Fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or Food, or secret Safety prompts; 630
 That Nature's great Command may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet Sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the Holly-Hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the Thicket some;
 Some to the rude Protection of the Thorn 635
 Commit their feeble Offspring. The cleft Tree
 Offers it's kind Concealment to a Few,
 Their Food it's Insects, and it's Moss their Nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy Dale,

Or roughening Waste, their humble Texture weave,
But most in woodland Solitudes delight, 641
In unfrequented Glooms, or shaggy Banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,
Whose Murmurs soothe them all the live-long Day,
When for a Season fix'd. Among the Roots 645
Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,
They frame the first Foundation of their Domes;
Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Fabrick laid,
And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless Hurry thro' the busy Air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow sweeps
The slimy Pool, to build his hanging House
Intent. And often, from the careless Back
Of Herds and Flocks, a thousand tugging Bills
Pluck Hair, and Wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the Barn a Straw: till soft and warm, 656
Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows.

As thus the patient Dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender Task,
Or by sharp Hunger, or by smooth Delight, 660
Tho'

Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around Her blows,
 Her sympathizing Lover takes his Stand
 High on th' opponent Bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious Time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty Meal. Th' appointed Time
 With pious Toil fulfill'd, the callow Young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect Life,
 Their brittle Bondage break, and come to Light,
 A helpless Family, demanding Food 670
 With constant Clamour. O what Passions then,
 What melting Sentiments of kindly Care,
 On the new Parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious Morsel to their Young, 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The Search begins. Even so a gentle Pair,
 By Fortune sunk, but form'd of generous Mold,
 And pierc'd with Cares beyond the vulgar Breast,
 In some lone Cott amid the distant Woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,

Oft, as they weeping eye their infant Train,
Check their own Appetites and give them all.

NOR Pain alone they scorn: exalting Love
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd,
Gives instant Courage to the *fearful* Race, 686
And to the *simple* Art. With stealthy Wing,
Should some rude Foot their woody Haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring Bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
Th' unfeeling School-Boy. Hence, around the Head
Of wandering Swain, the white-wing'd Plover wheels
Her founding Flight, and then directly on
In long Excursion skims the level Lawn, 694
To tempt him from her Nest. The Wild-Duck, hence,
O'er the rough Moss, and o'er the trackless Waste
The Heath-Hen flutters, (pious Fraud!) to lead
The hot pursuing Spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
Her Brothers of the Grove, by tyrant Man 700
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow Cage

From

From Liberty confin'd, and boundless Air.
 Dull are the pretty Slaves, their Plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening Lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly Wildness in their Notes, 705
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the Beech.
 Oh then, ye Friends of Love and Love-taught Song,
 Spare the soft Tribe this barbarous Art forbear!
 If on your Bosom Innocence can win,
 Music engage, or Piety persuade. 710

BUT let not chief the Nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh Confinement of the Cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded Bill,
 Th' astonish'd Mother finds a vacant Nest, 715
 By the hard Hand of unrelenting Clowns
 Robb'd, to the Ground the vain Provision falls;
 Her Pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the Mourner to the poplar Shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to Despair, she sings 720
 Her Sorrows thro' the Night; and, on the Bough
 Sole-fitting, still at every dying Fall

Takes up again her lamentable Strain
 Of winding Woe, till wide around the Woods
 Sigh to her Song, and with her Wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds,
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their Wings,
 Demand the free Possession of the Sky.
 This one glad Office more, and then dissolves
 Parental Love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.

'Tis on some Evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but Balm is breathing thro' the Woods,
 With yellow Lustre bright, that the new Tribes
 Visit the spacious Heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's Common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their Range, and Pasture. O'er the Boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy Verge
 Their Resolution fails; their Pinions still,
 In loose Libration stretch'd, to trust the Void 740
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
 The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging Air receives

The plummy Burden; and their self-taught Wings
 Winnow the waving Element. On Ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthning Flight;
 Till vanish'd every Fear, and every Power
 Rouz'd into Life, and Action, light in Air
 Th' acquitted Parents see their soaring Race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the Summit of a craggy Cliff,
 Hung o'er the Deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost * *Kilda's* Shore, whose lonely Race
 Resign the setting Sun to *Indian* Worlds, 755
 The royal Eagle draws his vigorous Young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal Fire.
 Now fit to raise a Kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his Fort, the towering Seat,
 For Ages, of his Empire; which in Peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a League to sea
 He wings his Course, and preys in distant Isles.

D 4

SHOULD

* *The farthest of the western Islands of Scotland.*

SHOULD I my Steps turn to the rural Seat,
 Whose lofty Elms, and venerable Oaks,
 Invite the Rook, who high amid the Boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy City builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various Polity survey
 Of the mixt Household-Kind. The careful Hen
 Calls all her chirping Family around, 770
 Fed, and defended by the fearless Cock,
 Whose Breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows Defiance. In the Pond,
 The finely-checker'd Duck, before her Train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing Swan 775
 Gives out his snowy Plumage to the Gale;
 And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his Oser Isle,
 Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the Peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd Glory to the Sun, 781
 And swims in floating Majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove
 Flies

Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck.

WHILE thus the gentle Tenants of the Shade 786
Indulge their purer Loves, the rougher World
Of Brutes, below, rush furious into Flame,
And fierce Desire. 'Thro' all his lusty Veins
The Bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging Passion feels. 790
Of Pasture sick, and negligent of Food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow Broom,
While o'er his ample Sides the rambling Sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy Wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing Bud 795
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless Sense.
And oft, in jealous madning Fancy wrapt,
He seeks the Fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing War begins; 800
Their Eyes flash Fury; to the hollow'd Earth,
Whence the Sand flies, they mutter bloody Deeds,
And groaning deep th' impetuous Battle mix:
While the fair Heifer, balmy-breathing, near,

Stands

Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,
 With this hot Impulse seiz'd in every Nerve, 806
 Nor hears the Rein, nor heeds the sounding Thong;
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his Head,
 And by the well-known Joy to distant Plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810
 O'er Rocks, and Woods, and craggy Mountains flies;
 And, neighing, on the ærial Summit takes
 Th' exciting Gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,
 Even where the Madness of the straiten'd Stream 815
 Turns in black Eddies round: such is the force
 With which his frantick Heart and Sinews swell.

NOR undelighted, by the boundless Spring,
 Are the broad Monsters of the boiling Deep:
 From the deep Ooze, and gelid Cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy Joy.
 Dire were the Strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel Raptures of the Savage Kind:
 How by this Flame their native Wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the Fury of their Heart, 825
 The

The far-resounding Waste in fiercer Bands,
 And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the *British* Fair,
 Forbids, and leads me to the Mountain-brow,
 Where sits the Shepherd on the grassy Turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating Flock,
 Of various Cadence; and his sportive Lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their Frolicks play. And now the sprightly Race 835
 Invites them forth; when swift, the Signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy Mound
 That runs around the Hill; the Rampart once
 Of iron War, in ancient barbarous Times,
 When disunited *Britain* ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal Broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble State,
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift the golden Head;
 And, o'er our Labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch, the Wonder of a World! 845

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Impartial, watch, the Wonder of a World! 845

WHAT is this *mighty Breath*, ye Curious, say,
 That, in a Language rather felt than heard,
 Instructs the Fowls of Heaven; and thro' their Breast
 These Arts of Love diffuses? What, but GOD?
 Inspiring GOD! who boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the Whole.
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
 Seems not to work; with such Perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous Scheme of Things. 855
 But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer Eye
 Th' informing Author in his Work appears:
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft Scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen; while Water, Earth,
 And Air attest his Bounty; which exalts 860
 The Brute-Creation to this finer Thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning Hearts
 Profusely thus in Tendernefs and Joy.

STILL let my Song a nobler Note assume,
 And sing th' infusive Force of Spring on Man; 865
 When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vye

To

To raise his Being, and serene his Soul.
Can he forbear to join the general Smile
Of Nature? Can fierce Passions vex his Breast,
While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove 870
Is Melody? Hence, from the bounteous Walks
Of flowing Spring, ye fordid Sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's Woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves; away.
But come, ye generous Minds, in whose wide Thought,
Of all his Works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns, 876
With warmest Beam; and on your open Front,
And liberal Eye, sits, from his dark Retreat,
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless Goodness wait; your active Search 880
Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft
The lonely Heart with unexpected Good.
For you the roving Spirit of the Wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teaming Clouds
Descend in gladsome Plenty o'er the World; 885
And the Sun sheds his kindest Rays for you,
Ye Flower of human Race!—In these green Days,

Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid Head;
 Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole Creation round. Contentment walks 890
 The ſunny Glade, and feels an inward Blis
 Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Power of Kings
 To purchaſe. Pure Serenity apace
 Induces Thought, and Contemplation ſtill.
 By ſwift degrees the Love of Nature works, 895
 And warms the Boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
 To Rapture, and enthuſiaſtic Heat,
 We feel the preſent DEITY, and taſte
 The Joy of GOD to ſee a happy World.

890 **T**HESSE are the Sacred Feelings of thy Heart, 900
 Thy Heart inform'd by Reaſon's pureſt Ray,
 O LYTTLETON, the Friend! thy Paſſions thus
 And Meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muſe, thro' HAGLEY-PARK you ſtray,
 Thy *Britiſh Tempe*! There along the Dale, 905
 With Woods o'er-hung, and ſhag'd with moſſy Rocks,
 Whence on each hand the guſhing Waters play,
 And down the rough Cascade white-daſhing fall,

Or gleam in lengthen'd Vista thro' the Trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the Shade 910
Of solemn Oaks, that tuft the swelling Mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless Hand,
And pensive listen to the various Voice
Of rural Peace: the Herds, the Flocks, the Birds,
The hollow-whispering Breeze, the Plaint of Rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted Roots 916
Which creep around, their dewy Murmurs shake
On the sooth'd Ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the Philosophic World;
Where in bright Train continual Wonders rise, 920
Or to the curious or the pious Eye.
And oft, conducted by Historic Truth,
You tread the long Extent of backward Time:
Planning, with warm Benevolence of Mind,
And honest Zeal unwarp'd by Party-Rage, 925
Britannia's Weal; how from the venal Gulph
To raise her Virtue, and her Arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy View, these graver Thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure Taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring Breath of antient Song; 930
Till

Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy Walk,
 With Soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the Lover's Eye a Look of Love;
 And all the Tumult of a guilty World, 935
 Tost by ungenerous Passions, sinks away.
 The tender Heart is animated Peace;
 And as it pours it's copious Treasures forth,
 In vary'd Converse, softening every Theme,
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her Eyes, 940
 Where meeken'd Sense, and amiable Grace,
 And lively Sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless Spirit of ethereal Joy,
 Inimitable Happiness! which Love,
 Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd Few. 945
 Meantime you gain the Height, from whose fair Brow
 The bursting Prospect spreads immense around;
 And snatch'd o'er Hill and Dale, and Wood and Lawn,
 And verdant Field, and darkening Heath between,
 And Villages embosom'd soft in Trees, 950
 And spiry Towns by dusky Columns mark'd
 Of rising Smoak, your Eye excursive roams:

Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind Haunt
The *Hospitable Genius* harbours still,
To Where the broken Landskip, by Degrees, 955
Ascending, roughens into ridgy Hills;
O'er which the *Cambrian* Mountains, like far Clouds
That skirt the blue Horizon, doubtful, rise.

FLUSH'D by the Spirit of the genial Year,
Now from the Virgin's Cheek a fresher Bloom 960
Shoots, less and less, the live Carnation round;
Her Lips blush deeper Sweets; she breathes of Youth;
The shining Moisture swells into her Eyes,
In brighter Flow; her wishing Bosom heaves,
With Palpitations wild; kind Tumults seize 965
Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love.
From the keen Gaze her Lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic Power, and sick
With sighing Languishment. Ah then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding Hearts: 970
Dare not th' infectious Sigh; the pleading Look,
Down-cast, and low, in meek Submission drest,
But full of Guile. Let not the fervent Tongue,

Prompt to deceive, with Adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd Will. Nor in the Bower, 975
 Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roses shed a Couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson Curtains round,
 Trust your soft Minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring Youth beware of Love,
 Of the smooth Glance beware; for 'tis too late, 980
 When on his Heart the Torrent-Softness pours.
 Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading Fame
 Dissolves in Air away; while the fond Soul,
 Wrapt in gay Visions of unreal Bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive Form; the kindling Grace;
 Th' inticing Smile; the modest-seeming Eye, 986
 Beneath whose beauteous Beams, belying Heaven,
 Lurk searchless Cunning, Cruelty, and Death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated Ear,
 Her syren Voice, enchanting, draws him on, 990
 To guileful Shores, and Meads of fatal Joy.

EVEN present, in the very Lap of Love
 Inglorious laid; while Musick flows around,

Perfumes,

Perfumes, and Oils, and Wine, and wanton Hours;
 Amid the Roses fierce Repentance rears 995
 Her snaky Crest: a quick-returning Pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious Heart; where Honour still,
 And great Design, against th' oppressive Load
 Of Luxury, by Fits, impatient heave.

BUT absent, what fantastic Woes, arrows'd, 1000
 Rage in each Thought, by restless Musing fed,
 Chill the warm Cheek, and blast the Bloom of Life?
 Neglected Fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into Ruin, fall his scorn'd Affairs.
 'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun
 Loses his Light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1006
 To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright Arch
 Contracted, bends into a dusky Vault.
 All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every Thought, 1010
 Fills every Sense, and pants in every Vein.
 Books are but formal Dulness, tedious Friends,
 And sad amid the social Band he sits;
 Lonely, and unattentive. From the Tongue

Th' unfinish'd Period falls: while borne away, 1015
On swelling Thought, his wafted Spirit flies
To the vain Bosom of his distant Fair;
And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd
In melancholy Site, with Head declin'd,
And love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he starts, 1020
Shook from his tender Trance, and restless runs
To glimmering Shades, and sympathetic Gloom;
Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive Dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling Meditation lost, 1025
Indulging all to Love: or on the Bank
Thrown, amid drooping Lilies, swells the Breeze
With Sighs unceasing, and the Brook with Tears.
Thus in soft Anguish he consumes the Day,
Nor quits his deep Retirement, till the Moon 1030
Peeps through the Chambers of the fleecy East,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her Train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling Languish of her Beam,
With soften'd Soul, and wooes the Bird of Eve 1035
To mingle Woes with his: or while the World

And all the Sons of Care lie hush'd in Sleep,
Affociates with the midnight Shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely Taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd Heart into the Page, 1040
Meant for the moving Messenger of Love;
Where Rapture burns on Rapture, every Line
With rising Frenzy fir'd. But if on Bed
Delirious flung, Sleep from his Pillow flies.
All Night he tosses, nor the balmy Power 1045
In any Posture finds; till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale Lustre on the paler Wretch,
Exanimate by Love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to Rest,
Still interrupted by distracted Dreams, 1050
That o'er the sick Imagination rise,
And in black Colours paint the mimic Scene.
Oft with th' Enchantress of his Soul he talks;
Sometimes in Crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret-winding flower-enwoven Bowers, 1055
Far from the dull Impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless Cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious Love,

Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how,
Thro' Forests huge, and long untravel'd Heaths 1060
With Defolation brown, he wanders waste,
In Night and Tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending Precipice; or wades
The turbid Stream below, and strives to reach
The farther Shore; where succourless, and sad, 1065
She with extended Arms his Aid implores,
But strives in vain; borne by th' outrageous Flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy sinks.
These are the charming Agonies of Love, 1070
Whose Misery delights. But thro' the Heart
Should Jealousy it's Venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful Misery no more,
But Agony unmix'd, incessant Gall,
Corroding every Thought, and blasting all 1075
Love's Paradise. Ye fairy Prospects, then,
Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
Farewel! Ye Gleamings of departing Peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging Plague
Internal Vision taints, and in a Night 1080

Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps.
 Ah then instead of love-enliven'd Cheeks,
 Of funny Features, and of ardent Eyes
 With flowing Rapture bright, dark Looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender Fire, 1085
 A cloudy Aspect, and a burning Cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd Soul, malignant, fits,
 And frightens Lye away. Ten thousand Fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic Views
 Of horrid Rivals, hanging on the Charms 1090
 For which he melts in Fondness, eat him up
 With fervent Anguish, and consuming Rage.
 In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,
 Deceitful Pride, and Resolution frail,
 Giving false Peace a Moment. Fancy pours, 1095
 Afresh, her Beauties on his busy Thought,
 Her first Endearments, twining round the Soul,
 With all the Witchcraft of ensnaring Love.
 Strait the fierce Storm involves his Mind anew, 1099
 Flames thro' the Nerves, and boils along the Veins:
 While anxious Doubt distracts the tortur'd Heart;
 For even the sad Assurance of his Fears

Were Peace to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,
 Thro' flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life 1105
 Of fever'd Rapture, or of cruel Care;
 His brightest Aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively Moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their Kind!
 Whom gentler Stars unite, and in one Fate \ 1110
 Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser Tie of human Laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,
 That binds their Peace, but Harmony itself,
 Attuning all their Passions into Love; 1115
 Where Friendship full-exerts her softest Power,
 Perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire
 Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul;
 Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
 With boundless Confidence: for nought but Love
 Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure. 1121
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid Parents buys

The loathing Virgin, in eternal Care,
Well-merited, consume his Nights and Days: 1125
Let barbarous Nations, whose inhuman Love
Is wild Desire, fierce as the Suns they feel;
Let Eastern Tyrants from the Light of Heaven
Seclude their Bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a meer, lifeless, violated Form: 1130
While those whom Love cements in holy Faith,
And equal Transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining Fear. What is the World to them,
It's Pomp, it's Pleasure, and it's Nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair 1135
High Fancy forms, and lavish Hearts can wish;
Something than Beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the Mind, or mind-illumin'd Face,
Truth, Goodness, Honour, Harmony, and Love,
The richest Bounty of indulgent HEAVEN. 1140
Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round,
And mingles both their Graces. By Degrees,
The human Blossom blows; and every Day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new Charm,
The Father's Lustre, and the Mother's Bloom. 1145
Then

Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind Hand of an assiduous Care.
 Delightful Task! to rear the tender Thought,
 To teach the young Idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind, 1150
 To breathe th' enlivening Spirit, and to fix
 The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.
 Oh speak the Joy! ye, whom the sudden Tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your Eye but Sights of Bliss, 1155
 All various Nature pressing on the Heart:
 An elegant Sufficiency, Content,
 Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendship, Books,
 Ease and alternate Labour, useful Life,
 Progressive Virtue, and approving HEAVEN. 1160
 These are the matchless Joys of virtuous Love;
 And thus their Moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring World they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
 Sheds her own rosy Garland on their Heads: 1165
 Till Evening comes at last, serene and mild;
 When after the long vernal Day of Life,

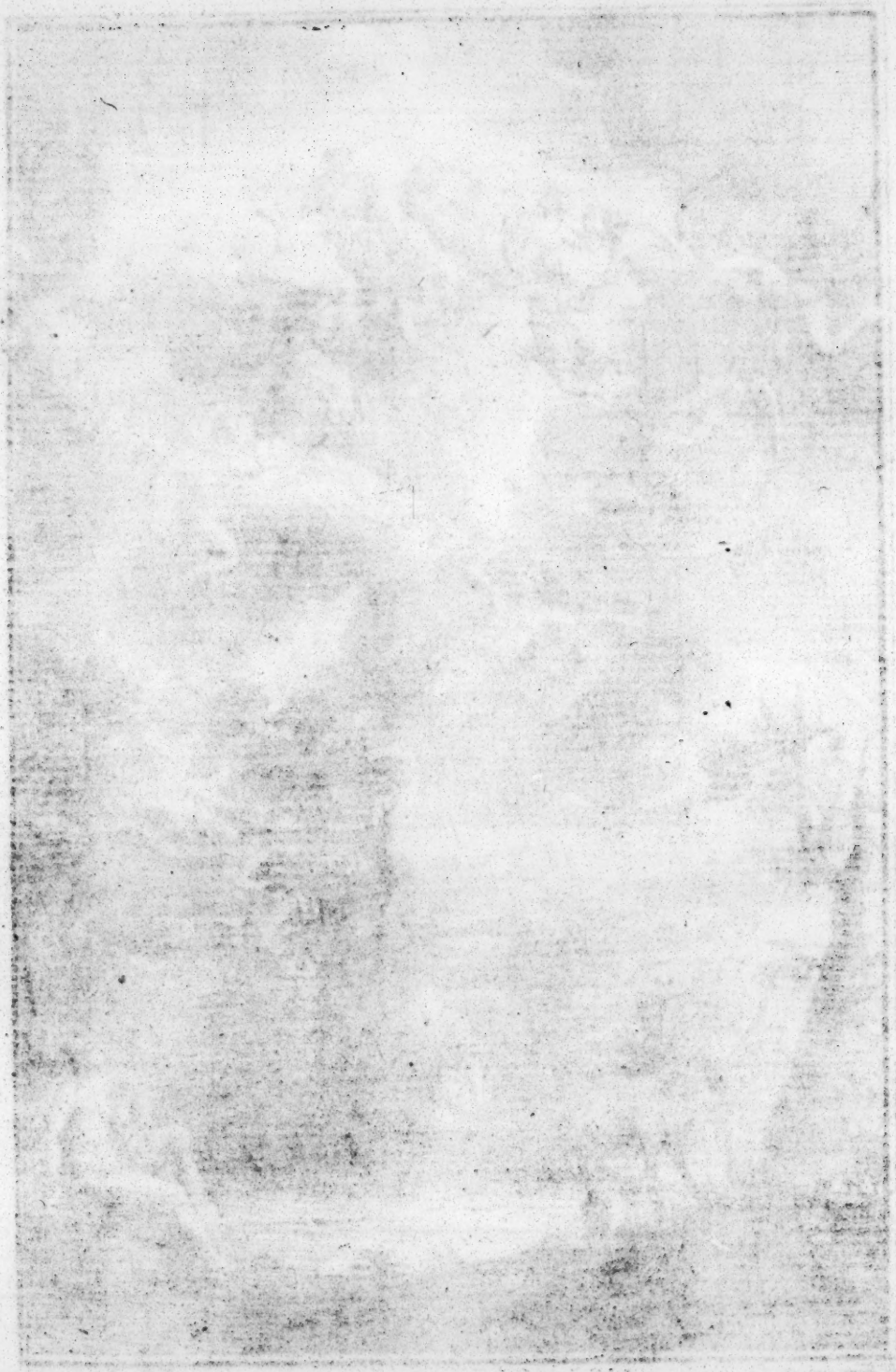
Enamour'd

Enamour'd more, as more Remembrance swells
With many a Proof of recollected Love,
Together down they sink in social Sleep; 1170
Together freed, their gentle Spirits fly
To Scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.

I am not alone as more Remembrance dwells
 With many a Proof of treacherous Love;
 Together down they sink in fabled Sleep;
 Together freely, their gentle Spirits fly
 To scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.

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 To scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.



SUMMER

7



W. Kent inv. et del

P. Fournier Sculp

SUMMER.

S U M M E R.

5

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODINGTON. An introductory Reflection on the Motion of the heavenly Bodies; whence the Succession of the Seasons. As the Face of Nature in this Season is almost uniform, the Progress of the Poem is a Description of a Summer's Day. The Dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer Insects describ'd. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland Retreat. Groupe of Herds and Flocks. A solemn Grove. How it affects a contemplative Mind. A Cataract, and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid Zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm over, a serene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the Prospect of a rich well-cultivated Country; which introduces a Panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. The whole concluding with the Praise of Philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM brightening Fields of Ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
 In pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth:
 He comes attended by the fultry *Hours*,
 And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way; 5
 While, from his ardent Look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushful Face; and Earth, and Skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade,
 Where scarce a Sun-beam wanders thro' the Gloom; 10
 And on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink
 Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
 And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

COME, *Inspiration* ! from thy Hermit-Seat, 15
 By Mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious Eye, and raptur'd Glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look
 Creative of the Poet, every Power
 Exalting to an Ecstasy of Soul. 20

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early Friend,
 In whom the Human Graces all unite :
 Pure Light of Mind, and Tenderness of Heart ;
 Genius, and Wisdom ; the gay social Sense,
 By Decency chastis'd ; Goodness and Wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting Harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd Honour, and an active Zeal,
 For *Britain's* Glory, Liberty, and Man :
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural Song,
 Stoop to my Theme, inspirit every Line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just Applause.

WITH what an awful world-revolving Power
 Were first th' unwieldy Planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable Void ! Thus to remain,

Amid

Amid the Flux of many thousand Years, 35
That oft has swept the toiling Race of Men
And all their labour'd Monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their Course;
To the kind-temper'd Change of Night and Day,
And of the Seasons ever stealing round, 40
Minutely faithful: Such the perfect Hand,
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady Whole.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the solar Blaze,
Short is the doubtful Empire of the Night;
And soon, observant of approaching Day, 45
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East:
Till far o'er Ether spreads the widening Glow;
And, from before the Lustre of her Face,
White break the Clouds away. With quicken'd Step,
Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace, 51
And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.
The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top
Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn.

Blue, thro' the Dusk, the smoking Currents shine ; 55
 And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
 Limp, aukward : while along the Forest-glade
 The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early Passenger. Musick awakes,
 The native Voice of undissembled Joy ; 60
 And thick around the woodland Hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
 His mossy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells ;
 And from the crouded Fold, in Order, drives
 His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn. 65

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ;
 And, springing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
 To Meditation due, and sacred Song ?
 For is there aught in Sleep can charm the Wise ? 70
 To lie in dead Oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting Moments of too short a Life ?
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd Soul ;
 Or else to feverish Vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd Dreams ? 75

Who

Who would in such a gloomy State remain,
 Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious Morning-walk ?

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day, 80
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
 Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all,
 Aflant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air, 85
 He looks in boundless Majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays
 On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering
 Streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, Light !
 Of all material Beings first, and best ! 90
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent Robe !
 Without whose vesting Beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential Gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding Worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ? 95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive Force,
 As with a Chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy System rolls entire : from the far Bourne
 Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his Round
 Of thirty Years ; to *Mercury*, whose Disk
 Can scarce be caught by Philosophic Eye,
 Lost in the near Effulgence of thy Blaze.

100

INFORMER of the planetary Train !

Without whose quickening Glance their cumbrous Orbs
 Were brute unlovely Mass, inert and dead,
 And not as now the green Abodes of Life ;
 How many Forms of Being wait on thee
 Inhaling Spirit ; from th' unfetter'd Mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily Race,
 The mixing Myriads of thy setting Beam.

105

110

THE vegetable World is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons* ! who the Pomp precede
 That waits thy Throne, as thro' thy vast Domain,
 Annual, along the bright Ecliptic-Road,
 In World-rejoicing State, it moves sublime.

115

Mean-

Mean-time th' expecting Nations, circled gay
 With all the various Tribes of foodful Earth,
 Implore thy Bounty, or send grateful up
 A common Hymn : while, round thy beaming Car,
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly Dance 120
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,
 Of Bloom etherial the light-footed *Dews*,
 And soften'd into Joy the fury *Storms*.
 These, in successive Turn, with lavish Hand, 125
 Shower every Beauty, every Fragrance shower,
 Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits; till, kindling at thy Touch,
 From Land to Land is flush'd the vernal Year.

NOR to the Surface of enliven'd Earth,
 Graceful with Hills and Dales, and leafy Woods, 130
 Her liberal Treffes, is thy Force confin'd :
 But, to the bowel'd Cavern darting deep,
 The mineral Kinds confess thy mighty Power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny Marble shines ;
 Hence Labour draws his Tools ; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the Day ; the nobler Works of Peace 136

Hence blefs Mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The Round of Nations in a golden Chain.

TH' UNFRUITFUL Rock itself impregn'd by thee,
In dark Retirement, forms the lucid Stone. 140

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest Rays,
Collected Light, compact ; that polish'd bright,
And all it's native Lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the Fair-one's Breast,
With vain Ambition emulate her Eyes. 145

At thee the Ruby lights it's deepening Glow,
And with a waving Radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid Ether, takes
It's Hue cerulean ; and, of evening Tinct,
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine. 150

With thy own Smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper Verdure dyes the Robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern Gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy Beams ; 155
Or, flying several from it's Surface, form

A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,
As the Site varies in the Gazer's Hand.

THE very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
Assumes a mimic Life. By thee refin'd, 160
In brighter Mazes, the relucant Stream
Plays o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,
Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
Softens at thy return. The Defart joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy Bounds. 165
Rude Ruins glitter ; and the briny Deep,
Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top,
Far to the blue Horizon's utmost Verge,
Restless, reflects a floating Gleam. But This,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing, 170
Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,
Unequal far, great delegated Source,
Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM,
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated Light 175
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd

From

From mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken ;
 Whose single Smile has, from the first of Time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those Lamps of Heaven,
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless Sky : 180
 But, should he hide his Face, th' astonish'd Sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd Stars, would loosening start
 Wide from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering Tongue of Man,
 ALMIGHTY MAKER ! silent in thy Praise ; 185
 Thy Works themselves would raise a general Voice,
 Even in the Depth of solitary Woods,
 By human Foot untrod, proclaim thy Power,
 And to the Quire celestial THEE resound,
 Th' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all ! 190

To me be Nature's Volume broad-display'd ;
 And to peruse it's all-instructing Page,
 Or, haply catching Inspiration thence,
 Some easy Passage, raptur'd, to translate,
 My sole Delight ; as thro' the falling Glooms 195
 Penfive

Penfive I stray, or with the rising Dawn,
On Fancy's Eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the Heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid Air the high-rais'd Clouds,
And morning Mists, that hover'd o'er the Hills 200
In party-colour'd Bands; till wide unveil'd
The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

HALF in a Blush of clustering Roses lost,
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the Shade retires; 205
There on the verdant Turf, or flowery Bed,
By gelid Founts and careless Rills to muse:
While tyrant *Heat*, dispreading thro' the Sky,
With rapid Sway, his burning Influence darts
On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream. 210

Who can unpitying see the flowery Race,
Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign,
Before the parching Beam? So fade the Fair,
When Fevers revel thro' their azure Veins.

But

But one, the lofty Follower of the Sun, 215
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,
 Drooping all Night; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

HOME, from his morning Task, the Swain retreats;
 His Flock before him stepping to the Fold: 220
 While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
 The chearful Cottage, then expecting Food,
 The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,
 The Rook and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks
 (That the calm Village in their verdant Arms, 225
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy Flight;
 Where on the mingling Boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household Fowls convene;
 And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade, 230
 The House-Dog, with the vacant Greyhound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his Slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults
 O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Wasp,
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain 235

To

To let the little noisy Summer-race
 Live in her Lay, and flutter through her Song,
 Not mean tho' simple: to the Sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating Fire.

WAK'D by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young 240
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,
 Lighter and full of Soul. From every Chink,
 And secret Corner, where they slept away
 The wintry Storms; or rising from their Tombs,
 To higher Life; by Myriads, forth at once, 245
 Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd Hues
 Their Beauty-beaming Parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand Forms! Ten thousand different Tribes!
 People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some
 By fatal Instinct fly; where on the Pool 250
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the Stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed Trout,
 Or darting Salmon. Thro' the green-wood Glade
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make 255
 The Meads their choice, and visit every Flower,
 And

And every latent Herb : for the sweet Task,
 To propagate their Kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft Beds, their Young yet undisclos'd,
 Employs their tender Care. Some to the House; 260
 The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight;
 Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese;
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky Stream
 They meet their Fate; or, weltering in the Bowl,
 With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire. 265

BUT chief to heedless Flies the Window proves
 A constant Death; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled Heap
 Of Carcasses, in eager Watch he sits, 270
 O'erlooking all his waving Snares around.
 Near the dire Cell the dreadless Wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the Ruffian shows his Front.
 The Prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line; 275
 And, fixing in the Wretch his cruel Fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering Wing,

And

And shriller Sound declare extreme Distress,
And ask the helping hospitable Hand.

RESOUNDS the living Surface of the Ground: 280
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless Hum,
To him who muses thro' the Woods at Noon;
Or drowsy Shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade.
Of Willows grey, close-crouding o'er the Brook. 285

GRADUAL, from These what numerous Kinds
descend,
Evading even the microscopic Eye!
Full Nature swarms with Life; one wondrous Mass
Of Animals, or Atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital Breath, when PARENT-HEAVEN
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary Fen, 291
In putrid Streams, emits the living Cloud
Of Pestilence. Thro' subterranean Cells,
Where searching Sun-Beams scarce can find a Way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf 295
Wants not it's soft Inhabitants. Secure,

Within

Within it's winding Citadel, the Stone
 Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,
 That Dance unnumber'd to the playful Breeze,
 The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp 300
 Of mellow Fruit, the nameless Nations feed
 Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool
 Stands mantled o'er with Green, invifible,
 Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.
 Each Liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths, 305
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the Taste,
 With various Forms abounds. Nor is the Stream
 Of pureft Cryftal, nor the lucid Air,
 Tho' one transparent Vacancy it seems,
 Void of their unfeen People. Thefe, conceal'd 310
 By the kind Art of forming HEAVEN, efcape
 The groffer Eye of Man: for, if the Worlds
 In Worlds inclos'd fhould on his Senses burft,
 From Cates ambrofial, and the nectar'd Bowl,
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead Night, 315
 When Silence fleeps o'er all, be ftun'd with Noife.

LET no presuming impious Railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable Ends. 320
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His Works unwise, of which the smallest Part
Exceeds the narrow Vision of her Mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd Dome,
On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art! 325
A Critic-Fly, whose feeble Ray scarce spreads
An Inch around, with blind Presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the Structure of the Whole.
And lives the Man, whose universal Eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded Scheme of Things;
Mark'd their Dependence so, and firm Accord, 331
As with unfaltering Accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the Brink 335
Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate Abyss!
From which astonish'd Thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous Praise ascend,
And Hymns of holy Wonder, to that POWER,

Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds, 340
 As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

THICK, in yon Stream of Light, a thousand Ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering Nations sport ; till, Tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the Face of Day.
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass 346
 An idle Summer-Life in Fortune's Shine,
 A Season's Glitter ! Thus they flutter on
 From Toy to Toy, from Vanity to Vice ;
 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial Mead :
 The rustic Youth, brown with meridian Toil,
 Healthful, and strong ; full as the Summer-Rose
 Blown by prevailing Suns, the ruddy Maid, 355
 Half-naked, swelling on the Sight, and all
 Her kindled Graces burning o'er her Cheek.
 Even stooping Age is here ; and Infant-Hands
 Trail the long Rake, or, with the fragrant Load
 O'ercharg'd,

O'ercharg'd, amid the kind Oppression roll. 360

Wide flies the tedded Grain; all in a Row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the Field,

They spread the breathing Harvest to the Sun,

That throws refreshful round a rural Smell:

Or, as they rake the green-appearing Ground, 365

And drive the dusky Wave along the Mead,

The ruffet Hay-Cock rises thick behind,

In order gay. While heard from Dale to Dale,

Waking the Breeze, resounds the blended Voice

Of happy Labour, Love, and social Glee. 370

OR rushing thence, in one diffusive Band,

They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog

Compell'd, to where the mazy-running Brook

Forms a deep Pool: This Bank abrupt and high,

And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375

Urg'd to the giddy Brink, much is the Toil,

The Clamour much, of Men, and Boys, and Dog,

Ere the soft fearful People to the Flood

Commit their woolly Sides. And oft the Swain,

On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:

Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing Wave,
And panting labour to the farther Shore.
Repeated This, till deep the well-wash'd Fleece 380
Has drunk the Flood, and from his lively Haunt
The Trout is banish'd by the sordid Stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy Brow
Slow-move the harmless Race : where, as they spread
Their swelling Treasures to the sunny Ray, 385
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outragious Tumult means, their loud Complaints
The Country fill; and, tofs'd from Rock to Rock,
Incessant Bleatings run around the Hills.
At last, of snowy White, the gather'd Flocks, 390
Are in the wattled Pen innumerable press'd,
Head above Head; and, rang'd in lusty Rows,
The Shepherds sit, and whet the founding Shears.
The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy Stores,
With all her gay-drest Maids attending round. 395
One, chief, in gracious Dignity inthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays
Her Smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd-King;

While

While the glad Circle round them yield their Souls
To festive Mirth, and Wit that knows no Gall. 400
Mean-time, their joyous Task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted Tar, and Some,
Deep on the new-shorn Vagrant's heaving Side,
To stamp his Master's Cipher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling Wether drag along, 405
And, glorying in his Might, the sturdy Boy
Holds by the twisted Horns th' indignant Ram.
Behold where bound, and of its Robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending Lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild Creature lies!
What Softness in it's melancholy Face, 410
What dumb complaining Innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the Knife
Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender Swain's well-guided Shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual Care, 415
Borrow'd your Fleece, to you a cumbrous Load,
Will send you bounding to your Hills again.

• A SIMPLE Scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
 Her solid Grandeur rise: hence she commands
 Th' exalted Stores of every brighter Clime, 420
 The Treasures of the Sun without his Rage:
 Hence, fervent all, with Culture, Toil, and Arts,
 Wide glows her Land: her dreadful Thunder hence
 Rides o'er the Waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled Coast, 425
 Hence rules the circling Deep, and awes the World.

'Tis raging Noon: and, vertical, the Sun
 Darts on the Head direct his forceful Rays.
 O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the ranging Eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling Deluge reigns; and all 430
 From Pole to Pole is undistinguish'd Blaze.
 In vain the Sight, dejected to the Ground,
 Stoops for Relief; thence hot ascending Steams
 And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the Root
 Of Vegetation parch'd, the cleaving Fields 435
 And slippery Lawn an arid Hue disclose,
 Blaft Fancy's Blooms, and wither even the Soul.

Echo no more returns the chearful Sound
Of sharpening Scythe: the Mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid Hay, with Flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping Grass-hopper is heard 441
Thro' the dumb Mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very Streams look languid from afar; 445
Or, thro' th' unshelter'd Glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the Covert of the Grove.

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy Wrath!
And on my throbbing Temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow, 450
And still another fervent Flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the Head profuse. In vain I figh,
And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.
Thrice happy he! that on the sunless side 455
Of a romantic Mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:
Or in the gelid Caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the World without, 460

Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
 Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure,
 And every Passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring World with Vice inflam'd. 465

WELCOME, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
 Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
 Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep!
 Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
 As to the hunted Hart the fallying Spring, 470
 Or Stream full-flowing, that his swelling Sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd Brink.
 Cool, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comfort glides;
 The Heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded Eye
 And Ear resume their watch; the Sinews knit; 475
 And Life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd Limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining Brook, that purls along
 The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,
 Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now 480

Gently

Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain;
 A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose,
 Rural Confusion! on the grassy Bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 Half in the Flood, and often bending sip 485
 The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
 The strong laborious Ox, of honest Front,
 Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his Sides
 The troublous Insects lashes with his Tail,
 Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe, 490
 Slumbers the Monarch-Swain; his careless Arm
 Thrown round his Head, on downy Moss sustain'd;
 Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd;
 There, listening every Noise, his watchful Dog.

LIGHT fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight 495
 Of angry Gad-Flies fasten on the Herd;
 That startling scatters from the shallow Brook,
 In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam,
 They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scowr the Plain,
 Thro' all the bright Severity of Noon; 500

While from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan,
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

OF T in this Season too the Horse, provok'd,
While his big Sinews full of Spirits swell,
Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood, 505
Springs the High Fence; and, o'er the Field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy Flood, with stedfast Eye,
And Heart estrang'd to Fear: his nervous Chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength!
Bears down th' opposing Stream: quenchless his Thirst,
He takes the River at redoubled Draughts; 511
And with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight Depth
Of yonder Grove, of wildest largest Growth;
That, forming high in Air a woodland Quire, 515
Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening Gloom around.

THESE

THESE are the Haunts of Meditation, these
The Scenes where antient Bards thr' inspiring Breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this World retir'd, 521
Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,
On gracious Errands bent: to save the Fall
Of Virtue struggling on the Brink of Vice;
In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams, 525
To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul
For future Trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better Themes; to sooth the Pangs
Of dying Worth, and from the Patriot's Breast, 530
(Backward to mingle in detested War,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the Death;
And numberless such Offices of Love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the Bosom of the Sky, 535
A thousand Shapes or glide athwart the Dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred Terror, and severe Delight,
Creep through my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,

A Voice, than Human more, th' abstracted Ear 540
Of Fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred Man; thy Fellow-creatures, we
" From the same PARENT-POWER our Beings drew,
" The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit.
" Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy Life, 545
" Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
" Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.
" Then fear not us; but with responsive Song,
" Amid these dim Recesses, undisturb'd 550
" By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,
" Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
" Here frequent, at the Visionary Hour,
" When musing Midnight reigns or silent Noon,
" Angelic Harps are in full Concert heard, 555
" And Voices chaunting from the Wood-crown'd Hill,
" The deepening Dale, or inmost silvan Glade :
" A Privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
" On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear
" Of Poet, swelling to seraphic Strain." 560

AND art thou, * STANLEY, of that sacred Band?
 Alas, for us too soon!—Tho' rais'd above
 The Reach of human Pain, above the Flight
 Of human Joy; yet, with a mingled Ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd Remembrance, must thou feel 565
 A Mother's Love, a Mother's tender Woe:
 Who seeks Thee still, in many a former Scene;
 Seeks thy fair Form, thy lovely-beaming Eyes,
 Thy pleasing Converse, by gay lively Sense
 Inspir'd; where moral Wisdom mildly shone, 570
 Without the Toil of Art, and Virtue glow'd,
 In all her Smiles, without forbidding Pride.
 But, O thou best of Parents! wipe thy Tears;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The Tears of grateful Joy, who for a while 575
 Lent thee this younger Self, this opening Bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd Mind and gentle Worth.
 Believe the Muse: the wintry Blast of Death
 Kills not the Buds of Virtue; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly Beam of brighter Suns, 580
 Thro' endless Ages, into higher Powers.

THUS

* A Young Lady, well known to the Author, who died at the Age of Eighteen, in the Year 1738.

THUS up the Mount, in airy Vision rapt,
 I stray, regardless whither; till the Sound
 Of a near Fall of Water every Sense
 Wakes from the Charm of Thought : swift-shrinking
 back, 585
 I check my Steps, and view the broken Scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving Brink a copious Flood
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
 In one impetuous Torrent, down the Steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the Country round.
 At first, an azure Sheet, it rushes broad; 591
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-resounding Rocks below
 Dash'd in a Cloud of Foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary Mist, and forms a ceaseless Shower. 595
 Nor can the tortur'd Wave here find Repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy Rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd Fragments, now
 Aflant the hollow'd-Channel rapid darts;
 And falling fast from gradual Steep to Steep, 600

With

With wild infracted Course, and lessen'd Roar,
 It gains a safer Bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the Mazes of the quiet Vale.

INVITED from the Cliff, to whose dark Brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars, 605
 With upward Pinions thro' the Flood of Day;
 And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,
 Gains on the Sun; while all the tuneful Race,
 Smit by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the Thicket; or, from Bower or Bower 610
 Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.
 The Stock-Dove only thro' the Forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his Plaint,
 "Short Interval of weary Woe! again
 The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate, 615
 Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,
 Across his Fancy comes; and then resounds
 A louder Song of Sorrow thro' the Grove.

BESIDE the dewy Border let me sit,
 All in the Freshness of the humid Air; 620
 There

There on that hollow'd Rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample Chair Moss-lin'd, and over Head
 By flowering Umbrage shaded; where the Bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted Balm
 Of fragrant Woodbine loads his little Thigh. 625

Now, while I taste the Sweetness of the Shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring Flight,
 And view the Wonders of the *torrid Zone*:
 Climes unrelenting! with whose Rage compar'd, 630
 Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.
 See, how at once the bright-effulgent Sun,
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the Sky
 The short-liv'd Twilight; and with ardent Blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling Air: 635
 He mounts his Throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the Portals of the Morn,
 The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his Fire,

And

* Which blows constantly between the Tropics from the East, or the collateral Points, the North-East and South-East; caused by the Pressure of the rarefied Air on That before it, according to the diurnal Motion of the Sun from East to West.

And breathe Refreshment on a fainting World.

Great are the Scenes, with dreadful Beauty crown'd
And barbarous Wealth, that see, each circling Year,
Returning Suns and * *double Seasons* pass:

Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,
That on the high Equator ridgy rise,

Whence many a bursting Stream auriferous plays: 645

Majestic Woods, of every vigorous Green,

Stage above Stage, high-waving o'er the Hills;

Or to the far Horizon wide diffus'd,

A boundless deep Immenfity of Shade.

Here lofty Trees, to ancient Song unknown, 650

The noble Sons of potent Heat and Floods

Prone-rushing from the Clouds, rear high to Heaven

Their thorny Stems, and broad around them throw

Meridian Gloom. Here, in eternal Prime,

Unnumber'd Fruits, of keen delicious Taste 655

And vital Spirit, drink amid the Cliffs,

And burning Sands that bank the shrubby Vales,

Redoubled Day, yet in their rugged Coats

A friendly Juice to cool it's Rage contain.

VOL. I.

H

BEAR

* In all Places between the Tropics, the Sun, as he passes and re-passes in his annual Motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this Effect.

BEAR me, *Pomona*! to thy Citron-Groves; 660
To where the Lemon and the piercing Lime,
With the deep Orange, glowing thro' the Green,
Their lighter Glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading Tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the Breeze, it's Fever-cooling Fruit; 665
Or, stretch'd amid these Orchards of the Sun,
O let me drain the Cocoa's milky Bowl,
More bounteous far than all the frantic Juice
Which *Bacchus* pours! Nor, on it's slender Twigs
Low-bending, be the full Pomegranate scorn'd; 670
Nor, creeping thro' the Woods, the gelid Race
Of Berries. Oft in humble Station dwells
Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp.
Witness, thou best Anana, thou the Pride
Of vegetable Life, beyond whate'er 675
The Poets imag'd in the golden Age:
Quick, let me strip thee of thy spiny Coat,
Spread thy ambrosial Stores, and feast with *Jove*!

FROM These the Prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable Meads, 686

And vast Savannahs, where the wandering Eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant Ocean lost.

Another *Flora* there, of bolder Hues,
And richer Sweets, beyond our Garden's Pride,
Plays o'er the Fields, and showers with sudden Hand
Exuberant Spring: for oft these Valleys shift 686

Their green-embroider'd Robe to fiery Brown,
And swift to Green again, as scorching Suns,
Or streaming Dews and torrent Rains, prevail.

Along these lonely Regions, where retir'd, 690
From little Scenes of Art, great *Nature* dwells
In awful Solitude, and nought is seen

But the wild Herds, that own no Master's Stall,
Prodigious Rivers roll their fatning Seas:

On whose luxuriant Herbage, half-conceal'd, 695

Like a fall'n Cedar, far diffus'd his Train,
Cas'd in green Scales, the Crocodile extends.

The Flood disparts: behold! in plaited Mail,

* Behemoth rears his Head. Glanc'd from his Side,
 The darted Steel in idle Shivers flies: 700
 He fearless walks the Plain, or seeks the Hills;
 Where, as he crops his vary'd Fare, the Herds,
 In widening Circle round, forget their Food,
 And at the harmless Stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval Trees, that cast
 Their ample Shade o'er *Niger's* yellow Stream, 706
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred Wave;
 Or mid the Central Depth of blackning Woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn Theater around,
 Leans the huge Elephant: wisest of Brutes! 710
 O truly wise! with gentle Might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving Ages sweep the changeful Earth,
 And Empires rise and fall; regardless he
 Of what the never-resting Race of Men 715
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their Guile,
 Who mine, from cruel Avarice, his Steps;
 Or with his towry Grandeur swell their State,

The

* *The Hippopotamus, or River-Horse.*

The Pride of Kings! or else his Strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal Fray, 720
 Astonish'd at the Madness of Mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding Umbrage of the Floods,
 Like vivid Blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter Birds. For Nature's Hand,
 That with a sportive Vanity has deck'd 725
 The plummy Nations, there her gayest Hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous Beams of Day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in Song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy Robes they lent 730
 Proud *Montezuma's* Realm, whose Legions cast
 A boundless Radiance waving on the Sun,
 While *Philomel* is ours, while in our Shades,
 Thro' the soft Silence of the listening Night,
 The sober-suited Songstress trills her Lay. 735

BUT come, my *Muse*, the Desert-Barrier burst,
 A wild Expanse of lifeless Sand and Sky :

H 3

And,

* In all the Regions of the Torrid Zone, the Birds, tho' more beautiful in their Plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

And, swifter than the toiling Caravan,
 Shoot o'er the Vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
 The *Nubian* Mountains, and the secret Bounds 740
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.

Thou art no Ruffian, who beneath the Mask
 Of social Commerce com'st to rob their Wealth;
 No *holy Fury* Thou, blaspheming HEAVEN,
 With consecrated Steel to stab their Peace, 745
 And thro' the Land, yet red from Civil Wounds,
 To spread the purple Tyranny of *Rome*.

Thou, like the harmless Bee, may'st freely range,
 From Mead to Mead bright with exalted Flowers,
 From Jasmine Grove to Grove, may'st wander gay,
 Thro' Palmy Shades and Aromatic Woods, 751
 That grace the Plains, invest the peopled Hills,
 And up the more than Alpine Mountains wave.
 There on the breezy Summit, spreading fair,
 For many a League; or on stupendous Rocks, 755
 That, from the sun-redoubling Valley lift,
 Cool, to the middle Air, their lawny Tops;
 Where Palaces, and Fanes, and Villas rise;
 And Gardens smile around, and cultur'd Fields;

And

And Fountains gush; and careless Herds and Flocks
Securely stray; a World within itself, 760

Disdaining all Assault: there let me draw
Ethereal Soul, there drink reviving Gales,
Profusely breathing from the Spicy Groves,
And Vales of Fragrance; there at distance hear 765
The roaring Floods, and Cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd Earth the virgin Gold;
And o'er the vary'd Landskip, restless, rove,
Fervent with Life of every fairer kind:

A Land of Wonders! which the Sun still eyes 770
With Ray direct, as of the lovely Realm
Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the Scene! In blazing Height of
Noon,

The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest Gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary Twilight round, 775

Of struggling Night and Day malignant mix'd.

For to the hot Equator crouding fast,

Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding Air

Admits their Stream, incessant Vapours roll,

Amazing Clouds on Clouds continual heap'd; 780
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty Wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and flow,
 With the big Stores of steaming Oceans charg'd,
 Meantime, amid these upper Seas, condens'd
 Around the cold ærial Mountain's Brow, 785
 And by conflicting Winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous Throne,
 From Cloud to Cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental War
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated Mass 790
 Unbroken Floods and solid Torrents pours.

THE Treasures These, hid from the bounded Search
 Of ancient Knowledge; whence, with annual Pomp,
 Rich King of Floods! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*.
 From his two Springs, in *Gojam's* sunny Realm, 795
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid Lake
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his Infant-Stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles,
 That with unfading Verdure smile around. 800

Ambitious,

Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks ;
 And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd Treasures of the Sky,
 Winds in progressive Majesty along :
 Thro' splendid Kingdoms now devolves his Maze, 805
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary Tracts
 Of Life-deserted Sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless Defart, down the *Nubian* Rocks
 From thundering Steep to Steep, he pours his Urn,
 And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading Wave. 810

His Brother *Niger* too, and all the Floods
 In which the full-form'd Maids of *Afric* lave
 Their jetty Limbs ; and all that from the Tract
 Of woody Mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
 Fall on *Cormandel's* Coast, or *Malabar* ; 815
 From * *Menam's* orient Stream, that nightly shines
 With Insect-Lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On *Indus'* smiling Banks the rosy Shower :
 All, at this bounteous Season, ope their Urns,
 And pour untoiling Harvest o'er the Land. 820

NOR

* *The River that runs thro' Siam ; on whose Banks a vast Multitude of those Insects called Fire-Flies make a beautiful Appearance in the Night.*

NOR leſſthy World, COLUMBUS, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish Moisture of the melting Year.

Wide o'er his Iſles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown Deluge; and the Native drives
To dwell aloft on Life-ſufficing Trees, 825

At once his Dome, his Robe, his Food, and Arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand Streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge deſcends

The mighty * *Orellana*. Scarce the Muſe
Dares ſtretch her Wing o'er this enormous Maſs 830

Of ruſhing Water, ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The Sea-like *Plata*; to whoſe dread Expanſe,
Continuous Depth, and wondrous Length of Courſe,
Our Floods are Rills. With unabated Force,

In ſilent Dignity they ſweep along, 835

And traverse Realms unknown, and blooming Wilds,

And fruitful Defarts, Worlds of Solitude,

Where the Sun ſmiles and Seasons teem in vain,

Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking Theſe,

O'er peopled Plains they fair-diffuſive flow, 840

And

* *The River of the Amazons.*

And many a Nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft Bosom, many a happy Isle;
 The Seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd
 By christian Crimes and *Europe's* cruel Sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the Deep, 845
 Whose vanquish'd Tide, recoiling from the Shock,
 Yields to this liquid Weight of Half the Globe;
 And Ocean trembles for his green Domain.

BUT what avails this wondrous Waste of Wealth?
 This gay Profusion of luxurious Bliss? 850
 This Pomp of Nature? what their balmy Meads,
 Their powerful Herds, and *Ceres* void of Pain?
 By vagrant Birds dispers'd, and wafting Winds,
 What their unplanted Fruits? What the cool Draughts,
 Th' ambrosial Food, rich Gums, and spicy Health,
 Their Forests yield? Their toiling Insects what, 856
 Their filky Pride, and vegetable Robes?
 Ah! what avail their fatal Treasures, hid
 Deep in the Bowels of the pitying Earth,
Golconda's Gems, and sad *Potosi's* Mines; 860
 Where dwelt the gentlest Children of the Sun?

What

What all that *Afric's* golden Rivers rowl,
 Her odorous Woods, and shining Ivory Stores?
 Ill-fated Race! the softening Arts of Peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach; 865
 The Godlike Wisdom of the temper'd Breast;
 Progressive Truth, the patient Force of Thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent Powers
 Command the World; the LIGHT that leads to
 HEAVEN;

Kind equal Rule, the Government of Laws, 870
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the Name and Dignity of Man:
 These are not theirs. The Parent-Sun himself
 Seems o'er this World of Slaves to tyrannize;
 And, with oppressive Ray, the roseat Bloom 875
 Of Beauty blasting, gives the gloomy Hue,
 And Feature gross: or worse, to ruthless Deeds,
 Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
 Their fervid Spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft Regards, the Tenderness of Life, 880
 The Heart-shed Tear, th' ineffable Delight
 Of sweet Humanity: These court the Beam

Of milder Climes; in selfish fierce Desire,
And the wild Fury of voluptuous Sense,
There lost. The very Brute-Creation there 885
This Rage partakes, and burns with horrid Fire.

Lo ! the green Serpent, from his dark Abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At Noon forth-issuing, gathers up his Train
In Orbs immense, then, darting out anew, 890
Seeks the refreshing Fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his Folds: and while, with threatening
Tongue,

And deathful Jaws erect, the Monster curls
His flaming Crest, all other Thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at Distance stands, 895
Nor dares approach. But still more direful He,
The small close-lurking Minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted Venom thro' the Veins
A rapid Lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital Current. Form'd to humble Man, 900
This Child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd
To fearless Lust of Blood, the Savage Race

Roam,

Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of Guilt;
 And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut
 His sacred Eye. The Tyger darting fierce, 905
 Impetuous on the Prey his Glance has doom'd.
 The lively-shining Leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a Spot, the Beauty of the Waste;
 And, scorning all the taming Arts of Man,
 The keen Hyena, fellest of the Fell. 910
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable Woods
 Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted Isles,
 That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* Wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy King,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed Sand; 915
 And, with imperious and repeated Roars,
 Demand their fated Food. The fearful Flocks
 Croud near the guardian Swain; the nobler Herds,
 Where round their lordly Bull, in rural Ease,
 They ruminating lie, with Horror hear 920
 The coming Rage. Th' awaken'd Village starts;
 And to her fluttering Breast the Mother strains
 Her thoughtless Infant. From the *Pirate's* Den,
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant Fang escap'd,

The Wretch half-wishes for his Bounds again : 925
 While, Uproar all, the Wilderness resounds,
 From *Atlas* Eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of Joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this World of Death. Day after Day, 930
 Sad on the jutting Eminence he sits,
 And views the Main that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest Verge,
 Where the round Ether mixes with the Wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the Clouds.
 At Evening, to the setting Sun he turns 936
 A mournful Eye, and down his dying Heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted Roar is up,
 And Hiss continual thro' the tedious Night.
 Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes 940
 Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,
 And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
 Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* Wilds:
 Disdainful of *Campania*'s gentle Plains,
 And all the green Delights *Ausonia* pours; 945

When

When for them she must bend the servile Knee;
And fawning take the splendid Robber's Boon.

NOR stop the Terrors of these Regions here.
Commission'd Demons oft, Angels of Wrath,
Let loose the raging Elements. Breath'd hot, 950
From all the boundless Furnace of the Sky,
And the wide glittering Waste of burning Sand,
A suffocating Wind the Pilgrim smites
With instant Death. Patient of Thirst and Toil,
Son of the Desert! even the Camel feels, 955
Shot thro' his wither'd Heart, the fiery Blast.
Or from the black-red Ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden Whirlwind. Strait the Sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering Eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come; 960
Till with the general all-involving Storm
Swept up, the whole continuous Wilds arise;
And by their noonday Fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at Night in sad disastrous Sleep,
Beneath descending Hills, the Caravan 965
Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crouded Streets,

Th'

Th' impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And *Mecca* faddens at the long Delay.

BUT chief at Sea, whose every flexile Wave
Obeys the Blast, th' aërial Tumult swells. 970

In the dread Ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant Line that girts the Globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from Point to Point,
Exhausting all the Rage of all the Sky,

And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the Heavens, 975

Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † Speck
Compress'd, the mighty Tempest brooding dwells,

Of no Regard, save to the skilful Eye,

Fiery and foul, the small Prognostic hangs

Aloft, or on the Promontory's Brow 980

Musters it's Force. A faint deceitful Calm,

A fluttering Gale, the Demon sends before,

To tempt the spreading Sail. Then down at once,

Precipitant, descends a mingled Mass

Of roaring Winds, and Flame, and rushing Floods.

VOL. I.

I

In

* Typhon and Ecnephia, Terms for particular Storms or Hurricanes known only between the Tropics.

† Called by Sailors the Ox-Eye, being in Appearance at first no bigger.

In wild Amazement fix'd the Sailor stands. 986
 Art is too slow. By rapid Fate oppress'd,
 The broad-wing'd Vessel drinks the whelming Tide,
 Hid in the Bosom of the black Abyfs.
 With such mad Seas the daring * GAMA fought, 990
 For many a Day, and many a dreadful Night,
 Incessant, labring round the stormy Cape;
 By bold Ambition led, and bolder Thirst
 Of Gold. For then from antient Gloom emerg'd
 The rising World of Trade: the *Genius*, then, 995
 Of Navigation, that, in hopeless Sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic Deep,
 For idle Ages, starting, heard at last
 The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-
 inspir'd,
 To Love of useful Glory rous'd Mankind, 1000
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the World.

INCREASING

* VASCO DE GAMA, *the first that sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.*

† DON HENRY, *third Son to John the first, King of Portugal. His strong Genius to the Discovery of new Countries was the Source of all the modern Improvements in Navigation.*

INCREASING still the Terrors of these Storms,
 His Jaws horrific arm'd with threefold Fate,
 Here dwells the direful Shark. Lur'd by the Scent
 Of steaming Crouds, of rank Disease, and Death,
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny Flood, 1006
 Swift as the Gale can bear the Ship along ;
 And, from the Partners of that cruel Trade,
 Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her Sons,
 Demands his share of Prey, demands themselves. 1010
 The stormy Fates descend ; one Death involves
 Tyrants and Slaves ; when strait, their mangled Limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple Seas
 With Gore, and riots in the vengeful Meal.

WHEN o'er this World, by Equinoctial Rains 1015
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
 And draws the copious Steam : from swampy Fens,
 Where Putrefaction into Life ferments,
 And breathes destructive Myriads ; or from Woods,
 Impenetrable Shades, Recesses foul, 1020
 In Vapours rank and blue Corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy Horrors yet no desperate Foot

Has ever dar'd to pierce, then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent Disease.
 A thousand hideous Fiends her Course attend, 1025
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless Woe,
 And feeble Desolation, casting down
 The towering Hopes and all the Pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at *Carthagena* quench'd
 The BRITISH Fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw
 The miserable Scene; you, pitying, saw 1031
 To infant Weakness sunk the Warrior's Arm;
 Saw the deep-racking Pang, the ghastly Form,
 The Lip pale-quivering, and the beamless Eye
 No more with Ardor bright: you heard the Groans
 Of agonizing Ships, from Shore to Shore; 1036
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen Waves,
 The frequent Corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad Presage, the blank Assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand. 1040

WHAT need I mention those inclement Skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening City, Plague,
 The fiercest Child of NEMESIS DIVINE,

Descends?

Descends? * From *Ethiopia's* poison'd Woods,
 From stifled *Cairo's* Filth, and fetid Fields 1045
 With Locust-Armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great Destroyer sprung. Her awful Rage
 The Brutes escape. Man is her destin'd Prey,
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty Domes,
 She draws a close incumbent Cloud of Death; 1050
 Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze; and stain'd
 With many a Mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom, then
 Dejects his watchful Eye; and from the Hand 1055
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
 The Sword and Balance: mute the Voice of Joy,
 And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.
 Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad;
 Into the worst of Desarts sudden turn'd 1060
 The chearful Haunt of Men: unless escap'd
 From the doom'd House, where matchless Horror
 reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten Wretch,

I 3

With

* These are the Causes supposed to be the first Origin of the Plague,
 in DOCTOR MEAD's elegant Book on that Subject.

With Frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful Policy arraigns, 1065
 Inhuman, and unwise. The fullen Door,
 Yet uninfected, on it's cautious Hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors Society.
 Dependants, Friends, Relations, Love himself,
 Savag'd by Woe, forget the tender Tie, 1070
 The sweet Engagement of the feeling Heart.
 But vain their selfish Care: the circling Sky,
 The wide enlivening Air is full of Fate;
 And, struck by Turns, in solitary Pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd. 1075
 Thus o'er the prostrate City black Despair
 Extends her raven Wing; while, to compleat
 The Scene of Desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim Guards stand, denying all Retreat,
 And give the flying Wretch a better Death. 1080

Much yet remains unsung: the Rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted Skies, of iron Fields,
 Where Drought and Famine starve the blasted Year:
 Fir'd by the Torch of Noon to tenfold Rage,
 Th' infuriate Hill that shoots the pillar'd Flame; 1085
 And,

And, rous'd within the subterranean World,
 Th' expanding Earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring Cities from their solid Base,
 And buries Mountains in the flaming Gulph.
 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse: 1090
 A nearer Scene of Horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, flow-settling o'er the lurid Grove
 Unusual Darknefs broods; and growing gains
 The full Possession of the Sky, furcharg'd
 With wrathful Vapour, from the secret Beds, 1095
 Where sleep the mineral Generations, drawn.
 Thence Niter, Sulphur, and the fiery Spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the Day,
 With various-tinctur'd Trains of latent Flame,
 Pollute the Sky, and in yon baleful Cloud, 1100
 A reddening Gloom, a Magazine of Fate,
 Ferment; till, by the Touch etherial rous'd,
 The Dash of Clouds, or irritating War
 Of fighting Winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A boding Silence reigns, 1105
 Dread thro' the dun Expanse; save the dull Sound,

That from the Mountain, previous to the Storm;
 Rolls o'er the muttering Earth, disturbs the Flood,
 And shakes the Forest-Leaf without a Breath.
 Prone, to the lowest Vale, th' aërial Tribes 1110
 Descend: the Tempest-loving Raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze
 The Cattle stand, and on the scouling Heavens
 Cast a deploring Eye; by Man forsook,
 Who to the crouded Cottage hies him fast, 1115
 Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

'Tis listening Fear, and dumb Amazement all:
 When to the startled Eye the sudden Glance
 Appears far South, eruptive thro' the Cloud;
 And following slower, in Explosion vast, 1120
 The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,
 The Tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls it's awful Burden on the Wind, 1125
 The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more
 The Noise astounds: till over Head a Sheet
 Of livid Flame discloses wide, then shuts

And

And opens wider, shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping Ether in a Blaze. 1130
 Follows the loosen'd, aggravated Roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail, 1134
 Or prone-descending Rain. Wide-rent, the Clouds,
 Pour a whole Flood; and yet, it's Flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable Lightning struggles thro',
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
 And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage. 1139
 Black from the Stroke, above the smouldring Pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd Trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless Groupe the blasted Cattle lie:
 Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In Fancy's Eye; and there the frowning Bull, 1145
 And Ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled Cliff,
 The venerable Tower and spiry Fane
 Resign their aged Pride. The gloomy Woods
 Start at the Flash, and from their deep Recess,

Wide-

Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake.
 Amid *Carnarvon's* Mountains rages loud 1151
 The repercussive Roar: with mighty Crush,
 Into the flashing Deep, from the rude Rocks
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the Sky,
 Tumble the smitten Cliffs; and *Snowden's* Peak, 1155
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry Load.
 Far-seen, the Heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost Isles.

G U I L T hears appall'd, with deeply troubled
 Thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty Head 1160
 Descends the fated Flash. Young *CELADON*
 And his *AMELIA* were a matchless Pair,
 With equal Virtue form'd, and equal Grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone:
 Hers the mild Luster of the blooming Morn, 1165
 And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

T H E Y lov'd. But such their guileless Passion was,
 As in the Dawn of Time inform'd the Heart

Of Innocence, and undiffembling Truth.

'Twas Friendship heighten'd by the mutual Wish,
Th' enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow, 1171
Beam'd from the mutual Eye. Devoting all
To Love, each was to each a dearer Self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd Power
Of giving Joy. Alone, amid the Shades, 1175
Still in harmonious Intercourse they liv'd
The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their Life, a clear united Stream,
By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour, 1180
The Tempest caught them on the tender Walk,
Heedless how far, and where it's Mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative Love
Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.

Heavy with instant Fate her Bosom heav'd 1185
Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look
Of the big Gloom on CELADON her Eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd Cheek.
In vain assuring Love, and Confidence

In HEAVEN repress'd her Fear; it grew, and shook
 Her Frame near Diffolution. He perceiv'd 1191
 Th' unequal Conflict, and as Angels look
 On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,
 With Love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,
 " Sweet Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence, 1195
 " And inward Storm! HE, who yon Skies involves
 " In Frowns of Darknes, ever smiles on thee,
 " With kind Regard. O'er thee the secret Shaft
 " That wastes at Midnight, or th' undreaded Hour
 " Of Noon, flies harmless: and that very Voice, 1200
 " Which thunders Terror thro' the guilty Heart,
 " With Tongues of Seraphs whispers Peace to thine,
 " 'Tis Safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 " To clasp Perfection!" From his void Embrace,
 (Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the Ground,
 A blacken'd Corse, was struck the beauteous Maid.
 But who can paint the Lover, as he stood, 1207
 Pierc'd by severe Amazement, hating Life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the Death of Woe!
 So, faint Resemblance, on the Marble-Tomb, 1210
 The

The well-difsembled Mourner stooping ftands,
For ever filent, and for ever fad.

As from the Face of Heaven the fhatrer'd Clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable Sky
Sublimer fwells, and o'er the World expands 1215
A purer Azure. Nature, from the Storm,
Shines out afrefh; and thro' the lighten'd Air
A higher Lufter and a clearer Calm,
Diffufive, tremble; while, as if in fign
Of Danger paff, a glittering Robe of Joy, 1220
Set off abundant by the yellow Ray,
Invests the Fields, yet dropping from Diftreff.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,
Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat 1224
Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd Vale.
And fhall the Hymn be marr'd by thanklefs Man,
Moft-favour'd; who with Voice articulate
Should lead the Chorus of this lower World?
Shall he, fo foon forgetful of the Hand
That hufh'd the Thunder, and ferenes the Sky, 1230
Extinguifh'd

Extinguish'd feel that Spark the Tempest wak'd,
 That Sense of Powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble Heart has lost it's Fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder Beam, the sprightly
 Youth

Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose crystal Depth
 A sandy Bottom shews. A while he stands 1236
 Gazing th' inverted Landskip, half-afraid
 To meditate the blue Profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling Flood.
 His ebon Tresses, and his rosy Cheek 1240
 Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient Wave,
 At each short breathing by his Lip repell'd,
 With Arms and Legs according well, he makes,
 As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path;
 While, from his polish'd Sides, a dewy Light 1245
 Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

THIS is the purest Exercise of Health,
 The kind Refresher of the Summer-Heats;
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening Flood,
 Would

Would I weak-shivering linger on the Brink. 1250
 Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
 By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse
 Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs
 Knit into Force; and the same *Roman* Arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth, 1255
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.
 Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic Aid.

CLOSE in the Covert of an Hazel Copse,
 Where winded into pleasing Solitudes 1260
 Runs out the rambling Dale, young DAMON sat,
 Pensive, and pierc'd with Love's delightful Pangs.
 There to the Stream that down the distant Rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive Breeze that
 play'd
 Among the bending Willows, falsely he 1265
 Of MUSIDORA's Cruelty complain'd.
 She felt his Flame; but deep within her Breast,
 In bashful Coyness, or in maiden Pride,
 The soft Return conceal'd; save when it stole

In side-long Glances from her downcast Eye, 1270
Or from her swelling Soul in stifled Sighs.

Touch'd by the Scene, no Stranger to his Vows,

He fram'd a melting Lay, to try her Heart;

And, if an infant Passion struggled there,

To call that Passion forth. Thrice happy Swain!

A lucky Chance, that oft decides the Fate 1276

Of mighty Monarchs, then decided thine.

For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,

This cool Retreat his MUSIDORA sought:

Warm in her Cheek the sultry Season glow'd; 1280

And, robe'd in loose Array, she came to bathe

Her fervent Limbs in the refreshing Stream.

What shall he do? In sweet Confusion lost,

And dubious Flutterings, he a while remain'd.

A pure ingenuous Elegance of Soul, 1285

A delicate Refinement, known to Few,

Perplex'd his Breast, and urg'd him to retire.

But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in Virtue, say,

Say, ye severest, what would you have done?

Meantime, this fairer Nymph than ever blest 1290

Arcadian Stream, with timid Eye around

The Banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous Limbs,
To taste the lucid Coolness of the Flood.
Ah then! not *Paris* on the shady Top
Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside 1295
The Rival-Goddeses the Veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their Charms,
Than, DAMON, thou; as from the snowy Leg,
And slender Foot, th' inverted Silk she drew;
As the soft Touch dissolv'd the virgin Zone; 1300
And, thro' the parting Robe, th' alternate Breast,
With Youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless Gaze
In full Luxuriance rose. But, desperate Youth,
How durst thou risque the Soul-distracting View;
As from her naked Limbs, of glowing White, 1305
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest Hand,
In Folds loose-floating fell the fainter Lawn;
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With Fancy blushing, at the doubtful Breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful Fawn? 1310
Then to the Flood she rush'd; the parted Flood
It's lovely Guest with closing Waves receiv'd;

And every Beauty softening, every Grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow Luster shed:
 As shines the Lily thro' the Crystal mild; 1315
 Or as the Rose, amid the Morning-Dew
 Fresh from *Aurora's* Hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the Wave
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming Locks
 That half-embrac'd Her in a humid Veil, 1320
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew
 Such madning Draughts of Beauty to the Soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd Thought
 With Luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
 By Love's respectful Modesty, he deem'd 1325
 The Theft profane, if aught profane to Love
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the Shade,
 With headlong Hurry fled: but first these Lines
 Trac'd by his ready Pencil, on the Bank
 With trembling Hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair,
 " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred Eye 1331
 " Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy Haunt,
 " To keep from thy Recess each vagrant Foot,
 " And each licentious Eye." With wild Surprise,

As if to Marble struck, devoid of Sense, 1335
 A stupid Moment motionless she stood:
 So stands the * Statue that enchants the World,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless Boast,
 The mingled Beauties of exulting *Greece*.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those Robes 1340
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd
 In careless Haste, th' alarming Paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known Hand she saw,
 Her Terrors vanish'd, and a softer Train
 Of mixt Emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1345
 Her sudden Bosom seiz'd: Shame void of Guilt,
 The charming Blush of Innocence, Esteem
 And Admiration of her Lover's Flame,
 By Modesty exalted. Even a Sense
 Of self-approving Beauty stole across 1350
 Her busy Thought. At length, a tender Calm
 Hush'd by degrees the Tumult of her Soul;
 And on the spreading Beech, that o'er the Stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan Pen
 Of rural Lovers this Confession carv'd, 1355

Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping Joy.

“ Dear Youth! sole Judge of what these Verses mean;

“ By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,

“ Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now 1359

“ Discreet: the Time may come you need not fly.”

THE Sun has lost his Rage: his downward Orb

Shoots nothing now but animating Warmth,

And vital Luster; that, with various Ray,

Lights up the Clouds, those beauteous Robes of Heaven,

Incessant roll'd into romantic Shapes, 1365

The Dream of waking Fancy! Broad below,

Cover'd with ripening Fruits, and swelling fast

Into the perfect Year, the pregnant Earth

And all her Tribes rejoice. Now the soft Hour

Of Walking comes: for him who lonely loves 1370

To seek the distant Hills, and there converse

With Nature; there to harmonize his Heart,

And in pathetic Song to breathe around

The Harmony to others. Social Friends,

Attun'd to happy Unison of Soul; 1375

To whose exalting Eye a fairer World,

Of which the Vulgar never had a Glimpse,
Displays it's Charms; whose Minds are richly fraught
With Philosophic Stores, superior Light;
And in whose Breast, enthusiastic, burns 1380
Virtue, the Sons of Interest deem Romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling Day:
Now to the verdant *Portico* of Woods,
To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *School* where no proud Master reigns,
The full free Converse of the friendly Heart, 1386
Improving and improv'd. Now from the World,
Sacred to sweet Retirement, Lovers steal,
And pour their Souls in Transport, which the SIRE
Of Love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1390
Which Way, AMANDA, shall we bend our Course?
The Choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with Thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the Streams? or walk the smiling Mead?
Or court the Forest-Glades? or wander wild 1395
Among the waving Harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all it's Pride,

Thy Hill, delightful * *Shene*? Here let us sweep
 The boundless Landskip: now the raptur'd Eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send, 1400
 Now to the † *Sister-Hills* that skirt her Plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his Princely Brow.
 In lovely Contrast to this Glorious View,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1405
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
 There let the feasted Eye unweary'd stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant Woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's Retreat;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering Walks,
 Beneath whose Shades, in spotless Peace retir'd, 1411
 With HER the pleasing Partner of his Heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1416
 In *Twit'nam's* Bowers, and for their POPE implore
 The

* *The Old Name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon Shining, or Splendor.*

† Highgate and Hamstead.

The healing God; to royal *Hampton's* Pile,
 To *Clermont's* terrass'd Height, and *Esher's* Groves,
 Where in the sweetest Solitude, embrac'd 1420
 By the soft Windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From Courts and Senates *PELHAM* finds Repose.
 Inchanting Vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung!
 O Vale of Bliss! O softly-swellng Hills! 1425
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
 And joys to see the Wonders of his Toil,

HEAVENS! what a goodly Prospect spreads around,
 Of Hills, and Dales, and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires,
 And glittering Towns, and gilded Streams, till all
 The stretching Landskip into Smoke decays! 1431
 Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
 Inspiring Vigor, LIBERTY abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest Cotts,
 And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand,

RICH is thy Soil, and merciful thy Clime; 1435
 Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought;

Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks; thy Valleys float
 With golden Waves: and on thy Mountains Flocks
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their Sides,
 Bellow the blackening Herds in lusty Drovers.
 Beneath, thy Meadows glow, and rise unquell'd 1440
 Against the Mower's Scythe. On every hand,
 Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;
 And Property assures it to the Swain,
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded Toil.

FULL are thy Cities with the Sons of Art; 1445
 And Trade and Joy, in every busy Street,
 Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
 As at the Car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crowded Ports,
 Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield, 1450
 With Labour burn, and echo to the Shouts
 Of hurry'd Sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last Adieu, and loosening every Sheet,
 Relinquish the spreading Vessel to the Wind,

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth,
 By Hardship finew'd, and by Danger fir'd, 1456
 Scattering the Nations where they go; and first
 Or in the lifted Plain, or wintry Seas.
 Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Plans
 Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside; 1460
 In Genius, and substantial Learning, high;
 For every Virtue, every Worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd,
 The Dread of Tyrants, and the sole Resource 1465
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the Splendor of heroic War,
 And more heroic Peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine; whose hallow'd Name the Virtues faint,
 And *his own* Muses love, the best of *Kings*. 1471
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to Fame; the First who deep impress'd
 On haughty *Gaul* the Terror of thy Arms,
 That awes her Genius still. In *Statesmen* Thou, 1475
 And

And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady *MORE*,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken Zeal,
 Withstood a brutal Tyrant's useful Rage,
 Like *CATO* firm, like *ARISTIDES* just,
 Like rigid *CINCINNATUS* nobly poor, 1486
 A dauntless Soul erect, who smil'd on Death.
 Frugal, and wise, a *WALSINGHAM* is thine;
 A *DRAKE*, who made thee Mistress of the Deep,
 And bore thy Name in Thunder round the World,
 Then flam'd thy Spirit high: but who can speak 1485
 The numerous Worthies of the *MAIDEN REIGN*?
 In *RALEIGH* mark their every Glory mix'd,
RALEIGH, the Scourge of *Spain*! whose Breast
 with all

The Sage, the Patriot, and the Hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his Vigour, when a Coward-Reign 1490
 The Warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the Vengeance of a vanquish'd Foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd his Mind
 Explor'd the vast Extent of Ages past,
 And with his Prison-Hours enrich'd the World; 1495
 Yet found no Times, in all the long Research,

So glorious, or so base, as Those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The Plume of War! with early Laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay. 1501
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious Land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting Soul,
 Who stem'd the Torrent of a downward Age
 To Slavery prone, and bade thee rise again, 1505
 In all thy Native Pomp of Freedom bold.
 Bright, at his Call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late Time a kindling Eye
 Shall turn, and Tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest Flower, and let me strow 1510
 The Grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd Blood
 With calmest Chearfulness for Thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad Annals of a giddy Reign:
 Aiming at lawless Power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious Luxury. With him 1515
 His Friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd Spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient Learning to th' enlighten'd Love

Of

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Of antient Freedom warm'd. Fair thy Renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards* ; 1520
 Soon as the Light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient Ray, and wak'd the Muses' Song.
 Thine is a *BACON*, hapless in his Choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil Storm of State,
 And thro' the smooth Barbarity of Courts, 1525
 With firm but pliant Virtue, forward still
 To urge his Course. Him for the studious Shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich Soul,
PLATO, the *STAGYRITE*, and *TULLY* join'd.
 The great Deliverer he ! who from the Gloom 1531
 Of cloyster'd Monks, and Jargon-teaching Schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic Chain of Words and Forms,
 And Definitions void : he led Her forth, 1535
 Daughter of *HEAVEN* ! that, slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the Chain of Things,
 With radiant Finger points to *HEAVEN* again.
 The generous * *ASHLEY* thine, the Friend of Man ;
 Who

* *ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftesbury.*

Who scan'd his Nature with a Brother's Eye,
 His Weakness prompt to shade, to raise his Aim,
 To touch the finer Movements of the Mind,
 And with the moral Beauty charm the Heart. 1540
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious Search
 Amid the dark Recesses of his Works,
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal World his own?
 Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD 1545
 To Mortals lent, to trace his boundless Works
 From Laws sublimely simple, speak thy Fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty Sense,
 Creative Fancy, and Inspection keen
 Thro' the deep Windings of the human Heart, 1550
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's Boast?
 Is not each great each amiable Muse
 Of Classic Ages in thy MILTON met?
 A Genius universal as his Theme,
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the Bloom 1555
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my Verse that elder Bard forget,
 The gentle SPENSER, Fancy's pleasing Son;

Who,

Who, like a copious River, pour'd his Song
 O'er all the Mazes of enchanted Ground: 1560
 Nor Thee, his antient Master, laughing Sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native Manners-painting Verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic Cloud
 Of Time and Language o'er his Genius thrown.

MAY my Song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail! for Beauty is their own, 1566
 The feeling Heart, Simplicity of Life,
 And Elegance, and Taste: the faultless Form,
 Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony; the Cheek,
 Where the live Crimson, thro' the native White 1570
 Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,
 And every nameless Grace; the parted Lip,
 Like the red Rose-Bud moist with Morning-Dew,
 Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,
 Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown, 1575
 The Neck flight-shaded, and the swelling Breast;
 The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,
 And by the Soul inform'd, when drest in Love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious Eye.

ISLAND of Bliss! amid the subject Seas, 1580
 That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,
 At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight,
 Of distant Nations; whose remotest Shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy Naval Arm,
 Not to be shook thy self, but all Assaults 1585
 Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O THOU! by whose almighty Nod the Scale
 Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving *Virtues* round the Land,
 In bright patrol; white *Peace*, and social *Love*; 1590
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro' Smiles;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of Mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in Heart and Look; clear *Chastity* 1595
 With Blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws;
 Rough *Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:
 While, in the radiant Front, superiour shines 1600

That

That first paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide Survey,
 And, ever musing on the common Weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great Design.

Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the Verge of Day. The shifting Clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous Train, 1607
 In all their Pomp attend his setting Throne.
 Air, Earth and Ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary Chariot sought the Bowers 1610
 Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending Nymphs,
 (So *Grecian* Fable sung) he dips his Orb;
 Now half-immers'd: and now a golden Curve
 Gives one bright Glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted Round, 1615
 Passes the Day, deceitful, vain, and void;
 As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain,
 This Moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd Soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The Dreamer of this Earth, an idle Blank: 1620

A Sight of Horror to the cruel Wretch,
 Who all day long in sordid Pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless Load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel Train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping Family of modest Worth. 1625

But to the generous still-improving Mind,
 That gives the hopeless Heart to sing for Joy,
 Diffusing kind Beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent Dew;
 To him the long Review of order'd Life 1630
 Is inward Rapture, only to be felt.

CONFESS'D from yonder flow-extinguish'd Clouds,
 All Ether softening, sober *Evening* takes
 Her wonted Station in the middle Air;
 A thousand *Shadows* at her Beck. First *This* 1635
 She sends on Earth; then *That* of deeper Dye
 Steals soft behind; and then a *Deeper* still,
 In Circle following Circle, gathers round,
 To close the Face of Things. A fresher Gale
 Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream, 1640

Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn;
 While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly Lawn, as swells the Breeze,
 A whitening Shower of vegetable Down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial Care 1645
 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest Sons, and clothe the coming Year,
 From Field to Field the feather'd Seeds she wings.

His folded Flock secure, the Shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves 1650
 The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail;
 The Beauty whom perhaps his witless Heart,
 Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best Language shown
 Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds. 1655
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting Height,
 And Valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
 At Fall of Eve the Fairy People throng,
 In various Game, and Revelry to pass
 The Summer-Night, as Village-Stories tell. 1660

But

But far about they wander from the Grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle Fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad Breast to lift the Hand
 Of impious Violence. The lonely Tower
 Is also shun'd; whose mournful Chambers hold, 1665
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling Ghost.

AMONG the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge,
 The Glow-Worm lights his Gem; and, thro' the Dark,
 A moving Radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
 The World to *Night*; not in her Winter-Robe 1670
 Of massy Stygian Woof, but loose array'd
 In Mantle dun. A faint erroneous Ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect Surfaces of Things,
 Flings half an Image on the straining Eye; 1674
 While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,
 And Rocks, and Mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
 Thence weary Vision turns; where, leading soft
 The silent Hours of Love, with purest Ray 1680

Sweet *Venus* shines; and from her genial Rise,
 When Day-Light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest Lamp of Night.
 As thus th' Effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd Gaze, the lambent Lightnings shoot
 Across the Sky; or horizontal dart, 1686
 In wondrous Shapes: by fearful murmuring Crouds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant Orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the Sky,
 The Life-infusing Suns of other Worlds; 1690
 Lo! from the dread Immensity of Space
 Returning, with accelerated Course;
 The rushing Comet to the Sun descends;
 And as he sinks below the shading Earth,
 With awful Train projected o'er the Heavens, 1695
 The guilty Nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious Horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious Herd, to mystic Faith
 And blind Amazement prone, th' enlighten'd Few,
 Whose Godlike Minds Philosophy exalts, 1700
 The glorious Stranger hail. They feel a Joy

Divinely

Divinely great ; they in their Powers exult,
That wondrous Force of Thought, which mounting
spurns

This dusky Spot, and measures all the Sky ;
While, from his far Excursion thro' the Wilds 1705

Of barren Ether, faithful to his Time,

They see the blazing Wonder rise anew,

In seeming Terror clad, but kindly bent

To work the Will of all-sustaining LOVE :

From his huge vapoury Train perhaps to shake 1710

Reviving Moisture on the numerous Orbs,

Thro' which his long Ellipsis winds ; perhaps

To lend new Fuel to declining Suns,

To light up Worlds, and feed th' eternal Fire. 1714

WITH Thee, serene PHILOSOPHY ! with Thee,

And thy bright Garland, let me crown my Song !

Effusive Source of Evidence, and Truth !

A Luster shedding o'er th' ennobled Mind,

Stronger than Summer-Noon ; and pure as That, 1720

Whose mild Vibrations sooth the parted Soul,

New to the Dawning of celestial Day.

Hence thro' her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated Pride,
 Above the tangling Mass of low Desires, 1725
 That bind the fluttering Croud; and, Angel-wing'd,
 The Heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
 Or in the starry Regions, or th' Abyfs,
 To Reason's, and to Fancy's Eye display'd: 1730
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary Void,
 The Chain of Causes and Effects to HIM,
 The World-producing ESSENCE, who alone
 Possesses Being; while the *Last* receives
 The whole Magnificence of Heaven and Earth, 1735
 And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid Mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts
 Her Voice to Ages; and informs the Page 1740
 With Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
 Never to die! the Treasure of Mankind,
 Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy!

WITHOUT

WITHOUT thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
A Savage roaming thro' the Woods and Wilds, 1745
In quest of Prey: and with th' unfashion'd Furr
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer Art,
And Elegance of Life. Nor Happiness
Domestic, mix'd of Tendernefs and Care,
Nor moral Excellence, or social Blifs, 1750
Nor guardian Law were his; nor various Skill
To turn the Furrow, or to guide the Tool
Mechanic; nor the Heaven-conducted Prow
Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning Line or dares the wintry Pole, 1755
Mother severe of infinite Delights!
Nothing, save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
And Woes on Woes, a still-revolving Train!
Whose horrid Circle had made human Life
Than Non-existence worse: but, taught by Thee 1760
Ours are the Plans of Policy, and Peace;
To live like Brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish Life. While thus laborious Crouds

Ply the tough Oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling Helm; or like the liberal Breath 1765
 Of potent Heaven, invifible, the Sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior World along.

NOR to this evanefcent Speck of Earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant Tracts on high
 Are her exalted Range; intent to gaze 1770
 Creation thro'; and, from that full Complex
 Of never-ending Wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward View,
 Thence on th' ideal Kingdom swift ſhe turns 1775
 Her Eye; and instant, at her powerful Glance,
 Th' obedient Phantoms vaniſh or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into Order ſhift,
 Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up
 To the fair Forms of Fancy's fleeting Train, 1780
 And Notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins
 The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the Cloud,

So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, fits deep.
Enough for us we know that this dark State, 1785
In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final Issue of the Works of God,
By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
And ever rising with the rising Mind. 1790

A U T U M N.

So will I prove a Provener, the day will
 be enough for us to know that the day is
 in wayward fashion, the vain Fancies
 This history of things, cannot prove
 The final line of the Works of God,

be handled above and parted, we report found
 and ever rising with the thing I find

and ever rising with the thing I find

and ever rising with the thing I find

and ever rising with the thing I find

and ever rising with the thing I find

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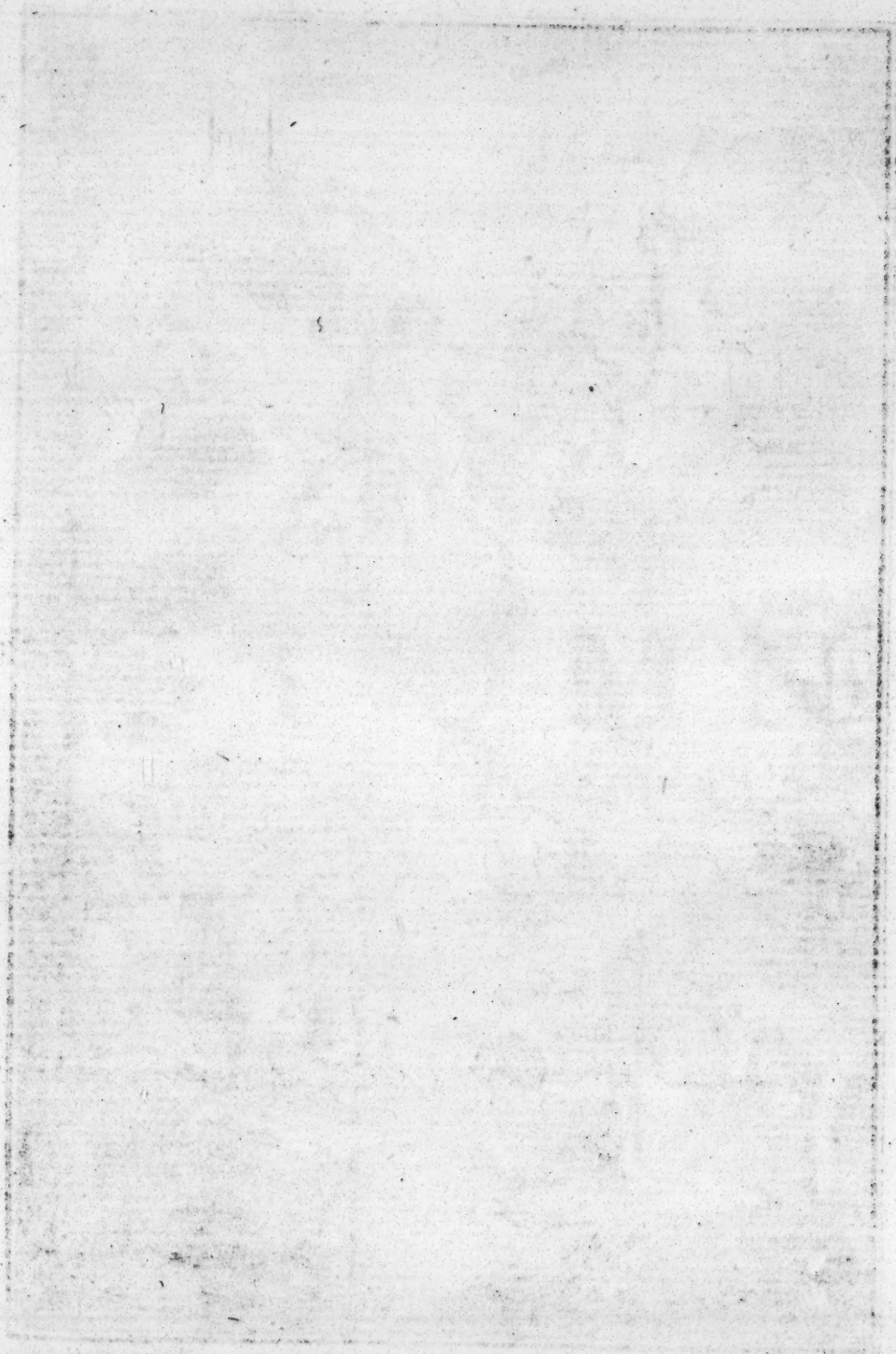
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W. Kent inv. et del.

P. Fourdrinier Sculp.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Address'd to Mr. ONSLOW. A Prospect of the Fields ready for Harvest. Reflexions in praise of Industry rais'd by that View. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A Harvest Storm. Shooting and Hunting, their Barbarity. A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting. A View of an Orchard. Wall-Fruit. A Vineyard. A Description of Fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a Digression, enquiring into the Rise of Fountains and Rivers. Birds of Season considered, that now shift their Habitation. The prodigious Number of them that cover the northern and western Isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a View of the Country. A Prospect of the discoloured, fading Woods. After a gentle dusky Day, Moon-light. Autumnal Meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, Sun-shiny Day, such as usually shuts up the Season. The Harvest being gathered in, the Country dissolv'd in Joy. The whole concludes with a Panegyric on a philosophical Country Life.

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the Sickle, and the wheaten
Sheaf,

While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow Plain,
Comes jovial on; the *Doric* Reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry Frost
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white Promise forth; and Summer-Suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to View,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious Theme.

ON SLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy Name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her Song, 10
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle Ear
A while engage. Thy noble Cares she knows,
The Patriot-Virtues that distend thy Thought,

Spread

Spread on thy Front, and in thy Bosom glow ;
 While listening Senates hang upon thy Tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the Maze of Eloquence
 A Rowl of Periods, sweeter than her Song.
 But she too pants for public Virtue, she,
 Tho' weak of Power yet strong in ardent Will,
 Whene'er her Country rushes on her Heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder Note, and fondly tries
 To mix the Patriot's with the Poet's Flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous Days,
 And *Libra* weighs in equal Scales the Year ;
 From Heaven's high Cope the fierce Effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener Blue, 26
 With golden Light enliven'd wide invests
 The happy World. Attemper'd Suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid Clouds
 A pleasing Calm ; while broad, and brown, below, 30
 Extensive Harvests hang the heavy Head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a Gale
 Rolls its light Billows o'er the bending Plain ;
 A Calm of Plenty ! till the ruffled Air

Falls from its Poise, and gives the Breeze to blow. 35

Rent is the fleecy Mantle of the Sky;

The Clouds fly different; and the sudden Sun

By Fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd Field,

And black by Fits the Shadows sweep along.

A gayly-checker'd Heart-expanding View, 40

Far as the circling Eye can shoot around,

Unbounded tossing in a Flood of Corn,

THESE are thy Blessings, INDUSTRY! rough Power!

Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain;

Yet the kind Source of every gentle Art, 45

And all the soft Civility of Life:

Raiser of Human Kind! by Nature cast,

Naked, and helpless, out amid the Woods,

And Wilds, to rude inclement Elements;

With various Seeds of Art deep in the Mind 50

Implanted, and profusely pour'd around

Materials infinite; but idle all.

Still unexerted, in th' unconscious Breast,

Slept the lethargic Powers; Corruption still,

Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal Hand 55

Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage Year :
And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd
With Beasts of Prey ; or for his Acorn-Meal
Fought the fierce tusky Boar ; a shivering Wretch !
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North, 60
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd Tempest fly,
Hail, Rain, and Snow, and bitter-breathing Frost :
Then to the Shelter of the Hut he fled ;
And the wild Season, fordid, pin'd away.
For Home he had not ; Home is the Resort 65
Of Love, of Joy, of Peace and Plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd Friends,
And dear Relations mingle into Bliss.
But this the rugged Savage never felt,
Even desolate in Crouds ; and thus his Days 70
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along ;
A Waste of Time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable Sloth :
His Faculties unfolded : pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing Hand 75
Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble Force by the Mechanic Powers,

To dig the Mineral from the vaulted Earth,
 On what to turn the piercing Rage of Fire,
 On what the Torrent, and the gather'd Blast; 80
 Gave the tall antient Forest to his Ax;
 Taught him to chip the Wood, and hew the Stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd Fabric rose;
 Tore from his Limbs the Blood-polluted Fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly Vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy Silk, and flowing Lawn;
 With wholesome Viands fill'd his Table, pour'd
 The generous Glas around, inspir'd to wake
 The Life-refining Soul of decent Wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare Necessity; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To Pomp, to Pleasure, Elegance, and Grace;
 And, breathing high Ambition thro' his Soul,
 Set Science, Wisdom, Glory, in his View,
 And bad him be the *Lord* of all below. 95

THEN gathering Men their natural Powers combin'd,
 And form'd a *Public*; to the general Good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.

For This the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole*; 100
 For This they plann'd the holy Guardian-Laws,
 Distinguish'd Orders; animated Arts,
 And with joint Force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the Helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling Millions must resign their Weal,
 And all the Honey of their Search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every Form of cultivated Life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into Perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of Art! the City rear'd
 In beauteous Pride her Tower-encircled Head;
 And, stretching Street on Street, by Thousands drew
 From twining woody Haunts, or the tough Yew 116
 To Bows strong-straining, her aspiring Sons.

THEN Commerce brought into the public Walk
 The busy Merchant; the big Ware-House built;
 Rais'd the strong Crane; choak'd up the loaded Street
 With foreign Plenty; and thy Stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods! 125
 Than whom no River heaves a fuller Tide,
 Chose for his grand Resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry Forest, Groves of Masts
 Shot up their Spires; the bellying Sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy Void; the footy Hulk 130
 Steer'd fluggish on; the splendid Barge along
 Row'd, regular, to Harmony; around,
 The Boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary Wings;
 While deep the various Voice of fervent Toil
 From Bank to Bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with Oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
 The roaring Vessel rush'd into the Main. 137

THEN too the pillar'd Dome, magnific, heav'd
 It's ample Roof; and Luxury within
 Pour'd out her glittering Stores: the Canvas smooth,

With glowing Life protuberant, to the View
 Embodied rose; the Stature seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into Flesh, beneath the Touch
 Of forming Art, Imagination flush'd.

ALL is the Gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er 145
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders Life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social Fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded Tempest idly rave along;
 His harden'd Fingers deck the gaudy Spring; 150
 Without him Summer were an arid Waste;
 Nor to th' autumnal Months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable Stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering Song.

SOON as the Morning trembles o'er the Sky, 155
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading Day;
 Before the ripen'd Field the Reapers stand,
 In fair Array; each by the Lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher Part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle Offices her Toil. 160

At once they stoop and swell the lusty Sheaves;
 While thro' their chearful Band the rural Talk
 The rural Scandal and the rural Jest
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious Time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry Hours away. 165
 Behind the Master walks, builds up the Shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every Side
 His fated Eye, feels his Heart heave with Joy.
 The Gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after Spike, their sparing Harvest pick. 170
 Be not too narrow, Husband-men! but fling
 From the full Sheaf, with charitable Stealth,
 The liberal Handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;
 Who pours Abundance o'er your flowing Fields; 175
 While these unhappy Partners of your Kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the Fowls of Heaven,
 And ask their humble Dole. The various Turns
 Of Fortune ponder; that your Sons may want
 What now, with hard Reluctance, faint, ye give. 180

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had Friends;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her Birth.
 For in her helpless Years depriv'd of all,
 Of every Stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN,
 She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old, 185
 And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
 Among the Windings of a Woody Vale;
 By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades,
 But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn 190
 Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
 From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride:
 Almost on Nature's common Bounty fed,
 Like the gay Birds that sung them to Repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's Fare, 195
 Her Form was fresher than the Morning-Rose,
 When the Dew wets its Leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the Lilly, or the Mountain Snow.
 The modest Virtues mingled in her Eyes,
 Still on the Ground dejected, darting all 200
 Their humid Beams into the blooming Flowers:

Or when the mournful Tale her Mother told,
Of what her faithless Fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her Thought, they, like the dewy Star
Of Evening, shone in Tears. A native Grace 205
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd Limbs,
Veil'd in a simple Robe, their best Attire,
Beyond the Pomp of Dress; for Loveliness
Needs not the foreign Aid of Ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most. 210
Thoughtless of Beauty, she was Beauty's Self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering Woods.
As in the hollow Breast of *Appenine*
Beneath the Shelter of embowering Hills,
A Myrtle rises, far from human Eye, 215
And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet LAVINIA: till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme Command,
With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went 220
To glean PALEMON's Fields. The Pride of Swains
PALEMON was, the Generous, and the Rich,
Who led the rural Life in all it's Joy,

And

And Elegance, such as *Arcadian* Song
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted Times;
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the Mode.
 He then, his Fancy with autumnal Scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his Reaper-Train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his Eye; 230
 Unconscious of her Power, and turning quick
 With unaffected Blushes from his Gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The Charms her down-cast Modesty conceal'd.
 That very Moment Love and chaste Desire 235
 Sprung in his Bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the World prevail'd, and its dread Laugh,
 Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
 Should his Heart own a Gleaner in the Field:
 And thus in secret to his Soul he sigh'd. 240

WHAT pity! that so delicate a Form,
 By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 And more than vulgar Goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude Embrace

Of some indecent Clown? She looks, methinks 245
 Of old ACASIO's Line; and to my Mind
 Recalls that Patron of my happy Life,
 From whom my liberal Fortune took its rise;
 Now to the Dust gone down; his Houses, Lands,
 And once fair-spreading Family dissolv'd. 250
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure Retreat,
 Urg'd by Remembrance sad, and decent Pride,
 Far from those Scenes which knew their better Days,
 His aged Widow and his Daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless Search could never find. 255
 Romantic Wish, would this the Daughter were!

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the Daughter of his Friend,
 Of bountiful ACASIO; who can speak
 The mingled Passions that surpriz'd his Heart, 260
 And thro' his Nerves in shivering Transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd Flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd Her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden Tears, 265
 Her

Her rising Beauties flush'd a higher Bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious Rapture of his Soul.

AND art thou then ACASIO's dear Remains?
 She, whom my restless Gratitude has sought, 270
 So long in vain? Oh yes! the very same,
 The soften'd Image of my noble Friend,
 Alive, his every Feature, every Look,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
 Thou sole surviving Blossom from the Root, 275
 That nourish'd up my Fortune, say, ah where,
 In what sequester'd Desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest Aspect of delighted Heaven?
 Into such Beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 Tho' Poverty's cold Wind, and crushing Rain, 280
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender Years?
 O let me now, into a richer Soil,
 Transplant thee safe! where vernal Suns, and Showers,
 Diffuse their warmest, largest Influence;
 And of my Garden be the Pride, and Joy! 285
 It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits

ACASIO's

ACASTO's Daughter, his, whose open Stores,
Tho' vast, were little to his ampler Heart,
The Father of a Country, thus to pick
The very Refuse of those Harvest-Fields, 290
Which from his bounteous Friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful Pittance from thy Hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged Task;
The Fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are thine;
If to the various Blessings which thy House 295
Has lavish'd on me, thou wilt add that Bliss,
That dearest Bliss, the Power of blessing Thee!

HERE ceas'd the Youth: yet still his speaking Eye
Express'd the sacred Triumph of his Soul,
With conscious Virtue, Gratitude, and Love, 300
Above the vulgar Joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he Reply. Won by the Charm
Of Goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet Disorder lost, she blush'd Consent.
The News immediate to her Mother brought, 305
While pierc'd with anxious Thought, she pin'd away
The lonely Moments for LAVINIA's Fate;
Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd Veins, and one bright Gleam
 Of setting Life shone on her Evening-Hours: 310
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy Pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender Bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous Offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the Grace of all the Country round.

DEFEATING oft the Labours of the Year, 315
 The sultry South collects a potent Blast.
 At first, the Groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling Tops; and a still Murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining Fields of Corn:
 But as th' aërial Tempest fuller swells, 320
 And in one mighty Stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited Atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the founding World;
 Strain'd to the Root, the stooping Forest pours
 A rustling Shower of yet untimely Leaves. 325
 High-beat, the circling Mountains eddy in
 From the bare Wild, the dissipated Storm,
 And send it in a Torrent down the Vale.

Expos'd,

Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost Rage,
 Thro' all the Sea of Harvest rolling round, 330
 The billowy Plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the Blast, its seizing Force;
 Or whirl'd in Air, or into vacant Chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a Burst of Rain,
 Swept from the black Horizon, broad, descends 335
 In one continuous Flood. Still over head
 The mingling Tempest waves it's Gloom, and still
 The Deluge deepens; till the Fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid Wave.
 Sudden, the Ditches swell; the Meadows swim, 340
 Red, from the Hills, innumerable Streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its Banks
 The River lift; before whose rushing Tide,
 Herds, Flocks, and Harvests, Cottages, and Swains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the Winds had spar'd,
 In one wild Moment ruin'd, the big Hopes, 346
 And well-earn'd Treasures of the painful Year.
 Fled to some Eminence, the Husbandman,
 Helpless beholds the miserable Wreck
 Driving along; his drowning Ox at once 350

Descending, with his Labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering Thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a Train
 Of clamant Children dear. Ye Masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious Hand, 355
 That sinks you soft in Elegance and Ease ;
 Be mindful of those Limbs, in Ruffet clad
 Whose Toil to yours is Warmth, and graceful Pride ;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing Board,
 Which covers yours with Luxury profuse, 360
 Makes your Glass sparkle, and your Sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep Rains,
 And all-involving Winds have swept away.

HERE the rude Clamour of the Sportsman's Joy,
 The Gun fast-thundering, and the winded Horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game* : 365
 How, in his Mid-career, the Spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted Gale, with open Nose,
 Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent Prey ; 370
 As in the Sun the circling Covey bask

Their

Their varied Plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro' the rough Stubble turn the secret Eye.
 Caught in the meshy Snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle Wings, intangled more and more: 375
 Nor on the Surges of the boundless Air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the Gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the Fowler's Eye,
 O'ertakes their founding Pinions; and again, 379
 Immediate, brings them from the towering Wing,
 Dead to the Ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the Wind.

THESE are not Subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless Song;
 Then most delighted, when she social sees 385
 The whole mix'd Animal-Creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not Joy to Her,
 This falsely chearful barbarous Game of Death;
 This Rage of Pleasure, which the restless Youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming Morn; 390
 When Beasts of Prey retire, that all Night long,
 Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the Dark,

As if their conscious Ravage shun'd the Light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady Tyrant Man,
 Who with the thoughtless Insolence of Power 395
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate Wrath
 Of the worst Monster that e'er roam'd the Waste,
 For Sport alone pursues the cruel Chace,
 Amid the Beamings of the gentle Days.
 Ye ravening Tribes, upbraid our wanton Rage 400
 For Hunger kindles you, and lawless Want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's Bounty roll'd,
 To joy at Anguish, and delight in Blood,
 Is what your horrid Bosoms never knew.

Poor is the Triumph o'er the timid Hare! 405
 Scar'd from the Corn, and now to some lone Seat
 Retir'd: the rushy Fen; the ragged Furz,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony Heath: the Stubble chapt;
 The thistly Lawn; the thick-entangled Broom;
 Of the same friendly Hue, the wither'd Fern; 410
 The fallow Ground laid open to the Sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy Bank,
 Hung o'er the Mazes of the Mountain-Brook.

Vain is her best Precaution; tho' she fits
 Conceal'd, with folded Ears; unsleeping Eyes, 415
 By Nature rais'd to take th' Horizon in;
 And Head couch'd close betwixt her hairy Feet,
 In Act to spring away. The scented Dew
 Betrays her early Labyrinth; and deep,
 In scatter'd fullen Openings, far behind, 420
 With every Breeze she hears the coming Storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing Gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage Soul of Game is up at once:
 The Pack full-opening, various; the shrill Horn, 425
 Resounded from the Hills; the neighing Steed,
 Wild for the Chace; and the loud Hunter's Shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying Creature, all
 Mix'd in mad Tumult, and discordant Joy.

THE Stag too, singled from the Herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching Monarch of the Shades, 431
 Before the Tempest drives. At first in speed,
 He, sprightly, puts his Faith; and, Fear-arous'd,
 Gives all his swift aërial Soul to flight.

Against the Breeze he darts, that Way the more 435
To leave the lessening murderous Cry behind.

Deception short! tho' fleetier than the Winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd Mountain by the North,
He bursts the Thickets, glances thro' the Glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest Wood. 440

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the Track
Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again
Th' inhuman Rout, and from the shady Depth
Expels him, circling thro' his every Shift.

He sweeps the Forest oft; and sobbing fees 445
The Glades, mild-opening to the golden Day ;
Where, in kind Contest, with his butting Friends
He wont to struggle, or his Loves enjoy.

Oft in the full-descending Flood he tries
To lose the Scent, and lave his burning Sides ; 450
Oft seeks the Herd ; the watchful Herd, alarm'd,
With selfish Care avoid a Brother's Woe.

What shall he do? His once so vivid Nerves,
So full of buoyant Spirit, now no more
Inspire the Course ; but fainting breathless Toil, 455
Sick, seizes on his Heart: he stands at Bay;

And

And puts his last weak Refuge in Despair.
 The big round Tears run down his dappled Face;
 He groans in Anguish; while the growling Pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting Chest, 460
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd Sides with Gore.

Of this enough. But if the filvan Youth
 Whose fervent Blood boils into Violence,
 Must have the Chace; behold, despising Flight,
 The rous'd-up Lion, resolute, and slow, 465
 Advancing full on the protended Spear,
 And Coward-Band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the Cavern, and the troubled Wood,
 See the grim Wolf; on him his shaggy Foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the Ruffian die: 470
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled Boar
 Grins fell Destruction, to the Monster's Heart
 Let the Dart lighten from the nervous Arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS,
 then

Your sportive Fury, pitiless, to pour 475

Loose on the nightly Robber of the Fold:
 Him, from his craggy winding Haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the Thunder of the Chace pursue.
 Throw the broad Ditch behind you; o'er the Hedge
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep Morass 480
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking Wilderness
 Pick your nice Way; into the perilous Flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging Instinct full;
 And as you ride the Torrent, to the Banks
 Your Triumph sound sonorous, running round, 485
 From Rock to Rock, in circling Echo tost;
 Then scale the Mountains to their woody Tops;
 Rush down the dangerous Steep; and o'er the Lawn,
 In Fancy swallowing up the Space between,
 Pour all your Speed into the rapid Game, 490
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling Chace;
 Has every Maze evolv'd, and every Guile
 Disclos'd; who knows the Merits of the Pack;
 Who saw the Villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
 Without Complaint, tho' by an hundred Mouths 495
 Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
 His daring Peers! when the retreating Horn

Calls them to ghostly Halls of grey Renown,
 With woodland Honours grac'd; the Fox's Fur,
 Depending decent from the Roof; and spread 500
 Round the drear Walls, with antick Figures fierce,
 The Stag's large Front: he then is loudest heard,
 When the Night staggers with severer Toils,
 With Feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew,
 And their repeated Wonders shake the Dome. 505

But first the fuel'd Chimney blazes wide;
 The Tankards foam; and the strong Table groans
 Beneath the smoaking Sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side; in which, with desperate Knife,
 They deep Incision make, and talk the while 510
 Of ENGLAND'S Glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow Vigour: or amain
 Into the Pasty plung'd, at Intervals,
 If Stomach keen can Intervals allow,
 Relating all the Glories of the Chace. 515
 Then fated *Hunger* bids his Brother *Thirst*
 Produce the mighty Bowl; the mighty Bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery Juice, steams liberal round

A potent Gale, delicious, as the Breath
 Of *Maia*, to the love-sick Shepherdess, 520
 On Violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting Shepherd stealing to her Arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark Retreat
 Of thirty Years; and now his honest Front 525
 Flames in the Light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the Vineyard's best Produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty Moments, Whisk a while
 Walks his dull Round, beneath a Cloud of Smoak,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the Pipe; or the quick Dice,
 In Thunder leaping from the Box, awake 531
 The founding Gammon: while Romp-loving Miss
 Is haul'd about, in Gallantry robust.

At last these puling Idleneffes laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry Divan 535
 Close in firm Circle; and set, ardent, in
 For serious Drinking. Nor Evasion fly,
 Nor sober Shift, is to the puking Wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming Bowls

Lave every Soul, the Table floating round, 540
 And Pavement, faithless to the fuddled Foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual Swill, the Talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty Tongues,
 Reels fast from Theme to Theme; from Horses, Hounds,
 To Church or Mistress, Politicks or Ghost, 545
 In endless Mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean-time, with sudden Interruption, loud,
 Th' impatient Catch bursts from the joyous Heart;
 That Moment touch'd is every kindred Soul;
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of Joy, 550
 The Laugh, the Slap, the jocund Curse go round;
 While from their Slumbers shook, the kennel'd Hounds
 Mix in the Music of the Day again.
 As when the Tempest, that has vex'd the Deep
 The dark Night long with fainter Murmurs falls: 555
 So gradual sinks their Mirth. Their feeble Tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
 Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin Eyes,
 Seen dim, and blue, the double Tapers dance,
 Like the Sun wading thro' the misty Sky. 560
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glasses

Glaffes and Bottles, Pipes and Gazetteers,
 As if the Table even itfelf was drunk, 565
 Lie a wet broken Scene; and wide, below,
 Is heap'd the focial Slaughter: where aftride
 The *lubber Power* in filthy Triumph fits,
 Slumbrous, inclining ftill from Side to Side,
 And fteeps them drench'd in potent Sleep till Morn.
 Perhaps fome Doctor, of tremendous Paunch, 571
 Awful and deep, a black Abyfs of Drink,
 Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd Flock
 Retiring, full of Ruminatiön fad,
 Laments the Weaknefs of thefe latter Times. 575

BUT if the rougher Sex by this fierce Sport
 Are hurry'd wild, let not fuch horrid Joy
 E'er ftain the Bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the Spirit of the Chace from them!
 Uncomely Courage, unbefeeing Skill, 580
 To fpring the Fence, to rein the prancing Steed,
 The Cap, the Whip, the mafculine Attire,
 In which they roughen to the Sense, and all
 The winning Softnefs of their Sex is loft.

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at Woe;
 With every Motion, every Word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling Cheek the ready Blush;
 And from the smallest Violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their Fears 590
 And by this silent Adulation, soft,
 To their Protection more engaging Man.
 O may their Eyes no miserable Sight,
 Save weeping Lovers, see! a nobler Game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting Wiles pursu'd, yet fled, 595
 In Chace ambiguous. May their tender Limbs
 Float in the loose Simplicity of Dress!
 And, fashion'd all to Harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated Soul,
 In Rapture warbled from Love-breathing Lips; 600
 To teach the Lute to languish; with smooth Step,
 Disclosing Motion in its every Charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy Dance;
 To train the Foliage o'er the snowy Lawn;
 To guide the Pencil, turn the tuneful Page; 605
 To lend new Flavour to the fruitful Year,
 And heighten Nature's Dainties; in their Race

To

To rear their Graces into second Life ;
 To give Society its highest Taste ;
 Well-order'd Home Man's best Delight to make ; 610
 And by submissive Wisdom, modest Skill,
 With every gentle Care-eluding Art,
 To raise the Virtues, animate the Bliss,
 Even charm the Pains to something more than Joy,
 And sweeten all the Toils of human Life : 615
 This be the female Dignity, and Praise.

YE Swains now hasten to the Hazel-Bank ;
 Where, down yon Dale, the wildly-winding Brook
 Falls hoarse from Steep to Steep. In close Array,
 Fit for the Thickets, and the tangling Shrub, 620
 Ye Virgins, come. For you their latest Song
 The Woodlands raise ; the clustring Nuts for you
 The Lover finds amid the secret Shade ;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost Bough,
 With active Vigour crushes down the Tree ; 625
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning Husk,
 A glossy Shower, and of an ardent Brown,
 As are the Ringlets of MELINDA's Hair :

MELINDA

MELINDA form'd with every Grace compleat,
Yet These neglecting, above Beauty wise, 630
And far transcending such a vulgar Praise.

HENCE from the busy Joy-resounding Fields,
In chearful Error, let us tread the Maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The Breath of Orchard big with bending Fruit. 635
Obedient to the Breeze, and beating Ray,
From the deep-loaded Bough a mellow Shower,
Incessant melts away. The juicy Pear
Lies, in a soft Profusion, scatter'd round.
A various Sweetness swells the gentle Race; 640
In Species different, but in Kind the same,
By Nature's all-refining Hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd Sun, and Water, Earth, and Air,
In every-changing Composition mixt.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller Night, 645
The fragrant Stores, the wide-projected Heaps
Of Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing Orchard shakes.
A various Spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,

Dwells

Dwells in their gelid Pores; and, active, points 650
 The piercing Cyder for the thirsty Tongue :
 Thy *Native* Theme, and boon Inspirer too,
 PHILLIPS, *Pomona's* Bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in Rhyme-unfetter'd Verse, 654
 With BRITISH Freedom sing the BRITISH Song;
 How, from *Silurian* Vats, high-sparkling Wines
 Foam in transparent Floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry Revels of the labouring Hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the Summer-Hours.

IN this glad Season, while his sweetest Beams 660
 The Sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd Day;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful Walks
 Of, DODINGTON! thy Seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every View,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* Downs, 665
 In boundless Prospect, yonder shagg'd with Wood,
 Here rich with Harvest, and there white with Flocks.
 Mean-time the Grandeur of thy lofty Dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd Eye.
 New Beauties rise with each revolving Day; 670

New Columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New Plants to quicken, and new Groves to green.
Full of thy Genius all! the Muses' Seat;
Where in the secret Bower, and winding Walk,
For virtuous YOUNG and Thee they twine the Bay. 675
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless Thirst
Of thy Applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring Breeze; and meditate the Book
Of Nature, ever open, aiming thence,
Warm from the Heart, to learn the moral Song. 680
And, as I steal along the sunny Wall,
Where Autumn basks, with Fruit empurpled deep
My pleasing Theme continual prompts my Thought;
Presents the downy Peach; the shining Plumb,
With a fine blueish Mist of Animals 685
Clouded; the ruddy Nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample Leaf, the luscious Fig.
The Vine too here her curling Tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her Clusters, glowing to the South;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer Sky. 690

TURN

TURN we a Moment Fancy's rapid Flight
To vigorous Soils, and Climes of fair Extent;
Where, by the potent Sun elated high,
The Vineyard swells refulgent on the Day:
Spreads o'er the Vale; or up the Mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny Rocks, 696
From Cliff to Cliff increas'd, the heighten'd Blaze.
Low bend the weighty Boughs. The Clusters clear,
Half thro' the Foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while Perfection breathes 700
White o'er the turgent Film the living Dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted Juice,
Touch'd into Flavour by the mingling Ray;
The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the Field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal Prime, 705
Exulting rove, and speak the Vintagenigh.
Then comes the crushing Swain; the Country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy Flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd Nations pours the Cup of Joy: 710
The Claret smooth, red as the Lip we press,

In sparkling Fancy, while we drain the Bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the Wit it gives, the gay Champaign.

Now, by the cool declining Year condens'd, 715
Descend the copious Exhalations, check'd
As up the middle Sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling Fogs around the Hill.
No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who, pours a Sweep of Rivers from his Sides, 720
And high between contending Kingdoms rears
The rocky long Division, fills the View
With great Variety; but in a Night
Of gathering Vapour, from the baffled Sense,
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 725
The huge Dusk, gradual, swallows up the Plain.
Vanish the Woods. The dim-seen River seems
Sullen, and flow, to rowl the misty Wave.
Even in the Height of Noon oppress'd, the Sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted Ray; 730
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd Orb,
He frights the Nations. Indistinct on Earth,

Seen thro' the turbid Air, beyond the Life,
 Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the Waste
 The Shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 735
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper Circles still
 Successive closing, fits the general Fog
 Unbounded o'er the World; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey Confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 740
 Light, uncollected, thro' the Chaos urg'd
 It's Infant Way; nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely Train from out the dubious Gloom.

THESE roving Mists, that constant now begin
 To smoak along the hilly Country, These, 745
 With weighty Rains, and melted Alpine Snows,
 The Mountain-Cisterns fill, those ample Stores
 Of Water, scoop'd among the hollow Rock;
 Whence gush the Streams, the ceaseless Fountains play,
 And their unfailing Wealth the Rivers draw. 750
 Some Sages say, that, where the numerous Wave
 For ever lashes the resounding Shore,
 Drill'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every Way,

The Waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise;
 Amid whose Angles infinitely strain'd, 755
 They joyful leave their jaggy Salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless Fluid, mounting still,
 Tho' oft amid th' irriguous Vale it springs;
 But to the Mountain courted by the Sand, 760
 That leads it darkling on in faithful Maze,
 Far from the Parent-Main, it boils again
 Fresh into Day; and all the glittering Hill
 Is bright with spouting Rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive Dream! why should the Waters love 765
 To take so far a Journey to the Hills,
 When the sweet Valleys offer to their Toil
 Inviting Quiet, and a nearer Bed?
 Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop 770
 Among the broken Mountain's rushy Dells,
 And, ere they gain it's highest Peak, desert
 Th' attractive Sand that charm'd their Course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts
 The Spoil of Ages, would impervious choak 775

Their secret Channels ; or, by slow Degrees,
 High as the Hills protrude the swelling Vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous Globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid Bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry Times again. 780

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal Eye, yet with their lavish Stores
 Refresh the Globe, and all it's joyous Tribes ?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man, 785
 To trace the Secrets of the dark Abyss,
 O lay the Mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden Structure to th' astonish'd View!
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny Load, 790
 The huge Incumbrance of horrific Woods
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaiis* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* fullen Bounds!
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching Eye,
 And high * *Olympus* pouring many a Stream! 795
 O from the founding Summits of the North,
 The

* The Mountain called by that Name in the lesser Asia.

The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen Main;
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far-seen by Those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil; 800
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*
 Believes the * *stony Girdle* of the World;
 And all the dreadful Mountains, wrapt in Storm,
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely Floods;
 O sweep th' eternal Snows! Hung o'er the Deep, 805
 That ever works beneath his founding Base,
 Bid *Atlas*, propping Heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subterranean Wonders spread! unveil
 The miny Caverns, blazing on the Day,
 Of *Abyssinia's* Cloud-compelling Cliffs, 810
 And of the bending † *Mountains of the Moon!*
 O'ertopping all these Giant-Sons of Earth,
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy Seas that thunder round
 The southern Pole, their hideous Deeps unfold! 815
 Amazing Scene! Behold! the Glooms disclose,

O 3

I

* The Moscovites call the *Riphean Mountains* *Weliki Camenypoy*, that is, the great stony Girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole Earth.

† A Range of Mountains in Africa, that surround almost all *Monomotapa*.

I see the Rivers in their infant Beds!
 Deep deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
 I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd;
 The gaping Fissures to receive the Rains, 820
 The melting Snows, and ever-dripping Fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the Sands,
 The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then
 Of mingled Moulds, of more retentive Earths,
 The gutter'd Rocks and mazy-running Clefts; 825
 That, while the stealing Moisture they transmit,
 Retard it's Motion, and forbid it's Waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these Drains,
 I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty Reservoirs, of harden'd Chalk, 830
 Or stiff compacted Clay, capacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated Stores,
 The crystal Treasures of the liquid World,
 Thro' the stirr'd Sands a bubbling Passage burst;
 And welling out, around the middle Steep, 835
 Or from the Bottoms of the bosom'd Hills,
 In pure Effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling Sun, the Vapour-burden'd Air,

The gelid Mountains, that to Rain condens'd
 These Vapours in continual Current draw, 849
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided Earth,
 In bounteous Rivers to the Deep again,
 A social Commerce hold; and firm support
 The full-adjusted Harmony of Things,

W H E N Autumn scatters his departing Gleams, 845
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
 The Swallow-People; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm Sky, in Convolution swift,
 The feather'd Eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry Slumbers they retire; 850
 In Clusters clung, beneath the mouldring Bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by Frost, the Cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer Climes convey'd,
 With other kindred Birds of Season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal Months 854
 Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
 Innumerable Wings are in commotion all,

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic Force
 In *Belgian* Plains, won from the raging Deep,
 By Diligence amazing, and the strong 860
 Unconquerable Hand of Liberty,
 The Stork-Assembly meets; for many a Day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous Voyage thro' the liquid Sky.
 And now their Rout design'd, their Leaders chose, 865
 Their Tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous Wings;
 And many a Circle, many a short Essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in Congregation full,
 The figur'd Flight ascends; and, riding high
 Th' ærial Billows, mixes with the Clouds. 870

OR where the *Northern* Ocean, in vast Whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy Isles
 Of farthest *Thulé*, and the *Atlantic* Surge
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;
 Who can recount what Transmigrations there 875
 Are annual made? What Nations come and go?
 And how the living Clouds on Clouds arise?

Infinite Wings! till all the Plume-dark Air,
And rude resounding Shore are one wild Cry.

HERE the plain harmless Native his small Flock,
And Herd diminutive of many Hues, 881
Tends on the little Island's verdant Swell,
The Shepherd's sea-girt Reign; or, to the Rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious Food;
Or sweeps the fishy Shore; or treasures up 885
The Plumage, rising full, to form the Bed
Of Luxury. And here a while the Muse,
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean Scene,
Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic View:
Her airy Mountains, from the waving Main, 890
Invested with a keen diffusive Sky,
Breathing the Soul acute; her Forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's Hand
Planted of old; her azure Lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watry Wealth 895
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile Vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming Flood
Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *Parent-Stream*,
Whose

Whose pastoral Banks first wak'd my *Doric* Reed,
 With silvan *Jed*, thy tributary Brook) 900
 To where the North-inflated Tempest foams
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest Peak,
 Nurse of a People, in Misfortune's School
 Train'd up to hardy Deeds; soon visited
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* Rage 905
 She took her western Flight. A manly Race,
 Of unsubmitting Spirit, wise, and brave.
 Who still thro' bleeding Ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy *WALLACE* can attest,
 Great Patriot-Heroe! ill-requited Chief!) 910
 To hold a generous undiminish'd State;
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal Bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting Glory borne
 O'er every Land, for every Land their Life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing Genius plan'd, 915
 And swell'd the Pomp of Peace their faithful Toil.
 As from their own clear North, in radiant Streams,
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

OH is there not some Patriot, in whose power 920
That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing Thousands, Thousands yet unborn,
Thro' late Posterity? some, large of Soul,
To chear dejected Industry? to give
A double Harvest to the pining Swain? 925
And teach the labouring Hand the Sweets of Toil?
How, by the finest Art, the native Robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean Snow,
To form the lucid Lawn; with venturous Oar,
How to dash wide the Billow; nor look on, 930
Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* Fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny Swarms,
That heave our Friths, and croud upon our Shores;
How all-enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous Sail, from every growing Port, 935
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled Globe;
And thus, in Soul united as in Name,
Bid BRITAIN reign the Mistress of the Deep.

YES,

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
 Her Hope, her Stay, her Darling, and her Boast, 940
 From her first Patriots and her Heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her Eye:
 In thee, with all a Mother's Triumph, sees
 Her every Virtue, every Grace combin'd,
 Her Genius, Wisdom, her engaging Turn, 945
 Her Pride of Honour, and her Courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very Throat
 Of sulphurous War, on *Tenier's* dreadful Field.
 Nor less the Palm of Peace inwreathes thy Brow:
 For, powerful as thy Sword, from thy rich Tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high Debate; 951
 While mix'd in thee combine the Charm of Youth,
 The Force of Manhood, and the Depth of Age.
 Thee, FORBES, too, whom every Worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind, 955
 Thee, truly generous, and in Silence great,
 Thy Country feels thro' her reviving Arts,
 Plan'd by thy Wisdom, by thy Soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she felt a Friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd Woods, 960
 Shade deepening over Shade, the Country round
 Imbrown ; a crouded Umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every Hue, from wan declining Green
 To footy Dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown Walks,
 And give the Season in its latest View. 966

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober Calm
 Fleeces unbounded Ether ; whose least Wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle Current : while illumin'd wide, 970
 The dewy-skirted Clouds imbibe the Sun,
 And thro' their lucid Veil his soften'd Force
 Shed o'er the peaceful World. Then is the Time,
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud, 975
 And soar above this little Scene of Things ;
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet ;
 To sooth the throbbing Passions into Peace ;
 And wooe lone Quiet in her silent Walks.

THUS

THUS solitary, and in pensive Guise, 980
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet Mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd Grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying Strain, to chear the Woodman's Toil.
 Haply some widow'd Songster pours his Plaint,
 Far, in faint Warblings, thro' the tawny Copse. 985
 While congregated Thrushes, Linnets, Larks,
 And each wild Throat, whose artless Strains so late
 Swell'd all the Music of the swarming Shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful Souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead Tree, a dull despondent Flock! 990
 With not a Brightness waving o'er their Plumes,
 And nought save chattering Discord in their Note.
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman Eye,
 The Gun the Music of the coming Year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting Harm, 995
 Lay the weak Tribes, a miserable Prey,
 In mingled Murder, fluttering on the Ground!

The pale descending Year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler Mood inspires; for now the Leaf

Incessant

Incessant rustles from the mournful Grove, 1000
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving Air.
 But should a quicker Breeze amid the Boughs
 Sob, o'er the Sky the leafy Deluge streams;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary Shower,
 The Forest-Walks, at every rising Gale, 1006
 Roll wide the wither'd Waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted Verdure of the Fields;
 And, shrunk into their Beds, the flowery Race
 Their sunny Robes resign. Even what remain'd 1010
 Of bolder Fruits falls from the naked Tree;
 And Woods, Fields, Gardens, Orchards, all around
 The desolated Prospect thrills the Soul.

HE comes! he comes! in every Breeze the POWER
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes! 1015
 His near Approach the sudden-starting Tear,
 The glowing Cheek, the mild dejected Air,
 The soften'd Feature, and the beating Heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous Pang, declare.
 O'er all the Soul his sacred Influence breathes; 1020
 Inflames

Inflames Imagination; thro' the Breast
 Infuses every Tenderness; and far
 Beyond dim Earth exalts the swelling Thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet Ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar Dream, 1025
 Croud fast into the Mind's creative Eye.
 As fast the correspondent Passions rise,
 As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
 To Rapture, and divine Astonishment;
 The Love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief, 1030
 Of Human Race; the large ambitions Wish,
 To make them blest; the Sigh for suffering Worth,
 Lost in Obscurity; the noble Scorn,
 Of Tyrant Pride; the fearless great Resolve; 1035
 The Wonder which the dying Patriot draws,
 Inspiring Glory thro' remotest Time;
 Th' awaken'd Throb for Virtue, and for Fame;
 The Sympathies of Love, and Friendship dear;
 With all the *social Offspring of the Heart.* 1040

OH bear me then to vast embowering Shades!
 To twilight Groves, and visionary Vales!

To weeping Grottoes, and prophetic Gloom!
 Where Angel-Forms athwart the solemn Dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along; 1045
 And Voices more than human, thro' the Void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic Ear.

OR is this Gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers,
 That o'er the Garden and the rural Seat
 Preside, which shining thro' the chearful Land 1050
 In countless Numbers blest BRITANNIA sees,
 O lead me to the wide-extended Walks,
 The fair Majestic Paradise of STOWE!
 Not *Persian Cyrus*, on *Ionia's* Shore,
 E'er saw such silvan Scenes; such various Art 1055
 By Genius fir'd, such ardent Genius tam'd
 By cool judicious Art; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O PIR, thy Country's early Boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd Slopes, 1060
 Or in that * *Temple* where, in future Times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd Name;

VOL. I.

P

And

* *The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.*

And, with thy Converse blest, catch the last Smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow Woods.
 While there with Thee th' enchanted Round I walk,
 The regulated Wild, gay Fancy then 1066
 Will tread in Thought the Groves of *Attic Land*;
 Will from thy standard Taste refine her own,
 Correct her Pencil to the purest Truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd Shades 1070
 Forsaking, raise it to the human Mind.
 O if hereafter she, with *juster* Hand,
 Shall draw the Tragic Scene, instruct Her thou,
 To mark the vary'd Movements of the Heart,
 What every decent Character requires, 1075
 And every Passion speaks: O thro' her Strain
 Breathe thy pathetic Eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant Lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal Throne: 1080
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a Sigh escapes:
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant Files
 Of order'd Trees shouldst here inglorious range,

Instead

Instead of Squadrons flaming o'er the Field, 1085
 And long-embattled Hosts! When the proud Foe
 The faithless vain Disturber of Mankind,
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the World to War;
 When keen, once more, within their Bounds to press
 Those polish'd Robbers, those ambitious Slaves, 1090
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise Command,
 Thy temper'd Ardor and thy veteran Skill.

THE Western Sun withdraws the shorten'd Day;
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,
 In her chill Progress, to the Ground condens'd 1095
 The Vapours throws. Where creeping Waters ooze,
 Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled Lawn. Mean-while the Moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd Clouds,
 Shews her broad Visage in the crimson'd East. 1101
 Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted Disk,
 Where Mountains rise, umbrageous Dales descend,
 And Oceans roll, as optic Tube descries,
 A smaller Earth, gives all its Blaze again, 1105

Void of it's Flame, and sheds a softer Day.
 Now thro' the passing Cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure Cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale Deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd Mountain to the shadowy Vale, 1110
 While Rocks and Floods reflect the quivering Gleam,
 The whole Air whitens with a boundless Tide
 Of silver Radiance, trembling round the World.

But when half-blotted from the Sky her Light,
 Fainting, permits the starry Fires to burn, 1115
 With keener Luster thro' the Depth of Heaven;
 Or quite extinct her deaden'd Orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless White;
 Oft in this Season, silent from the North
 A Blaze of Meteors shoots: ensweeping first 1120
 The lower Skies, they all at once converge
 High to the Crown of Heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All Ether coursing in a Maze of Light. 1125

FROM Look to Look, contagious thro' the Croud,
 The Pannic runs, and into wondrous Shapes
 Th' Appearance throws : Armies in meet Array,
 Throng'd with aërial Spears, and Steeds of Fire;
 Till the long Lines of full-extended War 1130
 In bleeding Fight commixt, the sanguine Flood
 Rolls a broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary Scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious Din,
 Incontinent; and busy Frenzy talks 1135
 Of Blood and Battle; Cities over-turn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing Earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending Flame;
 Of fallow Famine, Inundation, Storm;
 Of Pestilence, and every great Distress; 1140
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
 Th' unalterable Hour: even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time.
 Not so the Man of philosophic Eye,
 And Inspect sage; the waving Brightness he 1145
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know

The Causes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this Appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the Night begins to fall,
A Shade immense. Sunk in the quenching Gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are Heaven and Earth. 1151

Order confounded lies; all Beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay Variety
One universal Blot: such the fair Power
Of Light, to kindle and create the Whole. 1155

Drear is the State of the benighted Wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the Dark,
Full of pale Fancies, and Chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive Ray,
From Cottage streaming, or from airy Hall. 1160

Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the Root of slimy Rushes, blue,
The Wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A Length of Flame deceitful o'er the Moss;
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic Blaze, 1165
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and Horse, amid the miry Gulph:

While

While still, from Day to Day, his pining Wife,
 And plaintive Children his Return await,
 In wild Conjecture lost. At other Times, 1170
 Sent by the *better Genius* of the Night,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the Horse's Mane,
 The Meteor sits; and shews the narrow Path,
 That winding leads thro' Pits of Death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous Ford. 1175

THE lengthen'd Night elaps'd, the Morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy Beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last Autumnal Day.
 And now the mounting Sun dispels the Fog;
 The rigid Hoar-Frost melts before his Beam; 1180
 And hung on every Spray, on every Blade
 Of Grass, the myriad Dew-Drops twinkle round.

AH see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that Pit,
 Lies the still heaving Hive! at Evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the Cloud of Guilt-concealing Night, 1185
 And fix'd o'er Sulphur: while, not dreaming Ill,
 The happy People, in their waxen Cells,

Sat tending public Cares, and planning Schemes
 Of Temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
 To mark, full-flowing round, their copious Stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive Stearn ascends;
 And, us'd to milder Scents, the tender Race,
 By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd Domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the Dust.
 And was it then for This you roam'd the Spring, 1195
 Intent from Flower to Flower? for This you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-Heats away?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming Waste,
 Nor lost one sunny Gleam? for this sad Fate?
 O Man! tyrannic Lord! how long, how long, 1200
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your Rage,
 Awaiting Renovation? when oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial Food
 Can you not borrow; and, in just Return,
 Afford them Shelter from the wintry Winds; 1205
 Or, as the sharp Year pinches, with their Own
 Again regale them on some smiling Day?
 See where the stony Bottom of their Town
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there

A helpless Number, who the ruin'd State 1210

Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to Death.

'Thus a proud City, populous and rich,

Full of the Works of Peace, and high in Joy,

At Theater or Feast, or sunk in Sleep,

(As late, *Palermo*, was thy Fate) is seiz'd 1215

By some dread Earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,

Sheer from the black Foundation, stench-involv'd,

Into a Gulph of blue sulphureous Flame,

HENCE every harsher Sight! for now the Day,

O'er Heaven and Earth diffus'd, grows warm, and

high, 1220

Infinite Splendor! wide investing All,

How still the Breeze! save what the filmy Threads

Of Dew evaporate brushes from the Plain.

How clear the cloudless Sky! how deeply ting'd

With a peculiar Blue! th' ethereal Arch 1225

How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd

The radiant Sun how gay! how calm below

The gilded Earth! the Harvest-Treasures all

Now gather'd in, beyond the Rage of Storms,

Sure

Sure to the Swain ; the circling Fence shut up ; 1230
 And instant Winter's utmost Rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive Joy, the Country round
 Laughs with the loud Sincerity of Mirth,
 Shook to the Wind their Cares. The Toil-strung Youth
 By the quick Sense of Music taught alone, 1235
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively Dance.
 Her every Charm abroad, the Village-Toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native Beauty rich,
 Darts not-unmeaning Looks; and, where her Eye
 Points an approving Smile, with double Force, 1240
 The Cudgel rattles, and the Wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
 The Feats of Youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's Sun, their annual Toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing Round. 1245

Oh knew he but his Happiness, of Men
 The happiest he! who far from public Rage,
 Deep in the Vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
 Drinks the pure Pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho' the Dome be wanting, whose proud Gate,
 Each

Each Morning, vomits out the sneaking Croud 1251

Of Flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?

Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering Robe,

Of every Hue reflected Light can give,

Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy Gold, 1255

The Pride and Gaze of Fools! oppress him not?

What tho', from utmost Land and Sea purvey'd,

For him each rarer tributary Life

Bleeds not, and his insatiate Table heaps

With Luxury, and Death? What tho' his Bowl 1260

Flames not with costly Juice; nor sunk in Beds,

Oft of gay Care, he tosses out the Night,

Or melts the thoughtless Hours in idle State?

What tho' he knows not those fantastic Joys,

That still amuse the Wanton, still deceive; 1265

A Face of Pleasure, but a Heart of Pain;

Their hollow Moments undelighted all?

Sure Peace is his; a solid Life, estrang'd

To Disappointment, and fallacious Hope:

Rich in Content, in Nature's Bounty rich, 1270

In Herbs and Fruits; whatever greens the Spring,

When

When Heaven descends in Showers; or bends the
Bough,

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the Wintry Glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest Sap: 1275

These are not wanting; nor the milky Drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing Vale;

Nor bleating Mountains; nor the Chide of Streams,
And Hum of Bees, inviting Sleep sincere
Into the guiltless Breast, beneath the Shade, 1280

Or thrown at large amid the fragrant Hay:

Nor aught beside of Prospect, Grove, or Song,
Dim Grottos, gleaming Lakes, and Fountain clear.

Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence;

Unfully'd Beauty; sound unbroken Youth,

Patient of Labour, with a Little pleas'd;

Health ever-blooming; unambitious Toil; 1285

Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

LET others brave the Flood, in Quest of Gain,
And beat, for joyless Months, the gloomy Wave.

Let such as deem it Glory to destroy

Rush into Blood, the Sack of Cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the Widow's Wail,
The Virgin's Shriek, and Infant's trembling Cry.
Let some, far-distant from their native Soil,
Urg'd or by Want or harden'd Avarice,
Find other Lands beneath another Sun. 1295

Let This thro' Cities work his eager Way,
By legal Outrage, and establish'd Guile,
The social Sense extinct; and That ferment
Mad into Tumult the seditious Herd,
Or melt them down to Slavery. Let These 1300

Insnare the Wretched in the Toils of Law,
Fomenting Discord, and perplexing Right,
An iron Race! and Those of fairer Front,
But equal Inhumanity, in Courts,
Delusive Pomp, and dark Cabals, delight; 1305

Wreathe the deep Bow, diffuse the lying Smile,
And tread the weary Labyrinth of State.

While He, from all the stormy Passions free
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human Tempest roar, 1310

Wrapt close in conscious Peace. The Fall of Kings,

The

The Rage of Nations, and the Crush of States,
 Move not the Man, who, from the World escap'd,
 In still Retreats, and flowery Solitudes,
 To Nature's Voice attends, from Month to Month,
 And Day to Day, thro' the revolving Year; 1316
 Admiring, sees Her in her every Shape;
 Feels all her sweet Emotions at his Heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting Gems,
 Marks the first Bud, and sucks the healthful Gale 1321
 Into his freshen'd Soul; her genial Hours
 He full enjoys; and not a Beauty blows,
 And not an opening Blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living Shade, 1325
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of These
 Perhaps, has in immortal Numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an Eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous Year. 1330
 When Autumn's yellow Luster gilds the World,
 And tempts the sickled Swain into the Field,
 Seiz'd by the general Joy, his Heart distends

With

With gentle Throws; and, thro' the tepid Gleams
Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his Song. 1335

Even Winter wild to him is full of Bliss.

The mighty Tempest, and the hoary Waste,

Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd Earth,

Awake to solemn Thought. At Night the Skies,

Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining Frost, 1340

Pour every Luster on th' exalted Eye.

A Friend a Book the stealing Hours secure,

And mark them down for Wisdom: With swift

Wing,

O'er Land and Sea Imagination roams;

Or Truth, divinely breaking on his Mind, 1345

Elates his Being, and unfolds his Powers;

Or in his Breast heroic Virtue burns.

The Touch of Kindred too and Love he feels;

The modest Eye, whose Beams on His alone

Extatic shine; the little strong Embrace 1350

Of prattling Children, twin'd around his Neck,

And emulous to please him, calling forth

The fond parental Soul. Nor Purpose gay,

Amusement, Dance, or Song, he sternly scorns; A

For

For Happiness and true Philosophy 1355
 Are of the social still, and smiling Kind.
 This is the Life which those who fret in Guilt,
 And guilty Cities, never knew; the Life,
 Led by primeval Ages, uncorrupt, 1359
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
 Inrich me with the Knowledge of thy Works!
 Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling Wonders there,
 World beyond World, in infinite Extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the void Immense, 1365
 Shew me; their Motions, Periods, and their Laws,
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing Deep
 Light my blind Way: the mineral *Strata* there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable World;
 O'er that the rising System, more complex, 1370
 Of Animals; and higher still, the Mind,
 The vary'd Scene of quick-compounded Thought,
 And where the mixing Passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd Eye:
 A Search, the Flight of Time can ne'er exhaust! 1375

But if to that unequal; if the Blood, 1376
In sluggish Streams about my Heart, forbid
That *best* Ambition; under closing Shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly Brook,
And whisper to my Dreams. From THEE begin, 1380
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my Song;
And let me never never stray from THEE!



11/11/11

W I N T E R.

Q 3

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Address to Lord WILMINGTON. First Approach of Winter. According to the natural Course of the Season, various Storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the Snows: A Man perishing among them; whence Reflections on the Wants and Miseries of Human Life. The Wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter-Evening described: as spent by Philosophers; by the Country People; in the City. Frost. A View of Winter within the polar Circle. A Thaw. The whole concluding with moral Reflections on a future State.

W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the vary'd Year,
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising Train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my
 Theme,

These, that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,
 And heavenly Musing. Welcome, kindred Gloom!
 Cogential Horrors, hail! with frequent Foot, 6
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful Morn of Life,
 When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough Domain; 10
 Trod the pure Virgin-Snows, myself as pure;
 Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst;
 Or seen the deep fermenting Tempest brew'd,

In the grim Evening-Sky. Thus pass'd the Time,
 Till thro' the lucid Chambers of the South 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.

To Thee, the Patron of her first Essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her Song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving Year :
 Skim'd the gay Spring ; on Eagle-Pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the Summer-Blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy Gale ;
 And now among the Wintry Clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling Storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her Note with all the rushing Winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding Cadence to the Floods ;
 As is her Theme, her Numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging Ear
 With bold Description, and with manly Thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful Schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty People thrive :
 But equal Goodness, sound Integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted Soul
 Amid a sliding Age, and burning strong,

Not vainly blazing for thy Country's Weal, 35
A steady Spirit regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the Statesman light
Into the Patriot; These, the publick Hope
And Eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what Envy dares not Flattery call. 40

Now when the chearless Empire of the Sky
To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,
And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted Year;
Hung o'er the farthest Verge of Heaven, the Sun
Scarce spreads o'er Ether the dejected Day.
Faint are his Gleams, and ineffectual shoot. 45
His struggling Rays, in horizontal Lines,
Thro' the thick Air; as cloath'd in cloudy Storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the Southern Sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark Night,
Wide-shading All, the prostrate World resigns. 50
Nor is the Night unwish'd; while vital Heat,
Light, Life, and Joy, the dubious Day forsake.
Mean-time, in fable Cincture, Shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated Clouds,

And

And all the vapoury Turbulence of Heaven 55
Involve the Face of Things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy Gloom oppressive o'er the World,
Thro' Nature shedding Influence malign,
And rouses up the Seeds of dark Disease.
The Soul of Man dies in him, loathing Life, 60
And black with more than melancholy Views.
The Cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd Land,
Fresh from the Plow, the dun discolour'd Flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome Root.
Along the Woods, along the moorish Fens, 65
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming Storm;
And up among the loose disjointed Cliffs,
And fractur'd Mountains wild, the brawling Brook
And Cave, presageful, send a hollow Moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's Ear. 70

Then comes the Father of the Tempest forth,
Wrapt in black Glooms. First joyless Rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling Skies with Vapour foul;
Dash on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly Plain

Lies

Lies a brown Deluge; as the low-bent Clouds 76
Pour Flood on Flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into Night shut up
The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his Home, retire; save Those that love 80
To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply Pool.
The Cattle from th' untasted Fields return,
And ask, with meaning Lowe, their wonted Stalls,
Or ruminatè in the contiguous Shade. 85
Thither the household feathery People croud,
The crested Cock, with all his female Train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the Cottage-Hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening Blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple Frolick: much he talks, 90
And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

WIDE o'er the Brim, with many a Torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd Ruin of it's Banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up River pours along: 95
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,

From

From the rude Mountain, and the mossy Wild,
 Tumbling thro' Rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the fanded Valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd, 100
 Between two meeting Hills it bursts a Way,
 Where Rocks and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream;
 There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

NATURE! great Parent! whose unceasing Hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year, 106
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy Works!
 With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul!
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd fings!
 Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow, 110
 With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.
 Where are your Stores, ye powerful Beings! say,
 Where your aërial Magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding Terrors of the Storm.
 In what far-distant Region of the Sky, 115
 Hush'd in dead Silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

WHEN from the palid Sky the Sun descends,
With many a Spot, that o'er his glaring Orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery Streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling Clouds 120
Stagger with dizzy Poise, as doubting yet
Which Master to obey : while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a wan Circle round her blunted Horns.
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating Air, 125
The Stars obtuse emit a shivering Ray ;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the Gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening Blaze.
Snatch'd in short Eddies, plays the wither'd Leaf ;
And on the Flood the dancing Feather floats. 130
With broaden'd Nostrils to the Sky upturn'd,
The conscious Heifer snuffs the stormy Gale.
Even as the Matron, at her nightly Task,
With pensive Labour draws the flaxen Thread,
The wasted Taper and the crackling Flame 135
Foretell the Blast. But chief the plummy Race,
The Tenants of the Sky, it's Changes speak.
Retiring from the Downs, where all Day long
They

They pick'd their scanty Fare, a blackening Train
Of clamorous Rooks thick-urge their weary Flight,
And seek the closing Shelter of the Grove.
Assiduous, in his Bower, the wailing Owl
Plies his sad Song. The Cormorant on high 145
Wheels from the Deep, and screams along the Land.
Loud shrieks the soaring Hern ; and with wild Wing
The circling Sea-Fowl cleave the flaky Clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken Tide
And blind Commotion heaves ; while from the Shore,
Eat into Caverns by the restless Wave, 151
And Forest-rustling Mountain, comes a Voice,
That solemn-founding bids the World prepare.
Then issues forth the Storm with sudden Burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated Air, 155
Down, in a Torrent. On the passive Main
Descends th' etherial Force, and with strong Gust
Turns from it's Bottom the discolour'd Deep.
Thro' the black Night that fits immense around,
Lash'd into Foam, the fierce conflicting Brine 160
Seems o'er a thousand raging Waves to burn ;
Meantime the Mountain-Billows, to the Clouds

In dreadful Tumult swell'd, Surge above Surge,
 Burst into Chaos with tremendous Roar,
 And anchor'd Navies from their Stations drive, 165
 Wild as the Winds across the howling Waste
 Of mighty Waters: now th' inflated Wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret Chambers of the Deep,
 The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their Head. 170
 Emerging thence again, before the Breath
 Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their Course,
 And dart on distant Coasts; if some sharp Rock,
 Or Shoal insidious break not their Career,
 And in loose Fragments fling them floating round. 175

NOR less at Land the loosen'd Tempest reigns.
 The Mountain thunders; and it's sturdy Sons
 Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade.
 Lone to the midnight Steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring Stranger breathless toils, 180
 And, often falling, climbs against the Blast.
 Low waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of it's tarnish'd Honours yet remain;

Dash'd

Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing Wind's
 Affiduous Fury, it's gigantic Limbs. 185
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,
 The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain;
 And on the Cottage thatch'd, or lordly Roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid Base.
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking Dome, 190
 For Entrance eager, howls the savage Blast.
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air,
 Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
 Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe and Death. 195

HUGE Up roar lords it wide. The Clouds commix'd
 With Stars swift-gliding sweep along the Sky,
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
 Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells alone,
 And on the Wings of the careering Wind 200
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm;
 Then straight Air Sea and Earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis Midnight deep. The weary Clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy World lies lost in Sleep, 205
 Let me associate with the serious *Night*;
 And *Contemplation* her sedate Compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive Cares of Day,
 And lay the meddling Senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying Vanities of Life! 210
 Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train!
 Where are you now? and what is your Amount?
 Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.
 Sad, sickening Thought! and yet deluded Man,
 A Scene of crude disjointed Visions past, 215
 And broken Slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
 With new-flush'd Hopes, to run the giddy Round.

FATHER of Light and Life! thou GOOD SUPREME!

O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
 Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice, 220
 From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul

With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

THE keener Tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid East, or piercing North, 225
Thick Clouds ascend; in whose capacious Womb
A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy World along;
And the Sky saddens with the gather'd Storm.
Thro' the hush'd Air the whitening Shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the Flakes 231
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,
With a continual Flow. The cherish'd Fields
Put on their Winter-Robe, of purest White.
'Tis Brightness all; save where the new Snow melts,
Along the mazy Current. Low, the Woods 236
Bow their hoar Head; and, ere the languid Sun
Faint from the West emits his Evening-Ray,
Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling Waste, that buries deep 240
The Works of Man. Drooping, the Labourer-Ox
Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands

The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around
The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon 245
Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
The Red-Breast, sacred to the household Gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling Sky,
In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves
His shivering Mates, and pays to trusted Man 250
His annual Visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the Window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm Hearth; then, hopping o'er the Floor,
Eyes all the smiling Family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is : 255
Till more familiar grown, the Table-Crumbs
Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds
Pour forth their brown Inhabitants. The Hare,
Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset
By Death in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,
And more un pitying Men, the Garden seeks; 261
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,

With Looks of dumb Despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd Herb thro' Heaps of Snow. 265

Now, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind,
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Pens
With Food at Will; lodge them below the Storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East,
In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing 270
Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains
In one wide Waft, and o'er the hapless Flocks,
Hid in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,
The billowy Tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The Valley to a shining Mountain swells, 275
Tipt with a Wreath, high-curling in the Sky.

As thus the Snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd Air;
In his own loose-revolving Fields, the Swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other Hills ascend, 280
Of unknown joyless Brow; and other Scenes,
Of horrid Prospect, shag the trackless Plain:
Nor finds the River, nor the Forest, hid

Beneath

Beneath the formless Wild ; but wanders on
From Hill to Dale, still more and more astray : 285
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted Heaps,
Stung with the Thoughts of Home ; the Thoughts of
Home

Rush on his Nerves, and call their Vigour forth
In many a vain Attempt. How sinks his Soul !
What black Despair, what Horror fills his Heart ! 290
When for the dusky Spot, which Fancy feign'd
His tufted Cottage rising thro' the Snow,
He meets the Roughness of the middle Waste,
Far from the Track, and blest Abode of Man :
While round him Night resistless closes fast, 295
And every Tempest, howling o'er his Head,
Renders the savage Wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy Shapes into his Mind,
Of cover'd Pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire Descent ! beyond the Power of Frost, 300
Of faithless Bogs ; of Precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with Snow ; and, what is Land unknown,
What Water, of the still unfrozen Spring,
In the loose Marsh or solitary Lake,

Where the fresh Fountain from the Bottom boils. 305
These check his fearful Steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the Shelter of the shapeless Drift,
Thinking o'er all the Bitterness of Death,
Mix'd with the tender Anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung Bosom of the dying Man, 310
His Wife, his Children, and his Friends unseen,
In vain for him th' officious Wife prepares
The Fire fair-blazing, and the Vestment warm;
In vain his little Children, peeping out
Into the mingling Storm, demand their Sire, 315
With Tears of artless Innocence. Alas!
Nor Wife, nor Children, more shall he behold,
Nor Friends, nor sacred Home. On every Nerve
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up Sense;
And, o'er his inmost Vitals creeping cold, 320
Lays him along the Snows, a stiffen'd Corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern Blast,

‘ Ah little think the gay licentious Proud,
Whom Pleasure, Power, and Affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless Hours in giddy Mirth,

And

And wanton, often cruel, Riot waste; 326
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very Moment, Death
And all the sad Variety of Pain!
How many sink in the devouring Flood, 330
Or more devouring Flame. How many bleed,
By shameful Variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Glooms;
Shut from the common Air, and common Use
Of their own Limbs. How many drink the Cup 335
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread
Of Misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,
How many shrink into the sordid Hut
Of chearless Poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer Tortures of the Mind, 340
Unbounded Passion, Madness, Guilt, Remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the Height of Life,
They furnish Matter for the Tragic Muse.
Even in the Vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest Passions, droop 346
In deep retir'd Distress. How many stand

Around the Death-Bed of their dearest Friends,
 And point the parting Anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless Ills, 350
 That one incessant Struggle render Life,
 One Scene of Toil, of Suffering, and of Fate,
 Vice in his high Career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious Heart of Charity would warm, 355
 And her wide Wish Benevolence dilate;
 The social Tear would rise, the social Sigh;
 And into clear Perfection, gradual Bliss,
 Refining still, the social Passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous * Band, 360
 Who, touch'd with human Woe, redressive search'd
 Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail?
 Unpity'd, and unheard, where Misery moans;
 Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,
 And poor Misfortune feels the Lash of Vice. 365
 While in the Land of Liberty, the Land
 Whose every Street and public Meeting glow

With

* *The Jail-Committee, in the Year 1729.*

With open Freedom, little Tyrants rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean Morfel from the starving Mouth;
Tore from cold wintry Limbs the tatter'd Weed; 370
Even robb'd them of the last of Comforts, Sleep;
The free-born BRITON to the Dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the Lust of Cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes;
And crush'd out Lives, by secret barbarous Ways, 375
That for their Country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great Design! if executed well,
With patient Care, and Wisdom-temper'd Zeal.
Ye Sons of Mercy! yet resume the Search;
Drag forth the legal Monsters into Light, 380
Wrench from their Hands Oppression's iron Rod,
And bid the Cruel feel the Pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank Age,
Much is the Patriot's weeding Hand requir'd.
The Toils of Law, (what dark insidious Men 385
Have cumbrous added to perplex the Truth,
And lengthen simple Justice into Trade)
How glorious were the Day! that saw These broke,
And every Man within the Reach of Right.

By wintry Famine rous'd, from all the Tract
 Of horrid Mountains which the shining *Alps*,
 And wavy *Appenines*, and *Pyrenees*.
 Branch out stupendous into distant Lands;
 Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave! 395
 Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Asssembling Wolves in raging Troops descend;
 And, pouring o'er the Country, bear along,
 Keen as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.
 All is their Prize. They fasten on the Steed, 400
 Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart.
 Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,
 Or shake the murdering Savages away.
 Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming Infant from her Breast. 405
 The godlike Face of Man avails him nought.
 Even Beauty, Force divine! at whose bright Glance
 The generous Lion stands in soften'd Gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd Prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack, 410
 The Country be shut up, lur'd by the Scent,

On Church-Yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded Body from the Grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul Shades, and frighted Ghosts, they howl.

AMONG those hilly Regions, where embrac'd 416
In peaceful Vales the happy *Grisons* dwell;
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded Cliffs,
Mountains of Snow their gathering Terrors roll.
From Steep to Steep, loud-thundering, down they
come, 420

A wintry Waste in dire Commotion all ;
And Herds, and Flocks, and Travellers, and Swains,
And sometimes whole Brigades of marching Troops,
Or Hamlets sleeping in the Dead of Night,
Are deep beneath the smothering Ruin whelm'd. 425

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year,
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat,
Between the groaning Forest and the Shore
Beat by a boundless Multitude of Waves,

A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene;
 Where ruddy Fire and beaming Tapers join,
 To cheer the Gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high Converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;
 Sages of antient Time, as Gods rever'd, 435
 As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind
 With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring Thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd Volume; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred Shades, that slowly-rising pass 440
 Before my wondering Eyes. First SOCRATES,
 Who firmly good in a corrupted State,
 Against the Rage of Tyrants *single* stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy Law,
 That *Voice* of GOD within th' attentive Mind, 445
 Obeying, fearless, or in Life, or Death:
 Great Moral Teacher! *Wiseſt of Mankind!*
 SOLON the next, who built his Common-Weal
 On Equity's wide Baſe; by *tender* Laws
 A lively People curbing, yet undamp'd 450
 Preserving ſtill that quick peculiar Fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd Field of finer Arts,

And

And of bold Freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The Pride of smiling GREECE, and Human-kind.
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the Force 455
 Of strictest Discipline, *severely wise*,
 All human Passions. Following Him, I see,
 As at *Thermopylæ* he glorious fell
 The firm * DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by Deeds
 The hardest Lesson which the *other* taught. 460
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest Front;
 Spotless of Heart, to whom th' unflattering Voice
 Of Freedom gave the noblest Name of *Just*;
 In pure majestic Poverty rever'd;
 Who, even his Glory to his Country's Weal 465
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *Rival's* Fame.
 Rear'd by his Care, of softer Ray, appears
 CIMON sweet-soul'd; whose Genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the Load of young Debauch; abroad
 The Scourge of *Persian* Pride, at home the Friend
 Of every Worth and every splendid Art; 471
 Modest, and simple, in the Pomp of Wealth.
 Then the last Worthies of declining GREECE,

Late-

* LEONIDAS.

† THEMISTOCLES.

Late-call'd to Glory, in *unequal* Times, 475
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* Boast,
 TIMOLEON, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.
 And, equal to the Best, the * THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose Virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd, 480
 Their Country rais'd to Freedom, Empire, Fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* Honour sunk,
 And left a Mass of fordid Lees behind,
 PHOCION the *Good*; in public Life severe,
 To Virtue still inexorably firm; 485
 But when, beneath his low illustrious Roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooch'd his Brow,
 Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
 And He, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' Sons,
 The generous Victim to that vain Attempt, 490
 To *save a rotten State*, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile Avarice sunk.
 The two *Achaian* Heroes close the Train.
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the Soul
 Of fondly-lingering Liberty in GREECE; 495

And

* PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

And He her Darling as her latest Hope,
 The *gallant* PHILOPEMON ; who to Arms
 Turn'd the luxurious Pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his Farm, a simple Swain;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the Field. 500

Of rougher Front, a mighty People come!
 A Race of Heroes! in those virtuous Times
 Which knew no Stain, save that with partial Flame
 Their *dearest* Country they *too fondly* lov'd.
 Her *better Founder* first, the Light of ROME, 505
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.
 SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the solid Base
 On which o'er Earth the *vast Republic* spread.
 Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
 The *PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
 As on the dread Tribunal sternly sad. 511
 He, whom his thankless Country *could not* lose,
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her Foes.
 FABRICIUS, Scorner of all-conquering Gold;
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the Plow. 515
 Thy

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

Thy * WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole City's Tears, by rigid Faith
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire Command.
 SCIPIO, the gentle Chief, humanely brave, 520

Who soon the Race of spotless Glory ran,
 And, warm in Youth, to the *Poetic Shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd.

TULLY, whose powerful Eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* Fate of rushing ROME. 525

Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *Extreme*.

And Thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of Heart,
 Whose steady Arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the *Roman Steel* against thy *Friend*.

Thousands, besides, the Tribute of a Verse 530

Demand; but who can count the Stars of Heaven?

Who sing their Influence on this lower World?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes ! in sober State,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal Sun:

'Tis *Phæbus*' self, or else the MANTUAN SWAIN!

Great

Great HOMER too appears, of daring Wing,
 Parent of Song! and *equal* by his Side,
 The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle Steep to Fame.
 Nor absent are those Shades, whose skilful Hand 540
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd Heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:
 Nor Those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your Kind! Society divine!
 Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd, 545
 And mount my soaring Soul to Thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely Power! the Door be thine;
 See on the hallow'd Hour that none intrude,
 Save a few chosen Friends, that sometimes deign
 To bless my humble Roof, with Sense refin'd, 550
 Learning digested well, exalted Faith,
 Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' Hill will POPE descend,
 To raise the sacred Hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social Spirit warm the Heart: 555

For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
Yet is his Life the more endearing Song.

WHERE art Thou, HAMMOND? Thou the dar-
ling Pride,
The Friend and Lover of the tuneful Throng!
Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming Prime
Of vernal Genius, where disclosing fast 561
Each active Worth each manly Virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our Hope so soon?
What now avails that noble Thirst of Fame,
Which stung thy fervent Breast? That treasur'd Store
Of Knowledge, early gain'd? That eager Zeal 566
To serve thy Country, glowing in the Band
Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her Name?
What now, alas! that Life-diffusing Charm
Of sprightly Wit? That Rapture for the Muse, 570
That Heart of Friendship, and that Soul of Joy,
Which bade with softest Light thy Virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond Pursuits,
And teach our humbled Hopes that Life is vain!

THUS in some deep Retirement would I pass, 575
The Winter-Glooms, with Friends of pliant Soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the Theme inspir'd :
With them would search, if Nature's boundless Frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the Void of Night,
Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND, 580
It's Springs, it's Laws, it's Progress, and it's End.
Hence larger Prospects of the beauteous Whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening Minds;
And each diffusive Harmony unite,
In full Perfection, to th' astonish'd Eye. 585
Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher Order; fitted, and impell'd,
By WISDOM's finest Hand, and issuing all
In general Good. The sage Historic Muse 590
Should next conduct us thro' the Deeps of Time:
Shew us how Empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd States; what makes the Nations smile,
Improves their Soil, and gives them double Suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest Skies, 595

In Nature's richest Lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our Hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That Portion of Divinity, that Ray
 Of purest Heaven, which lights the public Soul
 Of Patriots, and of Heroes. But if doom'd, 600
 In powerless humble Fortune, to repress
 These ardent Risings of the kindling Soul;
 Then, even superior to Ambition, we
 Would learn the private Virtues; how to glide
 Thro' Shades and Plains, along the smoothest Stream
 Of rural Life: or snatch'd away by Hope, 606
 Thro' the dim Spaces of Futurity,
 With earnest Eye anticipate those Scenes
 Of Happiness, and Wonder; where the Mind,
 In endless Growth and infinite Ascent 610
 Rises from State to State, and World to World.
 But when with These the serious Thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for Relief, would play the Shapes
 Of frolic Fancy; and incessant form
 Those rapid Pictures, that assembled Train 615
 Of fleet Ideas, never join'd before,

Whence

Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay-Surprize;
 Or Folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every Nerve.

MEAN-TIME the Village rouzes up the Fire; 620
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the Goblin-Story round;
 Till superstitious Horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding Hall, they wake
 The rural Gambol. Rustic Mirth goes round: 625
 The simple Joke that takes the Shepherd's Heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud Laugh, sincere;
 The Kiss, snatch'd hasty from the fidgeting Maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending Sleep;
 The Leap, the Slap, the Haul; and, shook to Notes
 Of native Music, the respondent Dance, 631
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-Night.

THE City swarms intense. The public Haunt,
 Full of each Theme, and warm with mixt Discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The Sons of Riot flow 635
 Down the loose Stream of false enchanted Joy,

To swift Destruction. On the rankled Soul
 The gaming Fury falls; and in one Gulph
 Of total Ruin, Honour, Virtue, Peace,
 Friends, Families, and Fortune, headlong sink. 640
 Up-springs the Dance along the lighted Dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering Court effuses every Pomp;
 The Circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy Robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling Gems, and radiant Eyes, 645
 A soft Effulgence o'er the Palace waves:
 While, a gay Insect in *his* Summer-shine,
 The Fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy Wings.

DREAD o'er the Scene, the Ghost of HAMLET
 stalks;

OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns; 650
 And BELVIDERA pours her Soul in Love.
 Deep-thrilling Terror shakes; the comely Tear
 Steals o'er the Cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the World a Picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial Laugh. 655
 Sometimes she lifts her Strain, and paints the Scenes
 Of

Of beauteous Life; whate'er can deck Mankind,
Or charm the Heart, in generous * BEVIL shew'd.

O THOU, whose Wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose Patriot-Virtues, and consummate Skill 660
To touch the finer Springs that move the World,
Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
And all *Apollo's* animating Fire,
Give Thee, with pleasing Dignity, to shine
At once the Guardian, Ornament, and Joy, 665
Of polish'd Life; permit the *Rural Muse*,
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with Thee her Song!
Ere to the Shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond Ambition, in thy Train,
(For every *Muse* has in thy Train a Place) 670
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd Mind:
To mark that Spirit, which, with *British Scorn*,
Rejects th' Allurements of corrupted Power;
That elegant Politeness, which excels
Even in the Judgement of presumptuous *France*, 675
The boasted Manners of her shining Court;

S 4

That

* *A Character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written by Sir*
RICHARD STEELE.

That Wit, the vivid Energy of Sense,
 The Truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* Point,
 And kind well-temper'd Satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the Soul, and without Pain corrects.
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter Flame, 681
 O let me hail Thee on some glorious Day,
 When to the listening Senate, ardent, croud
 BRITANNIA'S Songs to hear her pleaded Cause.
 Then drest by Thee, more amiably fair, 685
 Truth the soft Robe of mild Persuasion wears:
 Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
 Her own enlighten'd Thoughts; call'd from the Heart,
 Th' obedient Passions on thy Voice attend;
 And even reluctant Party feels a while 690
 Thy gracious Power: as thro' the vary'd Maze
 Of Eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious Flood.

To thy lov'd Haunt return, my happy Muse:
 For now, behold, the joyous Winter-Days, 695
 Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue Serene,
 For Sight too fine, th' etherial Niter flies;

Killing infectious Damps, and the spent Air
Storing afresh with elemental Life.
Close crouds the shining Atmosphere; and binds 700
Our strengthen'd Bodies in it's cold Embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our Blood;
Refines our Spirits, thro' the new-strung Nerves,
In swifter Sallies darting to the Brain;
Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool, 705
Bright as the Skies, and as the Season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating Force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless Eye
In Ruin seen. The Frost-concocted Glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable Soul, 710
And gathers Vigour for the coming Year.
A stronger Glow sits on the lively Cheek
Of ruddy Fire: and luculent along
The purer Rivers flow; their fullen Deeps,
Transparent, open to the Shepherd's Gaze, 715
And murmur hoarser at the fixing Frost.

WHAT art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen
Stores

Deriv'd

Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,
Whom even th' illusive Fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent Energy, unseen, 720
Myriads of little Salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double Wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' Water, Earth, and Ether? Hence at Eve,
Steam'd eager from the red Horizon round,
With the fierce Rage of Winter deep suffus'd, 725
An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the Pool
Breathes a blue Film, and in its mid Career
Arrests the bickering Stream. The loosen'd Ice,
Let down the Flood, and half dissolv'd by Day,
Ruffles no more; but to the sedge Bank 730
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed Stone,
A crystal Pavement, by the Breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from Shore to Shore,
The whole imprison'd River growls below.
Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects 735
A double Noise; while, at his evening Watch,
The village Dog deters the nightly Thief;
The Heifer lows; the distant Water-fall
Swells in the Breeze; and, with the hasty Tread

Of Traveller, the hollow-sounding Plain 740
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal Round,
 Infinite Worlds disclosing to the View,
 Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one Cope
 Of starry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole.
 From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls, 745
 Thro' the still Night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
 Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping World,
 Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various Labour of the silent Night : 750
 Prone from the dripping Eave, and dumb Cascade,
 Whose idle Torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant Icicle ; the Frost-Work fair,
 Where transient Hues, and fancy'd Figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the Hill, the frozen Brook. 755
 A livid Tract, cold-gleaming on the Morn ;
 The Forest bent beneath the plummy Wave ;
 And by the Frost refin'd the whiter Snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread
 Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks 756

His

His pining Flock, or from the Mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the slippery Surface, swift descends.

ON blithsome Frolicks bent, the youthful Swains,
While every Work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the River croud, in various Sport 765
And Revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the Train! the raptur'd Boy
Lashes the whirling Top. Or, where the *Rhine*
Branch'd out in many a long Canal extends,
From every Province swarming, void of Care, 770
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On founding Skates, a thousand different Ways,
In circling Poise, swift as the Winds, along,
The *then* gay Land is madden'd all to Joy.
Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the Snow,
Pour a new Pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds, 776
Their vigorous Youth in bold Contention wheel
The long-resounding Course. Meantime, to raise
The manly Strife, with highly-blooming Charms,
Flush'd by the Season, *Scandinavia's* Dames, 780
Of *Russia's* buxom Daughters glow around.

PURE,

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome Day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun,
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost Noon; 790
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid Cliff.
His azure Gloss the Mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble Touch. Perhaps the Vale
Relents a while to the reflected Ray;
Or from the Forest falls the cluster'd Snow, 795
Myriads of Gems, that in the waving Gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the Sport of Those, who with the Gun,
And Dog impatient bounding at the Shot,
Worse than the Season, desolate the Fields; 800
And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd Game.

BUT what is This? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his Grandeur, should our Eye
Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*; 805
Where, for relentless Months, continual Night,
Holds o'er the glittering Waste her starry Reign.

THERE,

THERE, thro' the Prison of unbounded Wilds,
 Barr'd by the Hand of Nature from Escape, 810
 Wide-roams the *Russian* Exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad Eye, but Desarts lost in Snow;
 And heavy-loaded Groves; and solid Floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary Vast,
 Their icy Horrors to the frozen Main; 815
 And cheerless Towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when it's annual Course the Caravan
 Bends to the golden Coast of rich * *Cathay*,
 With News of Human-kind. Yet there Life glows;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining Waste, 820
 The furry Nations harbour: tipt with Jet,
 Fair Ermines, spotless as the Snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy Black; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled Hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly Pride of Courts. 825
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping Deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen Snows; and, scarce his Head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy Wreath, the branching Elk
 Lies

* *The old Name of China.*

Lies slumbering sullen in the white Abyfs.
 Nor Dogs, nor Toils, they want ; nor with the Dread
 Of sounding Bows the ruthless Hunter drives 831
 The fearful-flying Race ; with ponderous Clubs,
 As weak against the Mountain-Heaps they push
 Their beating Breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd Snows, 835
 And with loud Shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny Forest half-absorpt,
 Rough Tenant of these Shades, the shapeless Bear,
 With dangling Ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-pac'd, and sorer as the Storms increase, 840
 He makes his Bed beneath th' inclement Drift,
 And, with stern Patience, scorning weak Complaint,
 Hardens his Heart against affailing Want.

WIDE o'er the spacious Regions of the North,
 That see *Boötes* urge his tardy Wain, 854
 A boisterous Race, by frosty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
 Who little Pleasure know and fear no Pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the Flame

Of

* *The North-West Wind.*

Of lost Mankind in polish'd Slavery sunk,
 Drove martial * Horde on Horde, with dreadful Sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South, 851
 And gave the vanquish'd World another Form.
 Not such the Sons of *Lapland*: wisely They
 Despise th' insensate barbarous Trade of War;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 855
 They love their Mountains and enjoy their Storms.
 No false Desires, no Pride-created Wants,
 Disturb the peaceful Current of their Days;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd Maze
 Of Pleasure, or Ambition, bid it rage. 860
 Their Rain-Deer form their Riches. These their Tents,
 Their Robes, their Beds, and all their homely Wealth
 Supply, their wholesome Fare, and chearful Cups.
 Obsequious at their Call, the docile Tribe
 Yield to the Sled their Necks, and whirl them swift
 O'er Hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanse 866
 Of marbled Snow, or far as Eye can sweep
 With a blue Crust of Ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake

A

* *The wandering Scythian-Clans.*

A waving Blaze refracted o'er the Heavens, 870
 And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play
 With doubled Luster from the radiant Waste,
 Even in the Depth of *Polar Night*, they find
 A wondrous Day: enough to light the Chace,
 Or guide their daring Steps to *Finland-Fairs*, 875
 Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy South,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
 By small Degrees extends the swelling Curve;
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing Months, 880
 Still round and round, his spiral Course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the Sky.
 In that glad Season, from the Lakes and Floods,
 Where *pure *Niemi's* fairy Mountains rise, 885

VOL. I.

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And

* M. de Maupertuis, in his *Book on the Figure of the Earth*,
 after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of Niemi
 in Lapland, says—"From this Height we had Occasion several
 "times to see those Vapours rise from the Lake which the People of the
 "Country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian Spi-
 "rits of the Mountains. We had been frightened with Stories of Bears
 "that haunted this Place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a Place
 "of Resort for Fairies and Genii than Bears."

And fring'd with Roses * *Tenglio* rolls his Stream,
 They draw the copious Fry. With these, at Eve,
 They chearful-loaded to their Tents repair;
 Where, all Day long in useful Cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd Wives the Fire prepare. 890
 Thrice happy Race! by Poverty secur'd
 From legal Plunder and rapacious Power:
 In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
 The Seeds of Vice; whose spotless Swains ne'er knew
 Injurious Deed, nor, blasted by the Breath 895
 Of faithless Love, their blooming Daughters Woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornéa's* Lake,
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a Waste of Snow,
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the Pole itself,
 Where failing gradual Life at length goes out, 900
 The Muse expands her solitary Flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous Scene,
 Beholds new Seas beneath † another Sky.

Thron'd

* *The same Author observes—"I was surprized to see upon the
 "Banks of this River, (the Tenglio) Roses of as lively a Red as
 "any that are in our Gardens."*

† *The other Hemisphere.*

Thron'd in his Palace of cerulean Ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing Court ; 905
And thro' his airy Hall the loud Misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard :
Here the grim Tyrant meditates his Wrath ;
Here arms his Winds with all-subduing Frost ;
Moulds his fierce Hail, and treasures up his Snows,
With which he now oppresses half the Globe. 911

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* Coast,
She sweeps the howling Margin of the Main ;
Where undissolving, from the First of Time,
Snows swell on Snows amazing to the Sky ; 915
And icy Mountains, high on Mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering Sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an Atmosphere of Clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the Surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 920
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the Deep, and shake the solid Pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding Fury ; but, in all it's Rage

Of Tempest taken by the boundless Frost, 925
 Is many a Fathom to the Bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak Expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy Rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every Life, that from the dreary Months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they! 930
 Who, here entangled in the gathering Ice,
 Take their last Look of the descending Sun;
 While, full of Death, and fierce with tenfold Frost,
 The long long Night, incumbent o'er their Heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON'S Fate, 935
 As with *first* Prow, (What have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the Passage fought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal Bars.
 In these fell Regions, in *Arzina* caught, 940
 And to the stony Deep his idle Ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless Crew,
 Each full exerted at his several Task,

Froze

* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH
 to discover the North-East Passage.

Froze into Statues ; to the Cordage glued
The Sailor, and the Pilot to the Helm. 945

HARD by these Shores, where scarce his freezing
Stream

Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the Last of Men ;
And, half-enliven'd by the distant Sun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as Plants,
Here Human Nature wears it's rudest Form. 950

Deep from the piercing Season sunk in Caves,
Here by dull Fires, and with unjoyous Chear,
They waste the tedious Gloom. Immers'd in Furs,
Doze the gross Race. Nor sprightly Jest, nor Song,
Nor Tenderneſs they know ; nor aught of Life, 955
Beyond the kindred Bears that stalk without.
Till Morn at length, her Roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long Twilight brightening o'er their Fields,
And calls the quiver'd Savage to the Chace.

WHAT cannot active Government perform, 960
New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these
Shores,

A People savage from remotest Time,
 A huge neglected Empire ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic Darkness call'd,
 Immortal PETER! First of Monarchs! He 965
 His stubborn Country tam'd, her Rocks, her Fens,
 Her Floods, her Seas, her ill-submitting Sons;
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted Soul he rais'd the *Man*.
 Ye Shades of antient Heroes, ye who toil'd 970
 Thro' long successive Ages to build up
 A lab'ring Plan of State, behold at once
 The Wonder done! behold the matchless Prince!
 Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty Shadow of unreal Power; 975
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful Pomp of Courts;
 And roaming every Land, in every Port,
 His Scepter laid aside, with glorious Hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic Tool,
 Gather'd the Seeds of Trade, of useful Arts, 980
 Of Civil Wisdom, and of Martial Skill.
 Charg'd with the Stores of *Europe* home he goes!
 Then Cities rise amid th' illumin'd Waste;

O'er joyless Desarts smiles the rural Reign;
 Far-distant Flood to Flood is social join'd; 985
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
 Proud Navies ride on Seas that never foam'd
 With daring Keel before; and Armies stretch
 Each Way their dazzling Files, repressing here
 The frantic *Alexander* of the North, 990
 And awing there stern OTHMAN's shrinking Sons.
Sloth flies the Land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
 Of old Dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the Whole,
 One Scene of Arts, of Arms, of rising Trade: 995
 For what his Wisdom plann'd, and Power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *Example* shew'd.

MUTTERING, the Winds at Eve, with blunted Point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the South. Subdu'd,
 The Frost resolves into a trickling Thaw. 1000
 Spotted the Mountains shine; loose Sleet descends,
 And floods the Country round. The Rivers swell,
 Of Bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,
 O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts,

A thousand snow-fed Torrents shoot at once ; 1005
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain.
Is left one slimy Waste. Those sullen Seas,
That wash th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North ;
But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave— 1010
And hark ! the lengthening Roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted Deep : at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds.
Ill fares the Bark with trembling Wretches charg'd,
That, tost amid the floating Fragments, moors 1015
Beneath the Shelter of an icy Isle,
While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks
More horrible. Can human Force endure
Th' assembled Mischiefs that besiege them round ?
Heart-gnawing Hunger, fainting Weariness, 1020
The Roar of Winds and Waves, the Crush of Ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder Rage,
And in dire Echoes bellowing round the Main.
More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy Train, in dreadful Sport, 1025
Tempest the loosen'd Brine, while thro' the Gloom,
Far,

Far, from the bleak inhospitable Shore,
Loading the Winds, is heard the hungry Howl
Of famish'd Monsters, there awaiting Wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking Eye*, 1030
Looks down with Pity on the feeble Toil
Of Mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done!—dread WINTER spreads his latest
Glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year. 1035
How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His melancholy Empire. Here, fond Man!
Behold thy pictur'd Life; pass some few Years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into Age, 1041
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the Scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes
Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame? 1045
Those restless Cares? those busy bustling Days?

Those

Those gay-spent, festive Nights? those veering
 Thoughts,
 Lost between Good and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing Friend of Man, 1050
 His Guide to Happiness on high.—And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second Birth
 Of Heaven, and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
 The *new-creating Word*, and starts to Life,
 In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death 1055
 For ever free. *The great eternal Scheme*,
 Involving All, and in a *perfect Whole*
 Uniting, as the Prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's Eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind Presumptuous! now, 1060
 Confounded in the Dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the Cause,
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's Share
 In Life was Gall and Bitterness of Soul: 1065
 Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd,
 In starving Solitude; while Luxury,

In Palaces, lay straining her low Thought,
 To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks 1070
 Of Superstition's Scourge: why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,
 Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye good Distrest!
 Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath Life's Pressure, yet a little While, 1075
 And what your bounded View, which only saw
 A little Part, deem'd *Evil* is no more:
 The Storms of WINTERY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle All.

T H E E N D.

A

H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FA-
THER, these,

Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling Year

Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring

THY Beauty walks, THY Tenderness and Love.

Wide-flush the Fields; the softening Air is Balm; 5

Echo the Mountains round; the Forest smiles;

And every Sense, and every Heart, is Joy.

Then comes THY Glory in the Summer-Months,

With Light and Heat refulgent. Then THY Sun

Shoots full Perfection thro' the swelling Year. 10

And oft THY Voice in dreadful Thunder speaks;

And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,

By Brooks and Groves, in hollow-whispering Gales.

THY

THY Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common Feast for all that lives. 15
In Winter awful THOU! with Clouds and Storms
Around THEE thrown, Tempest o'er Tempest roll'd,
Majestic Darknes! on the Whirlwind's Wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the World adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern Blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS Round! what Skill, what Force
divine,
Deep-felt, in These appear! a simple Train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind Art,
Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into Shade; 25
And all so forming an harmonious Whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious Gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty Hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent Spheres; 30
Works in the secret Deep; shoots, steaming, Thence
The fair Profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;

Feeds

Feeds every Creature ; hurls the Tempest forth ;
And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves, 35
With Transport touches all the Springs of Life.

NATURE, attend ! join every living Soul,
Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,
In Adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general Song ! To HIM, ye vocal Gales, 40
Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your Freshness breathes !
Oh talk of HIM in solitary Glooms !
Where, o'er the Rock, the scarcely-waving Pine
Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
And ye, Whose bolder Note is heard afar, 45
Who shake th' astonish'd World, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous Song, and say from whom you rage.
His Praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound ; 50
Ye softer Floods, that lead the humid Maze
Along the Vale ; and thou, majestic Main,
A secret World of Wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous Praise ; whose greater Voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall. 55
Soft-roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
In mingled Clouds to HIM; whose Sun exalts,
Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints,
Ye Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, to HIM;
Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest Beams,
Ye Constellations, while your Angels strike,
Amid the spangled Sky, the silver Lyre. 65
Great Source of Day! best Image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
On Nature write with every Beam HIS Praise.
The Thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate World;
While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn. 71
Bleat out afresh, ye Hills; ye mossy Rocks,
Retain the Sound: the broad responsive Low,
Ye Valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
And his *unsuffering* Kingdom yet will come. 75
Ye Woodlands all, awake: a boundless Song

Burst

Burst from the Groves; and when the restless Day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling World asleep,
 Sweetest of Birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening Shades, and teach the Night HIS Praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles; 81
 At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
 Crown the great Hymn! in swarming Cities vast,
 Assembled Men, to the deep Organ join
 The long-resounding Voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn Pauses, thro' the swelling Base;
 And, as each mingling Flame increases each,
 In one united Ardor rise to Heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural Shade,
 And find a Fane in every sacred Grove; 90
 There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,
 The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
 Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-Ray 95
 Ruffles the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East;

Be my Tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat!

SHOULD Fate command me to the farthest Verge
Of the green Earth, to distant barbarous Climes, 101
Rivers unknown to Song; where first the Sun
Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his setting Beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* Isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105
In the void Waste as in the City full;
And where HE vital spreads there must be Joy.
When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,
And wing my mystic Flight to future Worlds,
I chearful will obey, There, with new Powers, 110
Will rising Wonders sing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their Sons,
From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115
In infinite Progression. ——— But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse HIS Praise.



A. H. Y. M. M. Y.

By my father's name, I am a Christian.

And, dear friends, I am a Christian.

Should I say, as many of you do, that I am a Christian?

Of the great number of Christians, I am one.

But, dear friends, I am a Christian.

Give me a sign, that I am a Christian.

I am a Christian, and I am a Christian.

Since God has given me a sign, I am a Christian.

In the name of the Father, I am a Christian.

And, dear friends, I am a Christian.

If you ever see me, I am a Christian.

And, dear friends, I am a Christian.

I am a Christian, and I am a Christian.

Of the great number of Christians, I am one.

But, dear friends, I am a Christian.

Give me a sign, that I am a Christian.

I am a Christian, and I am a Christian.

Since God has given me a sign, I am a Christian.

In the name of the Father, I am a Christian.

And, dear friends, I am a Christian.

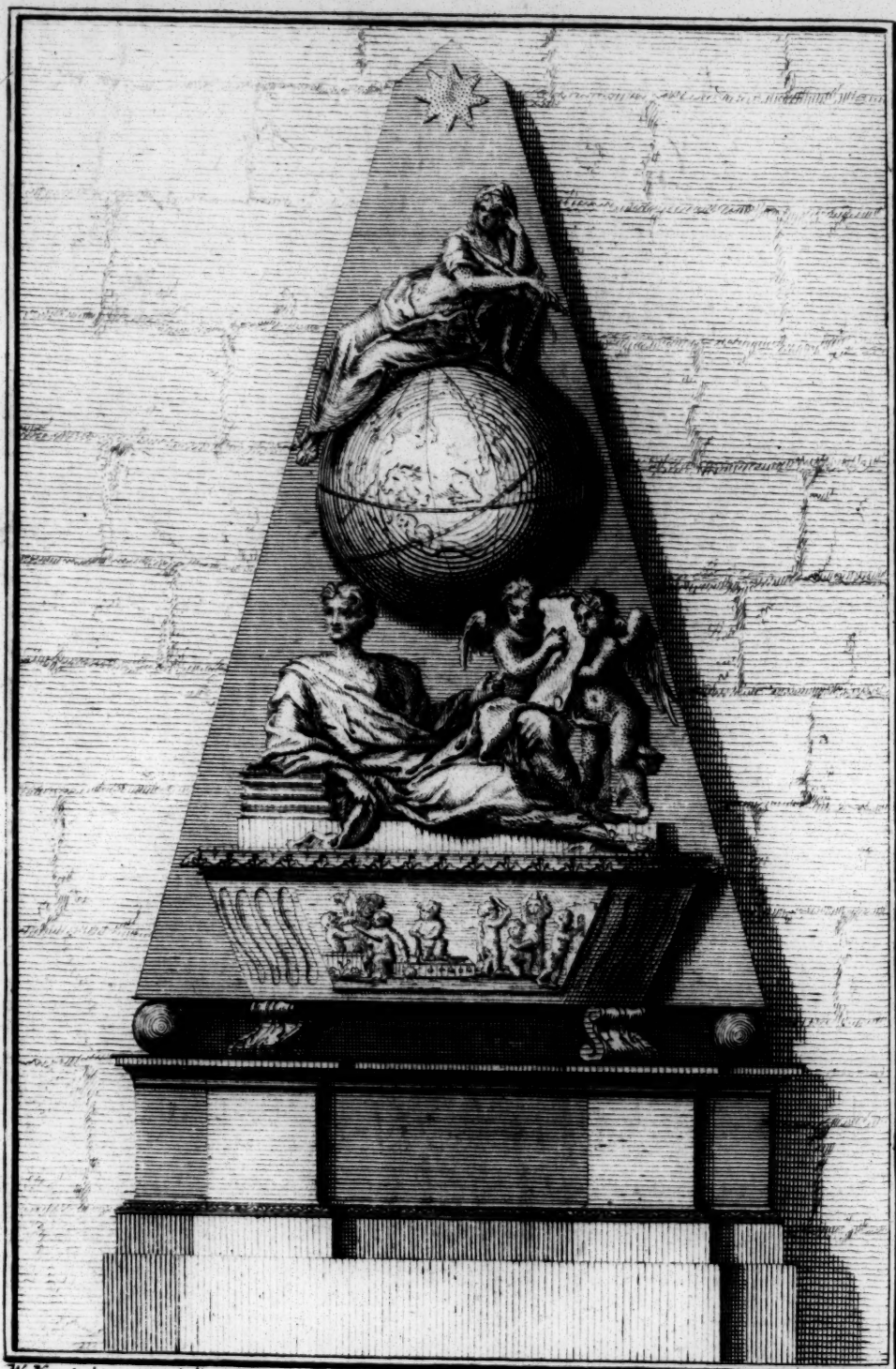
If you ever see me, I am a Christian.

And, dear friends, I am a Christian.

I am a Christian, and I am a Christian.



MAINTENANCE DE LA VILLE



W. Kent inv. et delin.

S^r ISAAC NEWTON.
Died 20. March 1726/7 Aged 85.

P. Fourdremier sculp.

P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

P O E M

Printed by the

NEWTON

Printed by the

ROBERT WALLACE

A

P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

Sir *ISAAC NEWTON*.

SHALL the great Soul of NEWTON quit this
Earth,

To mingle with his Stars ; and every Muse,

Astonish'd into Silence, shun the Weight

Of Honours due to his illustrious Name?

But what can Man?—Even now the Sons of Light, 5

In Strains high-warbled to seraphic Lyre,

Hail his Arrival on the Coast of Bliss.

Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the Theme,

And sung to Harps of Angels, for with you,

296 *A P O E M to the Memory*

Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire. 10
In Nature's general Symphony to join.

AND what new Wonders can ye show your Guest!
Who, while on this dim Spot, where Mortals toil
Clouded in Dust, from MOTION's simple Laws,
Could trace the secret Hand of PROVIDENCE, 15
Wide-working thro' this universal Frame.

HAVE ye not listen'd while he bound the SUNS,
And PLANETS to their Spheres! th' unequal Task
Of Human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring Man the Year, and oft disgrac'd 20
The Pride of Schools, before their Course was known
Full in its Causes and Effects to him,
All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic Schemes, defended by the Din
Of specious Words, and Tyranny of Names; 25
But, bidding his amazing Mind attend,
And with heroic Patience Years on Years
Deep-searching, saw at last the SYSTEM dawn,
And shine, of all his Race, on him alone.

WHAT

WHAT were his Raptures then! how pure! how
strong! 30

And what the Triumphs of old GREECE and ROME,
By his diminish'd, but the Pride of Boys
In some small Fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd Parcels of this Earth usurp'd
By Violence unmanly, and sore Deeds 35
Of Cruelty and Blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent Glory to his View.

ALL intellectual Eye, our SOLAR ROUND
First gazing thro, he by the blended Power 40
Of GRAVITATION and PROJECTION saw
The whole in silent Harmony revolve.
From unassisted Vision hid, the MOONS
To chear remoter Planets numerous pour'd,
By him in all their mingled Tracts were seen. 45
He also fix'd the wandering QUEEN OF NIGHT,
Whether she wanes into a scanty Orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy Light,
In a soft Deluge overflows the Sky.

Her

298 *A POEM to the Memory*

Her every Motion clear-discerning, He 50
 Adjusted to the mutual MAIN, and taught
 Why now the mighty Mass of Water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken Rocks,
 And the full River turning; till again
 The Tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55
 A yellow Waste of idle Sands behind.

THEN breaking hence, he took his ardent Flight
 Thro' the blue Infinite; and every STAR,
 Which the clear Concave of a Winter's Night
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic Tube, 60
 Far-stretching, snatches from the dark Abyss,
 Or such as farther in successive Skies
 To Fancy shine alone, at his Approach
 Blaz'd into SUNS, the living Centre each
 Of an harmonious System: all combin'd, 65
 And rul'd unerring by that single Power,
 Which draws the Stone projected to the Ground.

O UNPROFUSE Magnificence divine!
 O WISDOM truly perfect! thus to call

From

From a few Causes such a Scheme of Things, 70
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An Universe compleat! And O belov'd
Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative Eye,
The mystic Veil transpiercing, inly scan'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd Frame. 75

HE, first of Men, with awful Wing pursu'd
The COMET thro' the long Elliptic Curve,
As round innumerable Worlds he wound his Way;
Till, to the Forehead of our evening Sky
Return'd, the blazing Wonder glares anew, 80
And o'er the trembling Nations shakes Dismay.

THE Heavens are all his own; from the wild Rule
Of whirling VORTICES, and circling SPHERES,
To their first great Simplicity restor'd.
The Schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain 85
To keep at odds with Demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the Blaze
Of Truth. At once their pleasing Visions fled,

With

300 *A POEM to the Memory*

With the gay Shadows of the Morning mix'd,
When NEWTON rose, our philosophic Sun. 90

TH' AERIAL Flow of SOUND was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy Circles breaks,
Till the touch'd Organ takes the Meaning in.

Nor could the darting BEAM, of Speed immense,
Escape his swift Pursuit, and measuring Eye. 95

Even LIGHT ITSELF, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter Mind

Untwisted all the shining Robe of Day ;

And, from the whitening undistinguish'd Blaze,

Collecting every Ray into his kind, 100

To the charm'd Eye educ'd the gorgeous Train
Of PARENT-COLOURS. First the flaming RED
Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny ORANGE next ;

And next delicious YELLOW ; by whose side

Fell the kind Beams of all-refreshing GREEN. 105

Then the pure BLUE, that swells autumnal Skies,
Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder Hue,

Emerg'd the deepen'd INDICO, as when

The heavy-skirted Evening droops with Frost.

While

While the last Gleamings of refracted Light 110
Dy'd in the fainting VIOLET away.

These, when the Clouds distil the rosy Shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry Bow;
While o'er our Heads the dewy Vision bends
Delightful, melting on the Fields beneath. 115

Myriads of mingling Dyes from these result,
And Myraids still remain—Infinite Source
Of Beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

DID ever Poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering Groves, by the hoarse Brook!
Or Prophet, to whose Rapture Heaven descends! 121
Even now the setting Sun and shifting Clouds,
Seen, GREENWICH, from thy lovely Heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the REFRACTIVE LAW.

THE noiseless TIDE of TIME, all bearing down
To vast Eternity's unbounded Sea, 126
Where the green Islands of the Happy shine,
He stem'd alone; and to the Source (involv'd
Deep in primæval Gloom) ascending, rais'd

302 *A P O E M to the Memory*

His Lights at equal Distances, to guide 130
 Historian, wilder'd on his darksome Way.

BUT who can number up his Labours? who
 His high Discoveries sing? when but a few
 Of the deep-studying Race can stretch their Minds
 To what he knew: in Fancy's lighter Thought, 135
 How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty Theme?

WHAT Wonder thence that his DEVOTION swell'd
 Responsive to his Knowledge! For could he,
 Whose piercing mental Eye diffusive saw
 The finish'd University of things, 140
 In all its Order, Magnitude, and Parts,
 Forbear incessant to adore that POWER
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the Whole?

SAY, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
 Who saw him in the softest Lights of Life, 145
 All unwithheld, indulging to his Friends
 The vast unborrow'd Treasures of his Mind,
 Oh speak the wondrous Man! how mild, how calm,
 How greatly humble, how divinely good;

How

How firm establish'd on eternal Truth; 150
Fervent in doing well, with every Nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for Perfection: far above
Those little Cares, and visionary Joys, 155
That so perplex the fond impassion'd Heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting Man.
This, CONDUITT, from thy rural Hours we hope;
As thro' the pleasing Shade, where Nature pours
Her every Sweet, in studious Ease you walk; 160
The social Passions smiling at thy Heart,
That glows with all the recollected Sage.

AND you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded Tribe,
You who, unconscious of those nobler Flights
That reach impatient at immortal Life,
Against the prime indearing Privilege 165
Of Being dare contend, say, can a Soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous Powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer Breath
Of Spirits dancing thro' their Tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant Air? 170

BUT

BUT hark ! methinks I hear a warning Voice,
 Solemn as when some awful Change is come,
 Sound thro' the world—" 'Tis done !—*The Measure's*
full;

" *And I resign my Charge.*—Ye mouldering Stones,
 That build the towering Pyramid, the proud 175
 Triumphal Arch, the Monument effac'd
 By ruthless Ruin, and whate'er supports
 The worship'd Name of hoar Antiquity,
 Down to the Dust ! what Grandeur can ye boast
 While NEWTON lifts his Column to the Skies, 180
 Beyond the Waste of Time.—Let no weak Drop
 Be shed for him. The Virgin in her Bloom
 Cut off, the joyous Youth, and darling Child,
 These are the Tombs that claim the tender Tear,
 And Elegiac Song. But NEWTON calls 185
 For other Notes of Gratulation high,
 That now he wanders thro' those endless Worlds
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
 And hymns their Author with his glad Compeers.

O BRITAIN'S Boast ! whether with Angels thou
Sittest in dread Discourse, or fellow-blest, 191
Who joy to see the Honour of their Kind ;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic Wing,
Thy swift Career is with the whirling Orbs,
Comparing Things with Things, in Rapture lost, 195
And grateful Adoration, for that Light
So plenteous ray'd into thy Mind below,
From LIGHT HIMSELF ; Oh look with Pity down
On Human-kind, a frail erroneous Race !
Exalt the Spirit of a downward World ! 200
O'er thy dejected Country chief preside,
And be her GENIUS call'd ! her Studies raise,
Correct her Manners, and inspire her Youth.
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy Name ; she points thee out 205
To all her Sons, and bids them eye thy Star :
While in expectance of the second Life,
When Time shall be no more, thy sacred Dust
Sleeps with her Kings, and dignifies the Scene.



BRITANNIA.

A

P O E M.

——— *Et tantas audetis tollere Moles?*
Quos Ego——sed motos præstat componere Fluctus.
Post mihi non simili Pæna commissa luetis.
Maturate Fugam, Regique hæc dicite vestro:
Non illi Imperium Pelagi, Sævumque Tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum.——— VIRG.

BRITANNIA.

A

P O E M.

AS on the sea-beat Shore *Britannia* sat,
 Of her degenerate Sons the faded Fame,
 Deep in her anxious Heart, revolving sad :
 Bare was her throbbing Bosom to the Gale,
 That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak Surge blew ;
 Loose flow'd her Tresses; rent her azure Robe. 6
 Hung o'er the Deep from her majestic Brow
 She tore the Laurel, and she tore the Bay.
 Nor ceas'd the copious Grief to bathe her Cheek ;
 Nor ceas'd her Sobs to murmur to the Main. 10
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
 Her Dove-like Wings. And War, tho' greatly rous'd,

Yet mourn'd his fetter'd Hands. While thus the
 Queen

Of Nations spoke; and what she said the Muse
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden Verse. 15

EVEN not yon Sail, that, from the Sky-mixt Wave,
 Dawns on the Sight, and wafts the *Royal Youth*,
 A Freight of future Glory to my Shore;
 Even not the flattering View of golden Days, 20
 And rising Periods yet of bright Renown,
 Beneath the *Parents*, and their endless Line
 Thro' late revolving Time, can sooth my Rage;
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting *Spaniard* dares
 Infest the trading Flood, full of vain War 25
 Despise my Navies, and my Merchants seize;
 As, trusting to false Peace, they fearless roam
 The World of Waters wild, made, by the Toil,
 And liberal Blood of glorious Ages, mine:
 Nor bursts my sleeping Thunder on their Head. 30
 Whence this unwonted Patience? this weak Doubt?
 This tame beseeching of rejected Peace?
 This meek Forbearance? this unnative Fear,

To

To generous *Britons* never known before?
 And fail'd my Fleets for this; on *Indian* Tides
 To float, unactive, with the veering Winds? 35
 The Mockery of War! while hot Disease,
 And Sloth distemper'd, swept off burning Crouds,
 For Action ardent; and amid the Deep,
 Inglorious, sunk them in the watry Grave.
 There now they lie beneath the rolling Flood, 40
 Far from their Friends, and Country unaveng'd;
 And back the weeping War-Ship comes again,
 Dispirited, and thin; her Sons asham'd
 Thus idly to review their native Shore;
 With not one Glory sparkling in their Eye, 45
 One Triumph in their Tongue. A Passenger,
 The violated Merchant comes along;
 That far-fought Wealth, for which the noxious Gale
 He drew, and sweat beneath Equator Suns,
 By lawless Force detain'd; a Force that soon 50
 Would melt away, and every Spoil resign,
 Were once the *British* Lion heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,
 In their own well-asserted Element,

Dares rouse to Wrath the Masters of the Main? 55
 Who told him, that the big incumbent War
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling Ports
 In smoky Ruin? and his guilty Stores,
 Won by the Ravage of a butcher'd World,
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing Deep, 60
 Or led the glittering Prize into the *Thames*?

THERE was a time (Oh let my languid Sons
 Resume their Spirit at the rousing Thought!)
 When all the Pride of *Spain*, in one dread Fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring Surge; like a whole Heaven
 Of Clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless Breeze. 66
 Gaily the splendid Armament along
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red Gleam,
 As sunk the Sun, o'er all the flaming Vast;
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the Dream 70
 Of easy Conquest; while their bloated War,
 Stretch'd out from Sky to Sky, the gather'd Force
 Of Ages held in its capacious Womb.
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous Pomp,
 My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few, 75

With

With Tempest black, the goodly Scene deform'd,
 And laid their Glory waste. The Bolts of Fate
 Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding Sides;
 Fierce o'er their Beauty blaz'd the lurid Flame;
 And seiz'd in horrid Grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80
 Amid the mighty Waters, deep they sunk.
 Then too from every Promontory chill,
 Rank Fen, and Cavern where the wild Wave works,
 I swept confederate Winds, and swell'd a Storm.
 Round the glad Isle, snatch'd by the vengeful Blast, 85
 The scatter'd Remnants drove; on the blind Shelve,
 And pointed Rock, that marks th' indented Shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the Northern Main
 Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* Isles.

SUCH were the Dawnings of my liquid Reign; 90
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 Even in those troubled Times, when dreadful *Blake*
 Aw'd angry Nations with the *British* Name,
 Let every humbled State, let *Europe* say,
 Sustain'd, and ballanc'd, by my naval Arm. 95
 Ah what must these immortal Spirits think

Of

Of your poor Shifts? These, for their Country's good,
 Who fac'd the blackest Danger, knew no fear,
 No mean Submission, but commanded Peace.

Ah how with Indignation must they burn? 100
 (If aught, but Joy, can touch ethereal Breasts)

With Shame? with Grief? to see their feeble Sons
 Shrink from that Empire o'er the conquer'd Seas,
 For which their Wisdom plan'd, their Councils glow'd,
 And their Veins bled thro' many a toiling Age. 105

OH first of human Blessings! and supreme!
 Fair *Peace*! how lovely, how delightful Thou!
 By whose wide Tie, the kindred Sons of Men,
 Like Brothers live, in Amity combin'd,
 And unsuspicious Faith; while honest Toil 110

Gives every Joy, and to those Joys a Right,
 Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.
 Pure is thy Reign; when, unaccurs'd by Blood,
 Nought, save the Sweetness of indulgent Showers,
 Trickling distils into the vernal Glebe; 115

Instead of mangled Carcasses, sad-seen,
 When the blythe Sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the Field;

When

When only shining Shares, the crooked Knife,
 And Hooks imprint the vegetable Wound;
 When the Land blushes with the Rose alone, 120
 The falling Fruitage, and the bleeding Vine.
 Oh, *Peace!* thou Source, and Soul of social Life;
 Beneath whose calm, inspiring Influence,
 Science his Views enlarges, Art refines,
 And swelling Commerce opens all her Ports; 125
 Blest be the Man divine, who gives us Thee!
 Who bids the Trumpet hush his horrid Clang,
 Nor blow the giddy Nations into Rage;
 Who sheaths the murderous Blade; the deadly Gun
 Into the well-pil'd Armoury returns; 135
 And, every Vigour from the Work of Death,
 To grateful Industry converting, makes
 The Country flourish, and the City smile.
 Unviolated, him the Virgin sings;
 And him the smiling Mother to her Train. 140
 Of him the Shepherd, in the peaceful Dale,
 Chaunts; and, the Treasures of his Labour sure,
 The Husbandman of him, as at the Plough,
 Or Team, he toils. With him the Sailor scotchs,

Beneath

Beneath the trembling Moon, the midnight Wave;
 And the full City, warm, from Street to Street, 146
 And Shop to Shop, responsive, rings of him.
 Nor joys one Land alone; his Praise extends
 Far as the Sun rolls the diffusive Day;
 Far as the Breeze can bear the Gifts of Peace, 150
 Till all the happy Nations catch the Song.

WHAT would not *Peace!* the Patriot bear for thee?
 What painful Patience? What incessant Care?
 What mixt Anxiety? What sleepless Toil?
 Even from the Rash protected what Reproach? 155
 For he thy Value knows; thy Friendship he
 To human Nature: but the better thou,
 The richer of Delight, sometimes the more
 Inevitable *War*; when Russian Force
 Awakes the Fury of an injur'd State. 160
 Then the good easy Man, whom Reason rules;
 Who, while unhurt, knew nor Offence, nor Harm,
 Rouz'd by bold Insult, and injurious Rage,
 With sharp, and sudden Check, th' astonish'd Sons
 Of Violence confounds; firm as his Cause, 165

His

His bolder Heart; in awful Justice clad;
 His Eyes effulging a peculiar Fire:
 And, as he charges thro' the prostrate War,
 His keen Arm teaches faithless Men, no more
 To dare the sacred Vengeance of the Just. 170

AND what, my thoughtless Sons, should fire you
 more,
 Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the Deep
 The least beginning Injury receives?
 What better Cause can call your Lightning forth?
 Your Thunder wake? Your dearest Life demand? 175
 What better Cause, than when your Country sees
 The fly Destruction at her Vitals aim'd?
 For oh it much imports you, 'tis your All,
 To keep your Trade intire, intire the Force,
 And Honour of your Fleets; o'er that to watch, 180
 Even with a Hand severe, and jealous Eye.
 In Intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
 By Wisdom polish'd, and of Manners fair;
 But on the Sea be terrible, untam'd,
 Unconquerable still: let none escape, 185
 Who

Who shall but aim to touch your Glory there.
 Is there the Man, into the Lion's Den
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his Young away?
 And is a *Briton* seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
 The slumbring Terrors of a *British* Fleet? 190
 Then ardent rise! Oh great in Vengeance rise!
 O'erturn the Proud, teach Rapine to restore:
 And as you ride sublimely round the World,
 Make every Vessel stoop, make every State
 At once their Welfare and their Duty know. 195
 This is your Glory; this your Wisdom; this
 The native Power for which you were design'd
 By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest State,
 That e'er was seated on the subject Sea;
 A State, alone, where *Liberty* should live, 200
 In these late Times, this Evening of Mankind,
 When *Athens*, *Rome*, and *Carthage* are no more,
 The World almost in slavish Sloth dissolv'd.
 For this, these Rocks around your Coast were thrown;
 For this, your Oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot 205
 Strong into sturdy Growth; for this, your Hearts
 Swell with a fullen Courage, growing still

As Danger grows; and Strength, and Toil for this
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent Land.
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive Power, 210
 Undangerous to the Public, ever prompt,
 By lavish Nature thrust into your Hand :
 And, unencumber'd with the Bulk immense
 Of Conquest, whence huge Empires rose, and fell,
 Self-crush'd, extend your Reign from Shore to Shore,
 Where'er the Wind your high Behests can blow, 216
 And fix it deep on this eternal Base.
 For should the sliding Fabrick once give way,
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past Recovery broke,
 It gathers Ruin as it rolls along, 220
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring Gulph,
 Where many a mighty Empire buried lies.
 And should the big redundant Flood of Trade,
 In which ten thousand thousand Labours join
 Their several Currents, till the boundless Tide 225
 Rolls in a radiant Deluge o'er the Land,
 Should this bright Stréam, the least infected, point
 Its Course another way, o'er other Lands
 The various Treasure would resistless pour,

Ne'er

Ne'er to be won again; its antient Tract 230
 Left a vile Channel, desolate, and dead,
 With all around a miserable Waste.
 Not *Egypt*, were, her better Heaven, the *Nile*
 Turn'd in the Pride of Flow; when o'er his Rocks,
 And roaring Cataracts, beyond the Reach 235
 Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide Flash
 An *Ethiopian* Deluge foams amain;
 (Whence wond'ring Fable trac'd him from the Sky)
 Even not that Prime of Earth, where Harvests croud
 On untill'd Harvests, all the teeming Year, 240
 If of the fat o'erflowing Culture robb'd,
 Were then a more uncomfortable Wild,
 Steril, and void; than of her Trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted Isle: her Princes sunk;
 Her high-built Honour moulder'd to the Dust; 245
 Unnerv'd her Force; her Spirit vanish'd quite;
 With rapid Wing her Riches fled away;
 Her unfrequented Ports alone the Sign
 Of what she was; her Merchants scatter'd wide;
 Her hollow Shops shut up; and in her Streets, 250
 Her

Her Fields, Woods, Markets, Villages, and Roads,
The cheerful Voice of Labour heard no more.

Oh let not then waste Luxury impair
That manly Soul of Toil, which strings your Nerves,
And your own proper Happiness creates! 255

Oh let not the soft, penetrating Plague
Creep on the free-born Mind! and working there,
With the sharp Tooth of many a new-form'd Want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the Heart
Of Liberty; the high Conception blast; 260

The noble Sentiment, th' impatient Scorn
Of base Subjection, and the swelling Wish
For general Good, erasing from the Mind:
While nought save narrow Selfishness succeeds,
And low Design, the sneaking Passions all 265

Let loose, and reigning in the rankled Breast.
Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd Degrees,
Sapping the very Frame of Government,
And Life, a total Dissolution comes;

Sloth, Ignorance, Dejection, Flattery, Fear. 702
Oppression raging o'er the Waste he makes;

The human Being almost quite extinct;
 And the whole State in broad Corruption sinks.
 Oh shun that Gulph: and gaping Ruin shun!
 And countless Ages roll it far away 275
 From you, ye Heaven-below'd! may *Liberty*,
 The Light of Life! the Sun of Human-kind!
 Whence Heroes, Bards, and Patriots borrow Flame,
 Even where the keen depressive North descends,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your Powers! 280
 While slavish Southern Climates beam in vain,
 And may a public Spirit from the *Throne*,
 Where every Virtue sits, go copious forth
 Live o'er the Land! the finer Arts inspire;
 Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive Head, 285
 Blow the fresh Breeze, bid Industry rejoice,
 And the rough Sons of lowest Labour smile.
 As when, profuse of Spring, the loosen'd West
 Lifts up the pining Year, and balmy breathes
 Youth, Life, and Love, and Beauty o'er the World.

But haste we from these melancholy Shores, 291
 Nor to deaf Winds, and Waves, our fruitless Plaint

Pour weak ; the Country claims our active Aid ;
That let us roam ; and where we find a Spark
Of public Virtue, blow it into Flame. 295

And now my Sons, the Sons of Freedom ! meet
In awful Senate ; thither let us fly ;
Burn in the Patriot's Thought, flow from his Tongue
In fearless Truth ; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the Spirit of *Britannia* round. 300

THIS said ; her fleeting Form, and airy Train,
Sunk in the Gale ; and nought but ragged Rocks
Rush'd on the broken Eye ; and nought was heard
But the rough Cadence of the dashing Wave.

THE TRAGEDY

Your weak; the Country claims our active Aid;
 That let us roam; and where we find a Spout
 Of public Virtue, blow it into Flame.
 And now my Song, the Sons of Freedom meet
 In awful Senate; thither let us fly;
 Burn in the Patriot's Thought, flow from his Tongue
 In fearless Truth; myself, unstartled, preside.
 And shed the Spirit of Britannia round.

ERRATA.

- Page 22, Line 401, for Naida read Naiads.**
Page 142, Line 1564, for his read thy.
Page 169, Line 214, for embowering read encircling.
Page 202, Line 900, put a Comma after with.
Page 220, Line 1282, for beside read besides.
Page 239, Line 170, for Head read Heads.
Page 242, Line 240, for deep read wide.
Page 271, Line 830, for they want, read he wants.



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
SOPHONISBA.

VOL. I.

*A

THE

TRAGEDY

43.
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200

209 HONORARY



A

Vol. I.



T O T H E
Q U E E N.

MADAM,

TH E Notice, Your MAJESTY has condescended to take of the following *Tragedy*, emboldens me to lay it, in the humblest Manner, at Your MAJESTY'S Feet. And to whom can this illustrious *Carthaginian* so properly fly for Protection, as to a QUEEN, who commands the Hearts of a *People*, more powerful at Sea than *Carthage*? more flourishing in *Commerce* than those *first Merchants*? more secure against Conquest? and, under a *Monarchy*, more free than a *Commonwealth* itself?

DEDICATION.

I dare not, nor indeed need I, here attempt a Character, where both the great and the amiable Qualities shine forth in full Perfection. All Words are faint to speak what is universally felt, and acknowledged, by a happy People. Permit me therefore only to subscribe my self, with the truest Zeal and Veneration,

M A D A M,

Your M A J E S T Y 's

Most humble,

Most dutiful,

And most devoted

Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.



P R E F A C E.

It is not my Intention, in this Preface, to defend any Faults that may be found in the following Piece.

I am afraid there are too many: But those who are best able to discover, will be the most ready to pardon them. They alone know how difficult an Undertaking the writing of a Tragedy is: and this is a first Attempt.

I beg leave only to mention the Reason that determined me to make choice of this Subject. What pleased me particularly, tho' perhaps it will not be least liable to Objection with ordinary Readers, was the great Simplicity of the Story. It is One, Regular, and Uniform, not charged with a Multiplicity of Incidents, and yet affording several Revolutions of Fortune; by which the Passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full Tumult of Emotion.

This Unity of Design was always sought after, and admired by the Antients: and the most Eminent among the Moderns, who understood their Writings, have chosen to imitate them in this, from an intire Conviction that the Reason of it must hold good in all Ages. And here allow me to translate a Passage from the celebrated Monsieur Racine, which contains all that I have to say on this Head.

“ We must not fancy that this Rule has no other
 “ Foundation but the Caprice of those who made it. No-
 “ thing can touch us in Tragedy, but what is probable.
 “ And what Probability is there, that, in one Day,
 “ should happen a Multitude of Things, which could
 “ scarce happen in several Weeks? There are some who
 “ think that Simplicity is a Mark of Barrenness of
 “ Invention. But they do not consider, that, on the
 “ contrary,

P R E F A C E.

“contrary, Invention consists in making something out
 “of nothing: and that this Huddle of Incidents has al-
 “ways been the Refuge of Poets, who did not find in
 “their Genius either Richness or Force enough to en-
 “gage their Spectators, for five Acts together, by a
 “simple Action, supported by the Violence of Passions,
 “the Beauty of Sentiments, and the Nobleness of Ex-
 “pression.” — I would not be understood to mean that all
 these things are to be found in my Performance: I only
 shew the Reader what I aimed at, and how I would
 have pleased him, had it been in my power.

As to the Character of Sophonisba; in drawing it,
 I have confined myself to the Truth of History. It were
 an Affront to the Age, to suppose such a Character out
 of Nature; especially in a Country which has produced
 so many great Examples of Public Spirit and Heroic Vir-
 tues, even in the Softer Sex: and I had destroyed her
 Character intirely, had I not marked it with that strong
 Love to her Country, Disdain of Servitude, and inborn
 Aversion to the Romans, by which all Historians have
 distinguished her. Nor ought her marrying Masinissa,
 while her former Husband was still alive, to be reckoned
 a Blemish in her Character. For, by the Laws both of
 Rome and Carthage, the Captivity of the Husband dis-
 solved the Marriage of course; as among us Impotence,
 or Adultery: not to mention the Reasons of a Moral and
 Public Nature, which I have put into her own Mouth in
 the Scene betwixt her and Syphax.

This is all I have to say of the Play itself. But I can-
 not conclude without owning my Obligations to those
 concerned in the Representation. They have indeed done
 me more than Justice. Whatever was designed as amia-
 ble and engaging in Masinissa shines out in Mr. Wilks's
 Action. Mrs. Oldfield, in the Character of Sophonisba,
 has excelled what, even in the Fondness of an Author, I
 could either wish or imagine. The Grace, Dignity, and
 happy Variety of her Action have been universally ap-
 plauded, and are truly admirable.

P R O L O G U E.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. WILLIAMS.

WHEN Learning, after the long Gothic Night,
Fair, o'er the Western World, renew'd his Light,
With Arts arising Sophonisba rose:

The Tragic Muse, returning, wept her Woes.

With her th' Italian Scene first learnt to glow;

And the first Tears for her were taught to flow.

Her Charms the Gallic Muses next inspir'd:

Corneille himself saw, wander'd, and was fir'd.

What foreign Theatres with pride have shewn,
Britain, by juster Title, makes her own.

When Freedom is the Cause, 'tis hers to fight;

And hers, when Freedom is the Theme, to write.

For this, a British Author bids again

The Heroine rise, to grace the British Scene.

Here, as in Life, she breathes her genuine Flame:

She asks what Bosom has not felt the same?

Asks of the British Youth—Is Silence there?

She dares to ask it of the British Fair.

To-night, our Home-spun Author would be true,
At once, to Nature, History, and You.

Well-pleas'd to give our Neighbours due Applause,

He owns their Learning, but disdains their Laws.

Not to his patient Touch, or happy Flame,

'Tis to his British Heart he trusts for Fame.

If France excel him in one free-born Thought,

The Man, as well as Poet, is in fault.

Nature! Informer of the Poet's Art,

Whose Force alone can raise or melt the Heart,

Thou art his Guide; each Passion, every Line,

Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.

Be thou his Judge: in every candid Breast,

Thy silent Whisper is the Sacred Test.

The Persons represented.

MASINISSA, King of <i>Massyia</i> ,	} By }	Mr. Wilks.
SYPHAX, King of <i>Massyia</i> ,		Mr. Mills.
NARVA, Friend to <i>Masinissa</i> ,		Mr. Roberts.
SCIPIO, the Roman General,		Mr. Williams.
LÆLIUS, his Lieutenant,		Mr. Bridgewater.
SOPHONISBA,	}	Mrs. Oldfield.
PHOENISSA, her Friend,		Mrs. Roberts.

Messenger, Slave, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE

The Palace of *CIRTHA*.



SOPHONISBA.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

SOPHONISBA.

THIS Hour, *Phænissa*, this important Hour,
Or fixes me a Queen, or from a Throne
Throws *Sophonisba* into *Roman* Chains.
Detested Thought! For now his utmost
Force

Collected, desperate, distress'd, and sore
From Battles lost; with all the Rage of War,
Ill-fated *Syphax* makes his last Effort.

But say, thou Partner of my Hopes and Fears,
Phænissa, say; while, from the lofty Tower,
Our staining Eyes the Field of Battle sought,

Ah,

Ah, thought you not that our *Numidian* Troops
Gave up the broken Field, and scattering fled,
Wild o'er the Hills, from the rapacious Sons
Of still triumphant *Rome*?

PHOENISSA.

The Dream of Care!

And think not, Madam, *Syphax* can resign,
But with his ebbing Life, in this last Field,
A Crown, a Kingdom, and a Queen he loves
Beyond Ambition's brightest Wish; for whom,
Nor mov'd by Threats, nor bound by plighted Faith,
He scorn'd the *Roman* Friendship (that fair Name
For Slavery) and from th' Engagements broke
Of *Scipio*, fam'd for every winning Art,
The towering Genius of recover'd *Rome*.

SOPHONISBA.

Oh name him not! These *Romans* stir my Blood
To too much Rage. I cannot bear the Fortune
Of that proud People.—Said you not, *Phœnissa*,
That *Syphax* lov'd me; which would fire his Battle,
And urge him on to Death or Conquest? True,
He loves me with the Madness of Desire;
His every Passion is a Slave to Love,
Nor heeds he Danger where I bid him go,
Nor Leagues, nor Interest. Hence these endless Wars,
These ravag'd Countries, these successful Fights,
Sustain'd for *Carthage*; whose Defence alone
Engag'd my loveless Marriage-Vows with his.
But know you not, that in the *Roman* Camp
I have a Lover too; a gallant, brave,
And disappointed Lover, full of Wrath,
Returning to a Kingdom whence the Sword
Of *Syphax* drove him?

PHOENISSA.

Masiniſſa?

SOPHONISBA.

He:

Young *Masiniſſa*, the *Massylian* King,
The first Addresser of my Youth; for whom
My Bosom felt a fond beginning Wish,

Extin-

Extinguish'd soon; when once to *Scipio's* side
 Won o'er, and dazled by th' enchanting Glare
 Of that fair-seeming Heroe, he became
 A gay admiring Slave, yet knew it not.
 E'er since, my Heart has held him in contempt;
 And thrown out each Idea of his Worth,
 That there began to grow: nay had it been
 As all-pow'ring, and soft, as her's who sits
 In secret Shades, or by the falling Stream,
 And wastes her Being in unutter'd Pangs,
 I would have broke, or cur'd it of its Fondness.

PHOENISSA.

Heroic *Sophonisba*!

SOPHONISBA.

No, *Phœnissa*;

It is not for the Daughter of great *Asdrubal*,
 Descended from a long illustrious Line
 Of *Carthaginian* Heroes, who have oft
 Fill'd *Italy* with Terror and Dismay,
 And shook the Walls of *Rome*, to pine in Love,
 Like a deluded Maid; to give her Life,
 And Heart high-beating in her Country's Cause,
 Meant not for common Aims and household Cares,
 To give them up to vain presuming Man;
 Much less to one who stoops the Neck to *Rome*,
 An Enemy to *Carthage*, *Masfinissa*.

PHOENISSA.

Think not I mean to check that glorious Flame,
 That just Ambition which exalts your Soul,
 Fires on your Cheek, and lightens in your Eye.
 Yet would he had been yours! this rising Prince;
 For, trust me, Fame is fond of *Masfinissa*.
 His various Fortune, his resplendent Deeds,
 His Courage, Conduct, deep-experienc'd Youth,
 And vast unbroken Spirit in Distress,
 Still rising stronger from the last Defeat,
 Are all the Talk and Terror too of *Africa*.

Who has not heard the Story of his Woes?
 How hard he came to his paternal Reign;
 Whence soon by *Syphax*' unrelenting Hate,

And

And jealous *Carthage* driven, he with a few
 Fled to the Mountains. Then, I think, it was
 Hem'd in a Circle of impending Rocks,
 That all his Followers fell, save fifty Horse;
 Who, thence escap'd thro' secret Paths abrupt,
 Gain'd the *Clupean* Plain. There overtook,
 And urg'd by fierce surrounding Foes he burst
 With four alone, sore wounded, thro' their Ranks,
 And all amidst a mighty Torrent plung'd.
 Seiz'd by the whirling Gulph, two sunk; and two,
 With him obliquely hurried down the Stream,
 Wrought to the farther Shore. Th' astonish'd Troops
 Stood check'd, and shivering on the gloomy Brink,
 And deem'd him lost in the devouring Flood.
 Mean time the dauntless, undespairing Youth
 Lay in a Cave conceal'd; curing his Wounds
 With Mountain-Herbs, and on his Horses fed:
 Nor here, even at the lowest Ebb of Life,
 Stoop'd his aspiring Mind. What need I say,
 How once again restor'd, and once again
 Expell'd, among the *Garamantian* Hills
 He since has wander'd, till the *Roman* Arm
 Reviv'd his Cause? And who shall reign alone,
Syphax or he, this Day decides.

SOPHONISBA.

Enough.

Thou need'st not blazon thus his Fame, *Phœnissa*.
 Were he as glorious as the Pride of Woman
 Could wish, in all her Wantonness of Thought;
 The Joy of Human-kind; wise, valiant, good,
 With every Praise, with every Laurel crown'd;
 The Warriour's Wonder, and the Virgin's Sigh:
 Yet this would cloud him o'er, this blemish all;
 His mean Submission to the *Roman* Yoke;
 That, false to *Carthage*, *Afric*, and himself,
 With proffer'd Hand and Knee, he hither led
 These Ravagers of Earth.—But while we talk,
 The Work of Fate goes on; even now perhaps
 My dying Country bleeds in every Vein,
 And the warm Victor thunders at our Gate.

SCENE



S C E N E II.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA, *and to them a*
MESSENGER *from the Battle.*

SOPHONISBA.

Ha! Whence art thou? Speak, tho' thy bleeding
Wounds
Might well excuse thy Tongue.

MESSENGER.

Madam, escap'd,
With much ado, from yon wide Death——

SOPHONISSBA.

No more,
At once thy Meaning flashes o'er my Soul.
Oh all my vanish'd Hopes! repairless Chance
Of undiscerning War!—And is all lost?
An universal Havock?

MESSENGER.

Madam, all,
For scarce a *Masæsylian*, save my self,
But is or seiz'd, or bites the bloody Plain.
The King——

SOPHONISBA.

Ah! what of him?

MESSENGER.

His fiery Steed,
By *Masnissa*, the *Massylian* Prince,
Pierc'd, threw him headlong to his clustering Foes;
And now he comes in Chains.

SOPHONISBA.

'Tis wond'rous fit,
Absolute Gods! All *Afric* is in Chains!
The weeping World in Chains! — Oh is there not
A

A Time, a righteous Time, reserv'd in Fate,
 When these Oppressors of Mankind shall feel
 The Miseries they give; and blindly fight
 For their own Fetters too?—The conquering Troops,
 How points their Motion?

MESSENGER.

At my heels they came,
 Loud-shouting, dreadful, in a Cloud of Dust,
 By *Masinissa* Headed.

SOPHONISBA.

Hark! arriv'd.
 The murmuring Croud rolls frighted to the Palace.
 Thou bleed'st to death, poor faithful Wretch,
 away,
 And dress thy Wounds, if Life be worth thy Care;
 Tho' *Rome*, methinks, will lose a Slave in thee.
 Would *Sophonisba* were as near the Verge
 Of boundless, and immortal Liberty!



S C E N E III.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

[*After a Pause.*]

SOPHONISBA.

And wherefore not? When Liberty is lost,
 Let Slaves and Cowards live; but in the Brave
 It were a Treachery to themselves, enough
 To merit Chains. And is it fit for me,
 Who in my Veins, from *Asdrubal* deriv'd,
 Hold *Carthaginian* Enmity to *Rome*;
 On whom I've lavish'd all my burning Soul,
 In everlasting Hate; for whose Destruction
 I sold my joyless Youth to *Syphax*' Arms,
 And turn'd him fierce upon them; fit for such

A native, restless, unrelenting Foe,
 To sit down softly-pensive, and await
 Th'approaching Victor's Rage; reserv'd in Chains
 To grace his Triumph, and become the Scorn
 Of every *Roman* Dame — Gods! how my Soul
 Disdains the Thought! and this shall set it free.

[Offers to stab herself.

PHOENISSA.

Hold, *Sophonisha*, hold! my Friend! my Queen!
 For whom alone I live! hold your rash Point,
 Nor thro' your guardian Bosom stab your Country.
 That is our last Resort, and always sure.
 The gracious Gods are liberal of Death;
 To that last Blessing lend a thousand Ways.
 Think not I'd have you live to drag a Chain,
 And walk the Triumph of insulting *Rome*.
 No, by these Tears of Loyalty and Love!
 Ere I beheld so vile a Sight, this Hand
 Should urge the faithful Poynard to your Heart,
 And glory in the Deed. But, while Hope lives,
 Let not the Generous die. 'Tis late before
 The Brave despair.

SOPHONISBA.

Thou Copy of my Soul!

And now my Friend indeed! Shew me but Hope,
 One Glimpse of Hope, and I'll renew my Toils,
 Call Patience, Labour, Fortitude again,
 The vext unjoyous Day, and sleepless Night;
 Nor shrink at Danger, any Shape of Death,
 Shew me the smallest Hope! Alas, *Phænissa*,
 Too kindly confident! Hope lives not here,
 Fled with her Sister Liberty beyond
 The *Garamantian* Hills, to some steep Wild,
 Some undiscover'd Country, where the Foot
 Of *Roman* cannot come.

PHOENISSA.

Yes, there she liv'd

With *Masinissa*, wounded and forlorn,
 Amidst the Serpents' Hiss, and Tygers' Yell.—

SOPHO-

SOPHONISBA.

Why nam'st thou him?

PHOENISSA.

Madam, in this forgive

My forward Zeal; from him proceeds our Hope.
 He lov'd you once; nor is your Form impair'd,
 Warm'd, and unfolded into stronger Charms:
 Ask his Protection from the *Roman* Power,
 You must prevail; for *Sophonisba* sure
 From *Masiniſſa* cannot ask in vain.

SOPHONISBA.

Now, by the prompting Genius of my Country!
 I thank thee for the Thought. True, there is Pain
 Even in descending thus to beg Protection,
 From that degenerate Youth. But oh for thee,
 My sinking Country! and again to gall
 This hated *Rome*, what would I not endure?
 It shall be done, *Phœniſſa*; tho' Disgust
 Choak'd up my struggling Meaning, shall be done.

[Kneels.]

But here I vow, propitious *Juno*, hear!
 Could every Pomp and every Pleasure join'd,
 Love, Empire, Glory, a whole kneeling World,
 Unnerve my smallest Purpose, and remit
 That most inveterate Enmity I bear
 The *Roman* State; may *Carthage* smoke in Ruins!
Rome rise the Mistress of Mankind! and I,
 There an abandon'd Slave, drag out a Length
 Of Life, in loathsome Baseness, and Contempt!
 This way the Trumpet sounds; let us retire.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

MASINISSA, SYPHAX *in Chains*, NARVA,
Guards, &c.

SYPHAX.

Is there no Dungeon in this City? dark,
As is my troubled Soul? That thus I'm brought
To my own Palace, to those Rooms of State,
Wont in another manner to receive me,
With other Signs of Royalty than these.

[looking on his Chains.]

MASINISSA.

I will not wound thee, not insult thee, *Syphax*,
With a Recital of thy tyrant Crimes.
A Captive here I see thee, fallen below
My most revengeful Wish; and all the Rage,
The noble Fury that inspir'd this Morn
Is sunk to soft Compassion. In the Field,
The flaming Front of War, there is the Scene
Of brave Revenge; and I have fought thee there,
Keen as the hunted Lion seeks his Foe.
But when a broken Enemy, disarm'd,
And helpless lies; a falling Sword, an Eye
With Pity flowing, and an Arm as weak
As infant Softness, then becomes the brave.

Now sleeps the Sword; the Passions of the Field
Subside to Peace; and my relenting Soul
Melts at thy Fate.

SYPHAX.

This, this, is all I dread,
All I detest, this Insolence refin'd,
This barbarous Pity, this affected Goodness.
Pitied by thee!—Is there a Form of Death,

Of Torture, and of Infamy like that?
It kills my very Soul!—Ye partial Gods!
I feel your worst; why should I fear you more?

Hear me, vain Youth! take notice—I abhor
Thy Mercy, loath it.—Poison to my Thoughts!
Wouldst thou be merciful? one way alone
Thou canst oblige me.—Use me like a Slave;
As I would thee, (delicious Thought!) wert thou
Here crouching in my power.

MASINISSA.

Outragious Man!
If that is Mercy, I'll be cruel still.
Nor canst thou drive me, by that bitterest Rage,
To an unmanly Deed; not all thy Wrongs,
Nor this worse Triumph in them.

SYPHAX.

Ha! ha! Wrongs?
I cannot wrong thee. When we lanch the Spear
Into the Monster's Heart, or crush the Serpent;
Destroy what in Antipathy we hold,
The common Foe; can that be call'd a Wrong?
Injurious that? Absurd! it cannot be.

MASINISSA.

I'm loth to hurt thee more.—The Tyrant works
Too fierce already in thy rankled Breast.
But since thou seem'st to rank me with thy self,
With great Destroyers, with perfidious Kings;
I must reply to thy licentious Tongue,
Bid thee remember, whose accursed Sword
Began this work of Death; who broke the Ties,
The holy Ties, attested by the Gods,
Which bind the Nations in the Bond of Peace;
Who meanly took advantage of my Youth,
Unskill'd in Arms, unsettled on my Throne,
And drove me to the Desert, there to dwell
With kinder Monsters; who my Cities sack'd,
My Country pillag'd, and my Subjects murder'd;
Who still pursu'd me with inveterate Hate,
When generous Force prov'd vain, with ruffian Arts,
The Villain's Dagger, base Assassination.

And

And for no reason all. Brute Violence
Alone thy Plea.—What the least Provocation,
Say, canst thou but pretend?

SYPHAX.

I needed none.

Nature has in my Being sown the Seeds
Of Enmity to thine—Nay mark me this.
Couldst thou restore me to my former State,
Strike off these Chains, give me the Sword again,
The Sceptre, and the wide-obedient War:
Yet must I still, implacable to thee,
Seek eagerly thy Death, or die my self.
Life cannot hold us both!—Unequal Gods!
Who love to disappoint Mankind, and take
All Vengeance to your selves; why to the point
Of my long-flatter'd Wishes did ye lift me,
Then sink me thus so low? Just as I drew
The glorious Stroke that was to make me happy,
Why did you blast my strong extended Arm?
Strike the dry Sword unsated to the ground?
But that to mock us is your cruel Sport?
What else is human Life?

MASINISSA.

Thus always join'd

With an inhuman Heart, and brutal Manners,
Is Irreligion to the ruling Gods;
Whose Schemes our peevish Ignorance arraigns,
Our thoughtless Pride.—Thy lost Condition, *Syphax*,
Is nothing to the Tumult of thy Breast.
There lies the Sting of Evil, there the Drop
That poisons Nature.—Ye mysterious Powers!
Whose Ways are ever-gracious, ever-just,
As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me;
But, whether thro' your gloomy Depths I wander,
Or on your Mountains walk; give me the calm
The steady, smiling Soul; where Wisdom sheds,
Eternal Sunshine and eternal Joy.
Then, if Misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest Virtues. And so many great
Illustrious Spirits have convers'd with Woe,

(The Pride of adverse Fate!) as are enough
To consecrate Distress, and make even Death
Ambition.

SYPHAX.

Torture! Racks! The common Trick
Of insolent Success, unsuffering Pride,
This Prate of Patience, and I know not what.
'Tis all a Lye, impracticable Rant;
And only tends to make me scorn thee more.

But why this Talk? In mercy send me hence;
Yet—ere I go—Oh save me from Distraction!
I know, hot Youth, thou burnest for my Queen;
But by the Majesty of ruin'd Kings,
And that commanding Glory which surrounds her,
I charge thee touch her not!

MASINISSA.

No, *Syphax*, no.

Thou need'st not charge me. That were mean indeed,
A Triumph that to thee. But could I stoop
Again to love her; Thou, what Right hast thou,
A Captive, to her Bed? Nor Life, nor Queen,
Nor aught, a Captive has. All Laws in this,
Roman and Carthaginian, all agree.

SYPHAX.

Here, here, begins the Bitterness of Death!
Here my Chains grind me first!

MASINISSA.

Poor *Sophonisba*!

She too becomes the Prize of conquering *Rome*;
What most her Heart abhors. Alas, how hard
Will Slavery fit on her exalted Soul!
How piteous hard! But, if I know her well,
She never will endure it, she will die.
For not a *Roman* burns with nobler Ardor,
A higher Sense of Liberty than she;
And tho' she marry'd thee, her only Stain,
False to my Youth, and faithless to my Vows;
Yet, I must own it, from a worthy Cause,
From publick Spirit did her Fault proceed.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Blue Plagues, and Poison on thy meddling Tongue !
Talk not of her ; for every Word of her
Is a keen Dagger, griding thro' my Heart.

Oh ! for a lonely Dungeon ! where I rather
Would talk with my own Groans, and great Revenge,
Than in the Mansions of the Blest with thee.
Hell ! Whither must I go ?

MASINISSA.

Unhappy Man !

And is thy Breast determin'd against Peace,
On Comfort shut ?

SYPHAX.

On all, but Death, from thee.

MASINISSA.

Narva, be *Syphax* thy peculiar Care ;
And use him well with Tendernefs and Honour.
This Evening *Lelius*, and to-morrow *Scipio*,
To *Cirta* come. Then let the *Romans* take
Their Prisoner.

SYPHAX.

There shines a Gleam of Hope
Across the Gloom——From thee deliver'd !——Ease
Breathes in that Thought——Lead on——My Heart
grows lighter !



S C E N E V.

MASINISSA *alone.*

What dreadful havoc in the human Breast
The Passions make, when unconfin'd, and mad,
They burst, unguided by the mental Eye,
The Light of Reason ; which in various ways
Points them to good, or turns them back from ill.

O save me from the Tumult of the Soul!
 From wild Beasts within!——For circling Sands,
 When the swift Whirlwind whelms them o'er the
 Lands;

The roaring Deeps that to the Clouds arise,
 While thwarting thick the mingled Lightning flies;
 The Monster-brood to which this Land gives Birth,
 The blazing City, and the gaping Earth;
 All Deaths, all Tortures, in one Pang combin'd,
 Are gentle to the Tempest of the Mind.

The End of the First Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

MASINISSA, NARVA,

MASINISSA.

————— 'Tis true, my Friend,
 Thou good old Man, by whom my Youth was form'd,
 The firm Companion of my various Life,
 I own, 'tis true, that *Sophonisba's* Image
 Lives in my Bosom still; and at each Glance
 I take in secret of the bright Idea,
 A strange Disorder seizes on my Soul,
 Which burns with stronger Glory. Need I say,
 How once she had my Vows? Till *Scipio* came,
 Resistless Man! like a descending God,
 And snatch'd me from the *Carthaginian* side
 To nobler *Rome*; beneath whose laurel'd Brow,
 And ample Eye, the Nations grow polite,
 Humane and happy. Then thou may'st remember,
 Such is this Woman's high impetuous Spirit,
 That all-controlling Love she bears her Country,
 Her *Carthage*; that at this she sacrific'd
 To *Syphax*, unbelov'd, her blooming Years,
 And won him off from *Rome*.

NARVA.

My generous Prince!
 Applauding *Afric* of thy Choice approves.
 Fame claps her Wings, and Virtue smiles on thee,
 Of Peace thou Softner, and thou Soul of War!
 But oh beware of that fair Foe to Glory,
 Woman! and most of *Carthaginian* Woman!
 Who has not heard of fatal *Punic* Guile?
 Of their sly Conquests? their insidious Leagues?

*B 4

Their

Their *Asdrubals*? their *Hannibals*? with all
 Their wily Heroes? And, if such their Men,
 What must their Women be?

MASINISSA.

You make me smile.

I thank thy honest Zeal. But never dread
 The Firmness of my Heart, my strong Attachment,
 Severe to *Rome*, to *Scipio*, and to Glory.
 Indeed, I cannot, would not quite forget
 The Grace of *Sophonisba*; how she look'd,
 And talk'd, and mov'd, a *Pallas*, or a *Juno*!
 Accomplish'd even in Trifles, when she stoop'd
 Ambition's Flight, and with a soften'd Eye
 Gave her quick Spirit into gayer Life.
 Then every Word was Liveliness, and Wit;
 We heard the Muses' Song; and the Dance swam
 Thro' all the Maze of Harmony. I flatter not,
 Believe me, *Narva*; yet my panting Soul,
 To *Scipio* taken in the fair Pursuit
 Of Fame, and for my People's Happiness,
 Resign'd this *Sophonisba*; and tho' now
 Constrain'd by soft Necessity to see her,
 And she a Captive in my power, will still
 Resign her.

NARVA.

Let me not doubt thy Fortitude,
 My *Masinissa*, thy exalted Purpose
 Not to be lost in Love; but ah! we know not,
 Oft, till Experience sighs it to the Soul,
 The boundless Witchcraft of ensnaring Woman,
 And our own slippery Hearts. From *Scipio* learn
 The Temperance of Heroes. I'll recount
 Th' instructive Story, what these Eyes beheld;
 Perhaps you've heard it; but 'tis pleasing still,
 Tho' told a thousand times.

MASINISSA.

I burn to hear it.

Lost by my late Misfortunes in the Desert,
 I liv'd a Stranger to the Voice of Fame,
 To *Scipio's* last Exploits. Exalt me now.

Great

Great Actions raise the Mind. But when a Friend,
A *Scipio* does them; then with more than Wonder,
Even with a sort of Vanity we listen.

NARVA.

When to his glorious, first Essay in War,
New *Carthage* fell; there all the Flower of *Spain*
Were kept in Hostage; a full Field presenting
For *Scipio's* Generosity to shine.

And then it was, that when the Heroe heard
How I to thee belong'd, he with large Gifts,
And friendly Words dismiss'd me.

MASINISSA.

I remember.

And in his favour that impress'd me first.
But to thy Story.

NARVA.

What with Admiration

Struck every Heart, was this———A noble Virgin,
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive Dames,
Was mark'd the General's Prize. She wept, and blush'd,
Young, fresh, and blooming like the Morn. An Eye,
As when the blue Sky trembles thro' a Cloud
Of purest White. A secret Charm combin'd
Her Features, and infus'd Enchantment thro' them.
Her Shape was Harmony.—But Eloquence
Beneath her Beauty fails; which seem'd, on purpose,
Pour'd out by lavish Nature, that Mankind
Might see this Action in its highest Lustre.
Soft, as she pass'd along, with downcast Eyes,
Where gentle Sorrow swell'd, and now and then
Dropt o'er her modest Cheek a trickling Tear,
The *Roman* Legions languish'd; and hard War
Felt more than Pity. Even *Scipio's* self,
As on his high Tribunal rais'd he sat,
Turn'd from the piercing Sight, and chiding ask'd
His Officers, if by this Gift they meant
To cloud his Glory in its very Dawn.

MASINISSA.

Oh Gods! my fluttering Heart! On, stop not, *Narva*.

NARVA.

NARVA.

She question'd of her Birth, in trembling Accents,
 With Tears and Blushes broken, told her Tale.
 But when he found her royally descended,
 Of her old captive Parents the sole Joy;
 And that a hapless *Celtiberian* Prince,
 Her Lover and Belov'd, forgot his Chains,
 His lost Dominions, and for her alone
 Wept out his tender Soul; sudden the Heart
 Of this young, conquering, loving, godlike *Roman*
 Felt all the great Divinity of Virtue.
 His wishing Youth stood check'd, his tempting Power,
 By infinite Humanity——

MASINISSA.

Well, well;

And then!

NARVA.

Disdaining guilty Doubt, at once
 He for her Parents and her Lover call'd.
 The various Scene imagine: How his Troops
 Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
 While stretch'd below the trembling Suppliants lay,
 Rack'd by a thousand mingling Passions, Fear,
 Hope, Jealousy, Disdain, Submission, Grief,
 Anxiety, and Love in every shape.
 To these as different Sentiments succeeded,
 As mixt Emotions, when the Man divine
 Thus the dread Silence to the Lover broke.
 " We both are young, both charm'd, The Right
 " of War
 " Has put thy beauteous Mistress in my power;
 " With whom I could, in the most sacred Ties,
 " Live out a happy Life: But know that *Romans*
 " Their Hearts as well as Enemies can conquer.
 " Then take her to thy Soul; and with her take
 " Thy Liberty and Kingdom. In return
 " I ask no more, but, when you view these Eyes,
 " These Charms, with transport, be a Friend to *Rome*.

MASINISSA.

There spoke the Soul of *Scipio*——But the Lovers?

NARVA.

NARVA.

Joy and extatic Wonder held them mute ;
 While the loud Camp, and all the clustring Croud,
 That hung around, rang with repeated Shouts.
 Fame took th' alarm, and thro' resounding *Spain*
 Blew fast the fair Report ; which, more than Arms,
 Admiring Nations to the *Romans* gain'd.

MASINISSA.

My Friend in glory ! thy awaken'd Prince
 Springs at thy faithful Tale. It fires my Soul,
 And nerves each Thought anew ; apt oft perhaps,
 Too much, too much to slacken into Love.
 But now the soft Oppression flies ; and all
 My mounting Powers expand to Deeds like thine,
 Thou Pattern and Inspirer of my Fame,
Scipio, thou first of Men, and best of Friends !

What Man of Soul would live, my *Narva*, breathe
 This idle-puffing Element ; and run,
 Day after day, the still-returning Round
 Of Life's mean Offices, and sickly Joys ;
 But in Compassion to Mankind ? to be
 A guardian God below ? to dissipate
 An ardent Being in heroic Aims ?
 Do something vastly great like what you told ?
 Something to raise him o'er the groveling Herd,
 And make him shine for ever ?——Oh, my Friend !
 Bleed every Vein about me ; every Nerve
 With Anguish tremble ; every Sinew ake ;
 Be Toil familiar to my Limbs ; Ambition
 Mix all my Thoughts in an incessant Whirl ;
 The third time may I lose my Kingdom ; and again
 Wander the false inhospitable Syrts ;
 Yet oh, ye liberal Gods ! in rich Award,
 And amplest Recompence——I ask no more——
 Share me the Wreath of Fame from *Scipio's* Brow !
 But see, she comes ! mark her majestic Port !

SCENE



SCENE II.

MASINISSA, SOPHONISBA, NARVA,
PHOENISSA.

SOPHONISBA.

Behold, victorious Prince! the Scene revers'd;
And *Sophonisba* kneeling here; a Captive,
O'er whom the Gods, thy Fortune, and thy Virtue,
Have given unquestion'd Power of Life and Death.
If such a one may raise her suppliant Voice,
Once Music to thy Ear; if she may touch
Thy Knee, thy Purple, and thy Victor-Hand;
Oh listen, *Masinissa*! Let thy Soul
Intensely listen! While I fervent pray,
And strong adjure thee, by that regal State,
In which with equal Pomp we lately shone!
By the *Numidian* Name, our common Boast!
And by those household Gods! who may, I wish,
With better Omens take thee to this Palace,
Than *Syphax* hence they sent. As is thy pleasure,
In all beside determine of my Fate.
This, this alone I beg. Never, oh never!
Into the cruel, proud, and hated Power
Of *Romans* let me fall. Since angry Heaven
Will have it so, that I must be a Slave,
And that a galling Chain must bind these Hands;
It were some little softning in my Doom,
To call a kindred Son of the same Clime,
A Native of *Numidia*, my Lord.
But if thou canst not save me from the *Romans*,
If this sad Favour be beyond thy Power;
At least to give me Death is what thou canst.
Here strike—— my naked Bosom courts thy Sword;
And my last Breath shall bless thee, *Masinissa*.

MASI-

MASINISSA.

Rise, *Sophonisba*, rise. To see thee thus
Is a Revenge I scorn; and all the Man
Within me, though much injur'd by thy Pride,
And Spirit too tempestuous for thy Sex,
Yet blushes to behold thus at my Feet,
Thus prostrate low, her, for whom Kings have kneel'd,
The fairest, but the falsest of her Sex.

SOPHONISBA.

Spare thy Reproach.——'Tis cruel thus to lose
In rankling Discord, and ungenerous Strife,
The few remaining Moments that divide me
From the last Evil, Bondage——*Roman* Bondage!
Yes, shut thy Heart against me. Shut thy Heart
Against Compassion, every human Thought,
Even recollected Love: Yet know, rash Youth!
That when thou seest me swell their lofty Triumph,
Thou seest thy self in me. This is my Day;
To-morrow may be thine. But here, assur'd,
Here will I lie on this vile Earth, forlorn,
Of Hope abandon'd, since despis'd by thee;
These Locks all loose and sordid in the Dust;
This sullied Bosom growing to the Ground,
Scorch'd up with Anguish, and of every Shape
Of Misery full: till comes the Soldier fierce
From recent Blood; and, in thy very Eye,
Lays raging his rude sanguinary Grasp
On these weak Limbs; and clinches them in Chains.
Then if no friendly Steel, no nectar'd Draught
Of deadly Poison, can enlarge my Soul;
It will indignant burst from a Slave's Body;
And, join'd to mighty *Dido*, scorn ye all.

MASINISSA.

Oh *Sophonisba*! 'tis not safe to hear thee;
And I mistook my Heart, to trust it thus.
Hence let me fly.

SOPHONISBA.

You shall not, *Masinissa*!
Here will I hold you, tremble here for ever;
Here unremitting grow, till you consent.

And

And can'st thou think, oh! can'st thou think to leave
me?

Expos'd, defenceless, wretched, here alone?
A Prey to *Romans* flush'd with Blood and Conquest?
The Subject of their Scorn or baser Love?
Sure *Masiniſſa* cannot; and, tho' chang'd,
Tho' cold as that averted Look he wears;
Sure Love can ne'er in generous Breasts be lost
To that degree, as not from Shame and Outrage
To save what once they lov'd.

MASINIſſA.

Enchantment! Madness!
What would'st thou, *Sophonisba*!—Oh my Heart!
My treacherous Heart!

SOPHONISBA.

What would I, *Masiniſſa*?
My mean Request sits blushing on my Cheek.
To be thy Slave, young Prince, is what I beg;
Here *Sophonisba* kneels to be thy Slave;
Yet kneels in vain. But thou'rt a Slave thy self,
And canst not from the *Romans* save one Woman;
Her, who was once the Triumph of thy Soul;
Ere they seduc'd it by their lying Glory.
Immortal Gods! and am I fallen so low?
Scorn'd by a Lover? by a Slave to *Rome*?
Nought can be worth this Baseness, Life, nor Empire!
I loath me for it.—On this kinder Earth,
Then leave me, leave me, to Despair and Death!

MASINIſſA.

What means this Conflict with almighty Nature?
With the whole warring Heart?—Rise, quickly rise,
In all the conquering Majesty of Charms,
O *Sophonisba*, rise! while here I swear,
By the tremendous Powers that rule Mankind!
By Heaven and Earth, and Hell! by Love, and Glory!
The *Romans* shall not hurt you—*Romans* cannot;
For *Rome* is generous as the Gods themselves,
And honours, not insults, a generous Foe.
Yet since you dread them, take this sacred Pledge,
This Hand of Surety, by which Kings are bound;

By

By which I hold you mine, and vow to treat you,
 With all the Rev'rence due to ruin'd State,
 With all the Softness of remember'd Love,
 All that can sooth thy Fate, and make thee happy.

SOPHONISBA.

I thank thee, *Masiniſſa*! now the ſame;
 The ſame warm Youth, exalted, full of Soul;
 With whom in happier Days I wont to paſs
 The ſighing Hour: while, dawning fair in Love,
 All Song and Sweetneſs, Life ſet joyous out;
 Ere the black Tempeſt of Ambition roſe,
 And drove us different ways.—Thus drefs'd in War,
 In nodding Plumes, o'ercaſt with fullen Thought,
 With purpos'd Vengeance dark, I knew thee not:
 But now breaks out the beauteous Sun anew,
 The gay *Numidian* ſhines who warm'd me once,
 Whoſe Love was Glory.—Vain Ideas, hence!
 —Long ſince my Heart, to nobler Paſſions known,
 Has your Acquaintance ſcorn'd.

MASINISSA.

Oh! while you talk,
 Enchanting Fair-one! my deluded Thought
 Runs back to Days of Love; when Fancy ſtill
 Found Worlds of Beauty, ever riſing new
 To the tranſported Eye; when flattering Hope
 Form'd endleſs Proſpects of increaſing Blis;
 And ſtill the credulous Heart believ'd them all,
 Even more than Love could promiſe.—But the Scene
 Is full of Danger for a tainted Eye;
 I muſt not, dare not, will not look that way.
 O hide it, Wiſdom, Glory, from my view!
 Or in ſweet Ruin I ſhall ſink again.

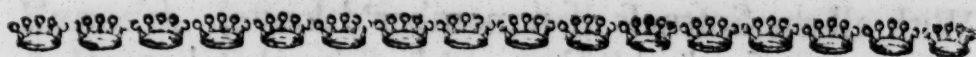
Diſaſter clouds thy Cheek; thy Colour goes.
 Retire, and from the Troubles of the Day
 Repoſe thy weary Soul; worn out with Care,
 And rough unhappy Thought.

SOPHONISBA.

May *Masiniſſa*

Ne'er want the Goodneſs he has ſhewn to me.

SCENE



S C E N E III.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

MASINISSA.

The danger's o'er, I've heard the *Syren's* Song,
 Yet still to Glory hold my steady Course.
 I mark'd thy kind Concern, thy friendly Fears,
 And own them just; for she has Beauty, *Narva*,
 So full, so perfect, with so great a Soul
 Inform'd, so pointed high with Spirit,
 As strikes like Lightning from the Hand of *Jove*,
 And raises Love to Glory.

NARVA.

Ah, my Prince!

Too true, it is too true; her fatal Charms
 Are powerful, and to *Masiniſſa's* Heart
 But know the way too well. And art thou sure,
 That the soft Poison, which within thy Veins
 Lay unextinguish'd, is not rouz'd a-new?
 Is not this Moment working thro' thy Soul?
 Dost thou not love? Confess.

MASINISSA.

What said my Friend,
 Of Poison? Love? of loving *Sophonisba*?
 Yes, I admire her, wonder at her Beauty;
 And he who does not is as dull as Earth,
 The cold unanimated Form of Man,
 Ere lighted up with the celestial Fire.
 Where-e'er she goes still Admiration gazes,
 And listens while she talks. Even thou thy self,
 Who saw'st her with the Malice of a Friend,
 Even thou thy self admir'st her.—Dost thou not?
 Say, speak sincerely.

I

NARVA.

NARVA.

She has Charms indeed ;
But has she Charms like Virtue ? Tho' majestic ;
Does she command us, is her Force like Glory ?

MASINISSA.

All Glory's in her Eye ! Perfection thence
Looks from his Throne ; and on her ample Brow
Sits Majesty. Her Features glow with Life,
Warm with heroic Soul. Her Mien ! — she walks,
As when a towering Goddess treads this Earth.
But when her Language flows ; when such a one
Descends to sooth, to sigh, to weep, to grasp
The tottering Knee ; oh ! *Narva, Narva*, oh !
Expression here is dumb.

NARVA.

Alas ! my Lord,
Is this the Talk of sober Admiration ?
Are these the Sallies of a Heart at ease ?
Of *Scipio's* Friend ? And was it the calm Sense
Of fair Perfection, that, the while she kneel'd
For what you rashly promis'd, seiz'd your Soul ;
Stole out in secret Transports from your Eye ;
That writh'd you groaning round, and shook your
Frame ?

MASINISSA.

I tell thee once again, too cautious Man,
That when a Woman begs, a matchless Woman,
A Woman once lov'd, a fallen Queen,
A *Sophonisba* ! when she twines her Charms
Around our Soul, and all her Power of Looks,
Of Tears, of Sighs, of Softness, plays upon us ;
He's more or less than Man who can resist her.
For me, my steadfast Soul approves, nay more,
Exults in the Protection it has promis'd.
And nought, tho' plighted Honour did not bind me,
Shall shake the happy Purpose of my Heart ;
Nought, by th' avenging Gods ! who heard my Vow,
And hear me now again.

NARVA.

And was it then

For this you conquer'd?

MASINISSA.

Yes, and triumph in it.

This was my fondest Wish ; the very Point,
The Plume of Glory, the delicious Prize
Of bleeding Years. And I had been a Brute,
A greater Monster than *Numidia* breeds,
A Horror to my self ; if on the ground,
Cast vilely from me, I th' illustrious Fair-one
Had left to Bondage, Bitterness, and Death.
Nor is there aught in War worth what I feel ;
In Pomp and hollow State, like this sweet Sense
Of infelt Bliss ; which the Reflection gives me,
Of saving thus such Excellence and Beauty
From her supreme Abhorrence.

NARVA.

Masinissa,

My Friend ! my Royal Lord ! alas ! you slide,
You sink from Virtue. On the giddy Brink
Of Fate you stand.—One step, and all is lost !

MASINISSA.

No more, no more ! if this is being lost.
If this, mistaken ! is forsaking Virtue,
And rushing down the Precipice of Fate ;
Then down I go, far far beyond the Din
Of scrupulous dull Precaution.—Leave me, *Narva*.
I want to be alone, to find some Shade,
Some solitary Gloom ; there to shake off
This Weight of Life, this Tumult of Mankind,
This sick Ambition on it self recoiling ;
And there to listen to the gentle Voice,
The Sigh of Peace, something, I know not what,
That whispers Transport to my Heart.—Farewel.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

NARVA *alone.*

Struck, and he knows it not.—So when the Field,
Elate in Heart, the Warriour scorns to yield;
The streaming Blood can scarce convince his Eyes;
Nor will he feel the Wound by which he dies.

The End of the Second Act.

* C 2

ACT



A C T III. S C E N E I.

MASINISSA *alone.*

IN vain I wander thro' the Shade for Peace ;
 'Tis with the Calm alone, the Pure of Heart,
 That there the Goddess talks—But in my Breast
 Some busy Thought, some secret-eating Pang,
 Throbs inexpressible ; and rowls from—What ?
 From Charm to Charm, on *Sophonisba* still
 Earnest, intent, devoted all to her.
 Oh it must out ! — 'Tis Love, almighty Love !
 Returning on me with a stronger Tide.
 I'll doubt no more, but give it up to Love.
 Come to my Breast, thou rosy-smiling God !
 Come unconfin'd ! bring all thy Joys along,
 All thy soft Cares, and mix them copious here.
 But why invoke I thee ? Thy Power is weak,
 To *Sophonisba's* Eye, thy Quiver poor,
 To the resistless Lightning of her Form ;
 And dull thy bare insinuating Arts,
 To the sweet Mazes of her flowing Tongue.
 Quick, let me fly to her ; and there forget
 This tedious Absence, War, Ambition, Noise,
 Even Friendship's self, the Vanity of Fame,
 And all but Love, for Love is more than all !

SCENE



SCENE II.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

MASINISSA.

Welcome again, my Friend,—Come nearer, *Narva* ;
 Lend me thine Arm, and I will tell thee all,
 Unfold my secret Heart, whose every Pulse
 With *Sophonisba* beats.—Nay hear me out—
 Swift, as I mus'd, the Conflagration spread ;
 At once too strong, too general, to be quench'd.
 I love, and I approve it, doat upon her,
 Even think these Minutes lost I talk with thee.
 Heavens ! what Emotions have possess'd my Soul !
 Snatch'd by a Moment into Years of Passion.

NARVA.

Ah *Masinissa* ! —

MASINISSA.

Argue not against me.
 Talk down the circling Winds that lift the Desert ;
 And, touch'd by Heaven, when all the Forests blaze,
 Talk down the Flame, but not my stronger Love.
 I have for Love a thousand thousand Reasons,
 Dear to the Heart, and potent o'er the Soul.
 My ready Thoughts all rising, restless all,
 Are a perpetual Spring of Tenderness ;
 Oh ! *Sophonisba* ! *Sophonisba* ! oh !

NARVA.

Is this deceitful Day then come to nought ?
 This Day, that set thee on a double Throne ?
 That gave thee *Syphax* chain'd, thy deadly Foe ?
 With perfect Conquest crown'd thee, perfect Glory ?
 Is it so soon eclips'd ? and does yon Sun,
 Yon setting Sun, who this fair Morning saw thee

Ride through the Ranks of long extended War,
 As radiant as himself ; with every Glance
 Wheeling the pointed Files ; and, when the Storm
 Began, beheld thee tread the rising Surge
 Of Battle high, and drive it on the Foe ;
 Does he now, blushing, see thee sunk so weak ?
 Caught in a Smile ? the Captive of a Look ?
 I cannot name it without Tears.

MASINISSA.

Away !

I'm sick of War, of the destroying Trade,
 Smooth'd o'er, and gilded with the Name of Glory.
 Thou need'st not spread the martial Field to me ;
 My happier Eyes are turn'd another way,
 Behold it not ; or, if they do, behold it
 Shrunk up, far off, a visionary Scene ;
 As to the waking Man appears the Dream.

NARVA.

Or rather as Realities appear,
 The Virtue, Pomp, and Dignities of Life,
 In sick disorder'd Dreams.

MASINISSA.

Think not I scorn

The task of Heroes, when Oppression rages,
 And lawless Violence confounds the World.
 Who would not bleed with Transport for his Country,
 Tear every dear Relation from his Heart,
 And greatly die to make a People happy ;
 Ought not to taste of Happiness himself,
 And is low-soul'd indeed. — But sure, my Friend,
 There is a time for Love, or Life were vile !
 A sickly Circle of revolving Days
 Led on by Hope, with senseless Hurry fill'd,
 And clos'd by Disappointment. Round and round,
 Still Hope for ever wheels the daily Cheat ;
 Impudent Hope ! unjoyous Madness all !
 Till Love comes stealing in, with his kind Hours,
 His healing Lips, his cordial Sweets, his Cares.
 Infusing Joy, his Joys ineffable !
 That make the poor Account of Life compleat,

And

And justify the Gods.

NARVA.

Mistaken Prince,

I blame not Love. But—

MASINISSA.

Slander not my Passion.

I've suffer'd thee too far. — Take heed, old Man. —
Love will not bear an Accusation, *Narva*.

NARVA.

I'll speak the Truth, when Truth and Friendship call,
Nor fear thy Frown unkind. — Thou hast no Right
To *Sophonisba*; she belongs to *Rome*.

MASINISSA.

Ha! she belongs to *Rome*.—'Tis true—My Thoughts
Where have you wander'd, not to think of this?
Think ere I promis'd? ere I lov'd? — Confusion!
I know not what I say—I should have lov'd,
Tho' *Jove* in muttering Thunder had forbid it.
But *Rome* will not refuse so small a Boon,
Whose Gifts are Kingdoms: *Rome* must grant it sure,
One Captive to my Wish, one poor Request,
So small to them, but oh so dear to me!
Here let my Heart confide.

NARVA.

Delusive Love!

Thro' what wild Projects is the frantick Mind
Beguil'd by thee? — And think'st thou that the *Ro-*
mans,

The Senators of *Rome*, these Gods on Earth,
Wise, steady to the Right, severely just,
All incorrupt, and like eternal Fate
Not to be mov'd, will listen to the Sigh
Of idle Love? They, when their Country calls,
Who know no Pain, no Tendernefs, no Joy,
But bid their Children bleed before their eyes;
That they'll regard the light fantastick Pangs
Of a fond Heart? and with thy Kingdom give thee
Their most inveterate Foe; from their firm Side,
Like *Syphax*, to delude thee? and the Point
Of their own Bounty on themselves to turn?

* C 4

Thou

Thou canst not hope it sure.—Impossible !

MASINISSA.

What shall I do ? — Be now the Friend exerted.
For Love and Honour press me ; Love and Honour,
All that is dear and excellent in Life,
All that or sooths the Man or lifts the Heroe,
Bind my Soul deep.

NARVA.

Rash was your Vow, my Lord.
I know not what to counsel.—When you vow'd,
You vow'd what was not in your power to grant ;
And therefore 'tis not binding.

MASINISSA.

Never! Never!

Oh never will I falsify that Vow!
Ere then Destruction seize me ! Yes, ye *Romans*,
If it be so, there, take your Kingdoms back,
Your royal Gewgaws, all for *Sophonisba* !

Hold,— Let me think a while—It shall be so !
By all th' inspiring Gods that prompt my Thought !
This very Night shall solemnize our Vows ;
And the next joyous Sun, that visits *Afric*,
See *Sophonisba* seated on my Throne.—
Then if they spare her not,—not spare my Queen,—
Perdition on their stubborn Pride call'd Virtue !
Be theirs the World, but *Sophonisba* mine !

NARVA.

And is it possible, ye Gods, that rule us !
Can *Masinissa* in his Pride of Youth,
In his meridian Glory shining wide,
The Light of *Afric*, and the Friend of *Scipio* ;
He take a Woman to the nuptial Bed,
Who scorn'd him for a Tyrant, old, and peevish,
His rancorous Foe ? and gave her untouch'd Bloom,
Her Spring of Charms to *Syphax* ?

MASINISSA.

Horrid Friendship !

This, this, has thrown a Serpent to my Heart ;
While it o'erflow'd with Tenderness, with Joy,
With

With all the Sweetness of exulting Love.
 Now nought but Gall is there, and burning Poison!
 Yes, it was so! ——— Curse on her vain Ambition!
 What had her meddling Sex to do with States?
 The Business of Men! For him! for *Syphax*!
 Forfook for him! my Love for his gross Passion!
 The Thought is Hell! ——— Oh I had treasur'd up
 A World of Indignation, Years of Scorn;
 But her sad suppliant Witchcraft sooth'd it down.
 Where is she now? That it may burst upon her;
 Bear her unbounded from me, down the Torrent,
 Far, far away! And tho' my plighted Faith,
 Shall save her from the *Romans*, yet to tell her,
 That I will never, never see her more!
 Ha! there she comes. — Pernicious Fair-one! — Leave
 me.



SCENE III.

SOPHONISBA, MASINISSA,

SOPHONISBA.

Forgive this quick Return. — The Rage, Confusion,
 And mingled Passions of this luckless Day,
 Made me forget another warm Request
 I had to beg of generous *Masinissa*;
 For oh to whom, save to the Generous, can
 The Miserable fly? ——— But much disturb'd
 You look, and scowl upon me a Denial.
 Repentance frowns on your contracted Brow.
 Already, weary of my sinking Fate,
 You seem to droop; and for unhappy *Syphax*
 I shall implore in vain.

MASINISSA.

For *Syphax*? Vengeance!
 And canst thou mention him? O grant me Breath!
 SOPHO-

SOPHONISBA.

I know, young Prince, how deep he has provok'd
thee ;

How keen he fought thy Youth ; thro' what a Fire
Of great Distress, from which you come the brighter.

On dull indifferent Objects, or perhaps
Dislik'd a little, 'tis but common Bounty
To shower Relief ; but when our bitterest Foe
Lies sunk, disarm'd, and desolate, then ! then !
To feel the Mercies of a pitying God,
To raise him from the Dust, and that best way
To triumph o'er him, is heroic Goodness.
Oh let unhappy *Syphax* touch thy Heart,
Victorious *Masiniſſa* !

MASINIſſA.

Monstrous this !

Still doſt thou blaſt me with that curſed Name !
The very Name thy conſcious Guilt ſhould ſhun.

Oh had he heap'd all Ills upon my Head,
While it was young, and for the Storm unfit ;
Had he but driven me from my native Throne,
From regal Pomp and Luxury, to dwell
Among the foreſt Beaſts ; to bear the Beam
Of red *Numidian* Suns, and the rank Dew
Of cold unſhelter'd Nights ; to mix with Wolves,
To hunt with hungry Tygers for my Prey,
And thirſt with *Dipſas* on the burning Sand ;
I could have thank'd him for his angry Leſſon ;
The fair Occaſion that his Rage afforded
Of learning Patience, Fortitude, and Hope,
Still riſing ſtronger on incumbent Fate,
And all that try'd Humanity can dictate.
But there is one curs'd Bitterneſs behind,
One Injury, the Man can never pardon ;
That ſcorches up the Tear in Pity's Eye,
And even ſweet Mercy's ſelf converts to Gall.
I cannot——will not name it——Heart of Anguiſh !
Down ! down !

SOPHO-

SOPHONISBA.

Ah! whence this sudden Storm? this Madness,
That hurries all thy Soul?

MASINISSA.

And dost thou ask?

Ask thy own faithless Heart; snatch'd from my Vows,
From the warm Wishes of my springing Youth,
And given to that old hated Monster, *Syphax*.
Perfidious *Sophonisba*!

SOPHONISBA.

Nay no more.

With too much Truth I can return thy Charge.
Why didst thou drive me to that cruel Choice?
Why leave me, with my Country, to Destruction?
Why break thy Love? thy Faith? and join the
Romans?

MASINISSA.

By Heavens! the *Romans* were my better Genius,
Sav'd me from Fate, and form'd my Youth to Glory;
But for the *Romans* I had been a Savage,
A Wretch like *Syphax*, a forgotten thing,
The Tool of *Carthage*.

SOPHONISBA.

Meddle not with *Carthage*,
Impatient Youth, for that I will not bear;
Tho' here I were a thousand fold thy Slave.
Not one base Word of *Carthage*—on thy Soul!

MASINISSA.

How vain thy Phrenzy! Go, command thy Slaves,
Thy Fools, thy *Syphaxes*; but I will speak,
Speak loud of *Carthage*, call it false, ungenerous,
—Yet shall I check me, since it is thy Country?
While the *Romans* are the Light, the Glory——

SOPHONISBA.

Romans!

Perdition on the *Romans*!— and almost
On thee too——*Romans* are the Scourge
Of the red World, Destroyers of Mankind,
The Ruffians, Ravagers of Earth; and all

Beneath

Beneath the smooth dissimulating Mask
Of Justice, and Compassion; as if Slave
Was but another Name for civiliz'd.

All Vengeance on the *Romans!*—While fair *Carthage*
Unblemish'd rises on the Base of Commerce;
And asks of Heaven nought but the general Winds,
And common Tides, to carry Plenty, Joy,
Civility, and Grandeur, round the World.

MASINISSA.

No more compare them! for the Gods themselves
Declare for *Rome*.

SOPHONISBA.

It was not always so.

The Gods declar'd for *Hannibal*; when *Italy*
Blaz'd all around him, all her Streams ran Blood,
All her incarnate Vales were vile with Death;
And when at *Trebia*, *Thrasymene*, and *Cannæ*,
The *Carthaginian* Sword with *Roman* Blood
Was drunk—Oh that he then, on that dread Day,
While lifeless Consternation blacken'd *Rome*,
Had raz'd th' accursed City to the ground,
And sav'd the World!—When will it come again,
A Day so glorious, and so big with Vengeance,
On those my Soul abhors?

MASINISSA.

Avert it Heaven!

The *Romans* not enslave, but save the World
From *Carthaginian* Rage.——

SOPHONISBA.

I'll bear no more!

Nor Tendernefs, nor Life, nor Liberty,
Nothing shall make me bear it.——Perish *Rome*!
And all her menial Friends!——Yes, rather, rather,
Detested as ye are, ye *Romans*, take me,
Oh pitying take me to your nobler Chains!
And save me from this abject Youth, your Slave!
——How canst thou kill me thus?——

MASINISSA.

I meant it not.

I only meant to tell thee, haughty Fair-one!

How

How this alone might bind me to the *Romans* ;
 That, in a frail and sliding Hour, they snatch'd me
 From the Perdition of thy Love ; which fell,
 Like baleful Lightning, where I most could wish,
 And prov'd Destruction to my mortal Foe.
 Oh pleasing ! fortunate !

SOPHONISBA.

I thank them too.

By Heavens ! for once, I love them ; since they turn'd
 My better Thoughts from thee, thou——But I will not
 Give thee the Name, thy mean Servility
 From my just Scorn deserves.

MASINISSA.

Oh freely call me,

By every Name thy Fury can inspire ;
 Enrich me with Contempt —— I love no more ——
 It will not hurt me, *Sophonisba*.——Love,
 Long since I gave it to the passing Winds,
 And would not be a Lover for the World.
 A Lover is the very Fool of Nature ;
 Made sick by his own Wantonness of Thought,
 His fever'd Fancy : while, to your own Charms
 Imputing all, you swell with boundless Pride.
 Shame on the Wretch ! who should be driven from
 Men,

To live with *Asian* Slaves, in one soft Herd,
 All wretched, all ridiculous together.

For me, this moment, here I mean to bid
 Farewel, a glad Farewel to Love and thee.

SOPHONISBA.

With all my Soul, farewell ! —— Yet, ere you go ;
 Know that my Spirit burns as high as thine,
 As high to Glory, and as low to Love.

Thy Promises are void ; and I absolve thee,
 Here in the Presence of the listning Gods.——
 Take thy repented Vows.——To proud *Cornelia*
 I'd rather be a Slave, to *Scipio's* Mother ;
 Than Queen of all *Numidia*, by the favour
 Of him, who dares insult the Helpless thus.

[*Pausing.*
 Still

Still dost thou stay? Behold me then again,
 Hopeless, and wild, a lost abandon'd Slave.
 And now thy brutal Purpose must be gain'd.
 Away, thou cruel, and ungenerous, go!

MASINISSA.

No, not for Worlds would I resume my Vow!
 Dishonour blast me then! all kind of Ills
 Fill up my Cup of Bitterness, and Shame!
 When I resign thee to triumphant *Rome*.

Oh lean not thus dejected to the ground!
 The fight is Misery.—What roots me here?

[*Aside*.

Alas! I have urg'd my foolish Heart too far;
 And Love depress'd, recoils with greater force.
 Oh *Sophonisba*!

SOPHONISBA.

By thy Pride she dies.

Inhuman Prince!

MASINISSA.

Thine is the Conquest, Nature!
 By Heaven and Earth! I cannot hold it more.
 Wretch that I was! to crush th' Unhappy thus;
 The fairest too, the dearest of her Sex!
 For whom my Soul could die! — Turn, quickly turn,
 O *Sophonisba*! my Belov'd! my Glory!
 Turn and forgive the Violence of Love,
 Of Love that knows no Bounds!

SOPHONISBA.

And can it be?

Can that soft Passion prove so fierce of Heart,
 As on the Tears of Misery, the Sighs
 Of Death, to feast? to torture what it loves?

MASINISSA.

Yes it can be, thou Goddess of my Soul!
 Whose each Emotion is but varied Love,
 All over Love, its Powers, its Passions, all:
 Its Anger, Indignation, Fury, Love;
 Its Pride, Disdain, even Detestation, Love;
 And when it, wild, resolves to love no more,
 Then is the Triumph of excessive Love.

Didst

Didst thou not mark me ; mark the dubious Rage,
That tore my Heart with Anguish while I talk'd ?
Thou didst ; and must forgive so kind a Fault.
What would thy trembling Lips ?

SOPHONISBA.

That I must die.

For such another Storm, so much Contempt
Thrown out on *Carthage*, so much Praise on *Rome*,
Were worse than Death. Why should I longer tire
My weary Fate ? The most relentless *Roman*
What could he more ?

MASINISSA.

Oh *Sophonisba*, hear !

See me thy Suppliant now. Talk not of Death.
I have no Life but thee.—Alas ! Alas !
Hadst thou a little Tendernefs for me,
The smallest Part of what I feel, thou wouldst——
What wouldst thou not forgive ? But how indeed
How can I hope it ? Yet I from this Moment,
Will so devote my Being to thy Pleasure,
So live alone to gain thee ; that thou must,
If there is human Nature in thy Breast,
Feel some relenting Warmth.

SOPHONISBA.

Well, well, 'tis past.

To be inexorable suits not Slaves.

MASINISSA.

Spare, spare that word ; it stabs me to the Soul ;
My Crown, my Life, and Liberty are thine.

Oh give my Passion way ! My Heart is full,
Oppress'd by Love ; and I could number Tears,
With all the Dews that sprinkle o'er the Morn ;
While thus with thee conversing, thus with thee
Even happy to Distress.——Enough, enough,
Have we been cheated by the Trick of State,
For *Rome* and *Carthage* suffer'd much too long ;
And led, by gaudy Fantoms, wander'd far,
Far from our Bliss. But now since met again,
Since here I hold thee, circle all Perfection,
The Prize of Life ! since Fate too presses hard,

Since

Since *Rome* and Slavery drive thee to the Brink ;
 Let this immediate Night exchange our Vows,
 Secure my Blifs, our future Fortunes blend,
 Set thee, the Queen of Beauty, on my Throne,
 And make it doubly mine.——A wretched Gift
 To what my Love could give !

SOPHONISBA.

What ? Marry thee,
 This Night ?

MASINISSA.

Thou dear one ! yes, this very Night,
 Let injur'd *Hymen* have his Rites restor'd,
 And bind our broken Vows.——Think, serious,
 think !

On what I plead.——A thousand Reasons urge.——
 Captivity dissolves thy former Marriage ;
 And if 'tis with the meanest Vulgar so,
 Can *Sophonisba* to a Slave, to *Syphax*,
 The most exalted of her Sex, be bound ?
 Besides it is the best, perhaps sole way,
 To save thee from the *Romans* ; and must sure
 Bar their Pretensions : or if Ruin comes,
 To perish with thee is to perish happy.

SOPHONISBA.

Yet must I still insist——

MASINISSA.

It shall be so.

I know thy Purpose ; it would plead for *Syphax*.
 He shall have all, thou Dearest ! shall have all,
 Crowns, Trifles, Kingdoms, all again, but thee,
 But thee, thou more than all !

SOPHONISBA.

[*Aside.*

Bear witness Heaven !

This is alone for *Carthage*.

[*To him.*

Gain'd by Goodness,
 I may be thine. Expect no Love, no Sighing.
 Perhaps, hereafter, I may learn again
 To hold thee dear. If on these Terms thou canst,
 Here

Here take me, take me, to thy Wishes.

MASINISSA.

Yes,

Yes, *Sophonisba* ! as a Wretch takes Life
From off the bleeding Rack.—All wild with Joy,
Thus hold thee, press thee, to my bounding Heart ;
And bless the bounteous Gods. — Can Heaven give
more ?

Oh happy ! happy ! happy ! — Come, my Fair,
This ready Minute sees thy Will perform'd ;
From *Syphax* knocks his Chains ; and I myself,
Even in his favour, will request the *Romans*.

Oh, thou hast smil'd my Passions into Peace !
So, while conflicting Winds embroil'd the Seas,
In perfect Bloom, warm with immortal Blood,
Young *Venus* rear'd her o'er the raging Flood ;
She smil'd around, like thine her Beauties glow'd ;
When smooth, in gentle Swells, the Surges flow'd ;
Sunk, by degrees, into a liquid Plain ;
And one bright Calm sat trembling on the Main.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

PHOENISSA.

HA I L Queen of *Masæfyllia* once again!
 And fair *Maffyllia* join'd! This rising Day
 Saw *Sophonisba*, from the Height of Life,
 Thrown to the very Brink of Slavery:
 State, Honours, Armies vanquish'd; nothing left
 But her own great unconquerable Mind.
 And yet, ere Evening comes, to larger Power
 Restor'd, I see my royal Friend; and kneel
 In grateful Homage to the Gods, and her.
 Ye Powers, what awful Changes often mark
 The Fortunes of the great!

SOPHONISBA.

Phœnissa, true;

'Tis awful all, the wonderous Work of Fate.
 But ah! this sudden Marriage damps my Soul;
 I like it not, that wild Precipitance
 Of Youth, that Ardor, that impetuous Stream
 In which his Love return'd. At first, my Friend,
 He vainly rag'd with disappointed Love;
 And, as the hasty Storm subsided, then
 To Softness varied, to returning Fondness,
 To Sighs, to Tears, to supplicating Vows;
 But all his Vows were idle, till at last
 He shook my Heart by *Rome*.—To be his Queen,
 Could only save me from their horrid Power.
 And there is Madness in that Thought, enough
 In that strong Thought alone to make me run
 From Nature.

PHOENISSA.

Was it not auspicious, Madam?
 Just as we hop'd? just as our Wishes plan'd?
 Nor let your Spirit sink. Your serious Hours,
 When you behold the *Roman* Ravage check'd,
 From their Enchantment *Masiniſſa* freed,
 And *Carthage* Miſtreſs of the World again,
 This Marriage will approve: then will it riſe
 In all its Glory, virtuous, wiſe and great,
 While happy Nations, then deliver'd, join
 Their loud Acclaim. And, had the white Occaſion
 Neglected flown, where now had been your Hopes?
 Your Liberty? your Country? where your All?
 Think well of this, think that, think every way,
 And *Sophoniſba* cannot but exult
 In what is done.

SOPHONISBA.

So may my Hopes ſucceed!
 As Love alone to *Carthage*, to the Public,
 Led me a Marriage-victim to the Temple,
 And juſtifies my Vows.—Ha! *Syphax* here!
 What would his Rage with me?—*Phœniſſa*, ſtay.
 But this one Trial more—Heroic Truth,
 Support me now!



S C E N E II.

SYPHAX, SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

SYPHAX.

You ſeem to fly me, Madam,
 To ſhun my Gratulations.—Here I come,
 To join the general Joy; and I, ſure I,
 Who have to Dotage, have to Ruin lov'd you,
 Muſt take a tender Part in your Succeſs,
 In your recover'd State.

* D 2

SOPHO-

SOPHONISBA.

'Tis very well.

I thank you, Sir.

SYPHAX.

And gentle *Masiniſſa*,

Say, will he prove a very coming Fool?

All pliant, all devoted to your Will?

A glorious Wretch like *Syphax*? — Ha! not mov'd!

Speak, thou perfidious! canst thou bear it thus?

With such a steady Countenance? canst thou

Here see the Man thou hast so grossly wrong'd,

And yet not sink in Shame? And yet not shake

In every guilty Nerve?

SOPHONISBA.

What have I done,

That I should tremble? that I should not dare

To bear thy Presence? Was my Heart to blame,

I'd tremble for myself, and not for thee,

Proud Man! Nor would I live to be ashamed.

My Soul itself would die, could the least Shame

On her unspotted Fame be justly cast:

For of all Evils, to the Generous, Shame

Is the last deadly Pang. — But you behold

My late Engagement with a jealous, false,

And selfish Eye.

SYPHAX.

Avenging *Jove*, hear!

And canst thou think to justify thyself?

I blush to hear thee, Traitors!

SOPHONISBA.

O my Soul!

Canst thou hear this, this base opprobrious Language,

And yet be tamely calm? — Well, well, for once

It shall be so — in pity to thy Madness —

Impatient Spirit down! — Yes, *Syphax*, yes,

Yes I will greatly justify myself

Even by the Consort of the thundering *Jove*,

Who binds the holy Marriage-Vow, be judg'd.

And every public Heart, not meanly lost

In little low Pursuits, to wretched Self

Not

Not all devoted, will absolve me too.
 But in the Tempest of the Soul, when Rage,
 Loud Indignation, unattending Pride,
 And Jealousy confound it, how can then
 The nobler Passions, how can they be heard?
 Yet let me tell thee ——

SYPHAX.

Thou canst tell me nought.
 Away! away! nought but Illusion, Falshood ——

SOPHONISBA.

My Heart will burst, in honour to my self,
 If here I speak not; tho' thy Rage, I know,
 Can never be convinc'd, yet shall it be
 Confounded.——And must I renounce my Freedom?
 Forgo the power of doing general good?
 Must yield my self the Slave, the barbarous Triumph
 Of insolent, enrag'd, inveterate *Rome*?
 And all for nothing but to grace thy Fall?
 Nay by my self to perish for thy pleasure?

For thee, the *Romans* may be mild to thee;
 But I, a *Carthaginian*, I, whose Blood
 Holds unrelenting Enmity to theirs;
 Who have my self much hurt them, and who live
 Alone to work them Woe; what, what can I
 Hope from their Vengeance, but the very Dregs
 Of the worst Fate, the Bitterness of Bondage?
 Yet thou, kind Man, wouldst in thy generous Love,
 Wouldst have me suffer that; be bound to thee,
 For that dire End alone, beyond the stretch
 Of Nature, and of Law.

SYPHAX.

Confusion! Law!

I know the Laws permit thee, the gross Laws
 That rule the Vulgar. I'm a Captive true;
 And therefore may'st thou plead a shameful Right
 To leave me to my Chains——But say, thou base one!
 Ungrateful! say, for whom am I a Captive?
 For whom these many Years with War, and Death,
 Defeats, and Desolation have I liv'd?
 For whom has Battle after Battle bled?

For whom my Crown, my Kingdom, and my All,
 Been vilely cast away? For whom this day,
 This very day, have I been stain'd with Slaughter?
 With yon last reeking Field?—For one, ye Gods!
 Who leaves me for the Victor, for the Wretch
 I hold in utter endless Detestation.

Fire! Fury! Hell!—Oh I am richly paid!
 But thus it is to love a Woman—Woman!
 The Source of all Disaster, all Perdition!
 Man in himself is social, would be happy,
 Too happy; but the Gods, to keep him down,
 Curs'd him with Woman! fond, enchanting, smooth,
 And harmless-seeming Woman; while at heart
 All Poison, Serpents, Tygers, Furies, all
 That is destructive, in one Form combin'd,
 And gilded o'er with Beauty!

SOPHONISBA.

Hapless Man!

I pity thee; this Madness only stirs
 My Bosom to Compassion, not to Rage.
 Think as you list of our unhappy Sex,
 Too much subjected to your tyrant Force;
 Yet know that all, we were not all, at least,
 Form'd for your Trifles, for your wanton Hours.
 Our Passions too can sometimes soar above
 The household Task assign'd us, can expand
 Beyond the narrow Sphere of Families,
 And take in States into the panting Heart,
 As well as yours, ye partial to yourselves!
 And this is my Support, my Joy, my Glory,
 The Conscience that my Heart abhors all Baseness,
 And of all Baseness most Ingratitude.

This sure affronted Honour may declare,
 With an unblushing Cheek.

SYPHAX,

False, false as Hell!

False as your Sex! when it pretends to Virtue.
 You talk of Honour, Conscience, Patriotism.
 A Female Patriot!—Vanity!—Absurd!
 Even doating dull Creulity would laugh

To

To scorn your Talk. Was ever Woman yet
Had any better Purpose in her eye,
Than how to please her Pride or wanton Will?
In various Shapes, and various Manners, all,
All the same Plagues, or open, or conceal'd,
The Bane of Life!

SOPHONISBA.

Must I then, must I, *Syphax*,
Give thee a bitter Proof of what I say?
I would not seem to heighten thy Distress,
Not in the least insult thee; thou art fallen,
So Fate severe has will'd it, fallen by me.
I therefore have been patient; from another
Such Language, such Indignity, had fir'd
My Soul to madness. But since driven so far,
I must remind thy blind injurious Rage
Of our unhappy Marriage.—

SYPHAX.

Horror!—Oh!

Blot it eternal Night!

SOPHONISBA.

Allow me, *Syphax*!

Hear me but once! If what I here declare
Shines not with Reason, and the clearest Truth;
May I be base, despis'd, and dumb for ever!

I pray thee think, when unpropitious *Hymen*
Our Hands united, how I stood engag'd.
I need not mention what full well thou know'st.
But pray recall, was I not flatter'd? young?
With blooming Life elate, with the warm Years
Of Vanity? sunk in a Passion too,
Which few resign? Yet then I married thee,
Because to *Carthage* deem'd a stronger Friend;
For that alone. On these Conditions, say,
Didst thou not take me, court me to thy Throne?
Have I deceiv'd thee since? Have I disssembled?
To gain one Purpose, e'er pretended what
I never felt? Thou canst not say I have.
And if that Principle, which then inspir'd
My marrying thee, was right, it cannot now

Be wrong. Nay since my native City wants
Assistance more, and sinking calls for Aid,
Must be more right —

SYPHAX.

This Reasoning is Insult !

SOPHONISBA.

I'm sorry that thou dost oblige me to it.

Then in a word take my full-open'd Soul.

All Love, but that of *Carthage*, I despise.

I formerly to *Masiniſſa* thee

Preferr'd not, nor to thee now *Masiniſſa*,

But *Carthage* to you both. And if preferring

Thousands to one, a whole collected People,

All Nature's Tenderneſs, whate'er is ſacred,

The Liberty the Welfare of a State,

To one Man's frantic Happineſs, be Shame ;

Here, *Syphax*, I invoke it on my Head !

This ſet aſide ; I careleſs of my ſelf,

And, ſcorning prosperous State, had ſtill been thine,

In all the depth of Miſery proudly thine !

But ſince the public Good, the Law ſupreme,

Forbids it ; I will leave thee with a Kingdom,

The ſame I found thee, or not reign my ſelf.

Alas ! I ſee thee hurt—Why can'ſt thou here,
Thus to inflame thee more ?

SYPHAX.

Why Sorcerers ? why ?

Thou Complication of all deadly Miſchief !

Thou lying, ſoothing, ſpecious, charming Fury !

I'll tell thee why——To breathe my great Revenge ;

To throw this Load of burning Madneſs from me ;

To ſtab thee !——

SOPHONISBA.

Ha !——

SYPHAX.

——And, ſpringing from thy Heart,

To quench me with thy Blood !

[*Phœniſſa interpoſes.*

SOPHO-

SOPHONISBA.

Off, give me way!

Phœnissa; tempt not thou his brutal Rage.

Me, me, he dares not murder: if he dares,

Here let his Fury strike; for I dare die.

What holds thy trembling Point?

PHOENISSA.

Guards!

SOPHONISBA.

Seize the King.

But look you treat him well, with all the State

His Dignity demands.

SYPHAX.

Goodness from thee

Is the worst Death.—The *Roman* Trumpets! — Ha!Now I bethink me, *Rome* will do me justice.Yes, I shall see thee walk the Slave of *Rome*;

Forget my Wrongs, and glut me with the Sight.

Be that my best Revenge.

SOPHONISBA.

Inhuman! that,

If there is Death in *Afric*, shall not be.

S C E N E III.

LÆLIUS, SYPHAX.

LÆLIUS.

Syphax! alas, how fallen! how chang'd! from what

I here beheld thee once in Pomp, and Splendor;

At that illustrious Interview, when *Rome*And *Carthage* met beneath this very Roof,Their two great Generals, *Asdrubal* and *Scipio*,

To court thy Friendship. Of the same Repast

Both gracefully partook, and both reclin'd

On

On the same Couch : for personal Distaste
 And Hatred seldom burn between the Brave.
 Then the superiour Virtues of the *Roman*
 Gain'd all thy Heart. Even *Asdrubal* himself,
 With Admiration struck and just Despair,
 Own'd him as dreadful at the social Feast
 As in the Battle. This thou may'st remember ;
 And how thy Faith was given before the Gods,
 And sworn and seal'd to *Scipio* ; yet how false
 Thou since has prov'd, I need not now recount :
 But let thy Sufferings for thy Guilt atone,
 The Captive for the King. A *Roman* Tongue
 Scorns to pursue the Triumph of the Sword,
 With mean Upbraidings.

SYPHAX.

Lælius, 'tis too true.

Curse on the Cause !

LÆLIUS.

But where is *Masiniſſa* ?
 The brave young Victor, the *Numidian Roman* !
 Where is he ? that my Joy, my glad Applause,
 From Envy pure, may hail his happy State.
 Why that contemptuous Smile ?

SYPHAX.

Too credulous *Roman*,
 I smile to think how that this *Masiniſſa*,
 This *Rome*-devoted Heroe, must still more
 Attract thy Praises by a late Exploit.
 In every thing successful.

LÆLIUS.

What is this ?
 These public Shouts ? A strange unusual Joy
 O'er all the captive City blazes wide.
 What wanton Riot reigns to-night in *Cirtba* ?
 Within these conquer'd Walls ?

SYPHAX.

This, *Lælius*, is
 A Night of Triumph o'er my Conqueror,
 O'er *Masiniſſa*.

LÆLIUS.

LÆLIUS.

Masiniſſa ! How ?

SYPHAX.

Why he to-night is married to my Queen.

LÆLIUS.

Impossible ! —

SYPHAX.

Yes, ſhe, the Fury ! ſhe,
 Who put the nuptial Torch into my hand,
 That ſet my Throne, my Palace, and my Kingdom,
 All in a blaze—ſhe now has ſeiz'd on him.
 Will turn him ſoon from *Rome*—I know her Power,
 Her Lips diſtil unconquerable Poiſon.
 O glorious Thought ! — will ſink this hated Youth,
 Will crush him deep, beneath the mighty Ruins
 Of falling *Carthage*.

LÆLIUS.

Can it be ? Amazement !

SYPHAX.

Nay learn it from himſelf.—He comes—Away !
 Ye Furies ſnatch me from his Sight ! For Hell,
 Its Tortures all are gentle to the Preſence
 Of a triumphant Rival ?

LÆLIUS.

What is Man ?



S C E N E IV.

MASINISSA, LÆLIUS.

MASINISSA.

Thou more than Partner of this glorious Day !
 Which has from *Carthage* torn her chief Support,
 And tottering left her, I rejoice to ſee thee —
 To *Cirta* welcome, *Lælius*.— Thy brave Legions
 Now taſte the ſweet Repoſe by Valour purchas'd ;

This

This City pours Refreshment on their Toils.
I order'd *Narva*—

LÆLIUS.

Thanks to *Masiniſſa*.

All that is well. I here observ'd the King,
But looſely guarded. True, indeed, from him
There is not much to fear. The dangerous Spirit,
Still not unworthy Fear, our matchleſs Prize,
Is his imperious Queen, is *Sophoniſba*.
The Pride, the Rage of *Carthage* live in her.
How? where is ſhe?

MASINIſſA.

She, *Lælius*? In my care.

Think not of her. I'll answer for her Conduct.

LÆLIUS.

Yes, if in chains. Till then, believe me, Prince,
It were as hopeful answering for the Winds,
That their broad Pinions will not rouse the Defart;
Or that the darted Lightning will be harmleſs;
As promiſe Peace from her.—But why ſo dark?
You ſhift your Place, your Countenance grows warm.
It is not uſual this in *Masiniſſa*.
Pray what Offence can aſking for the Queen,
The *Roman* Captive give?

MASINIſſA.

Lælius, no more.

You know my Marriage.—*Syphax* has been buſy —
It is unkind to dally with my Paſſion.

LÆLIUS.

Ah, *Masiniſſa*! was it then for this,
Thy Hurry hither from the recent Battle?
Is the firſt Inſtance of the *Roman* Bounty
Thus, thus abuſ'd? They give thee back thy
Kingdom;
And in return are of their Captive robb'd;
Of all they valued, *Sophoniſba*.—

MASINIſſA.

Robb'd!

How, *Lælius*? Robb'd!

LÆLIUS.

LÆLIUS.

Yes, *Masiniſſa*, robb'd.

What is it elſe? But I, this very Night,
Will here aſſert the Maſteſty of *Rome*;
And, mark me, tear her from the nuptial Bed.

MASINIſſA.

Oh Gods! oh Patience! As ſoon, fiery *Roman*!
As ſoon thy Rage might from her azure Sphere
Tear yonder Moon.—The Man who ſeizes her,
Shall ſet his foot firſt on my bleeding Heart.
Of that be ſure.—And is it thus ye treat
Your firm Allies? Thus Kings in Friendſhip with you?
Of human Paſſions ſtrip them? — Slaves indeed!
If thus deny'd the common Privilege
Of Nature, what the weakeſt Creatures claim,
A Right to what they love.

LÆLIUS.

Out! out! — For ſhame!

This Paſſion makes thee blind. Here is a War,
Which deſolates the Nations, has almoſt
Laid waſte the World. How many Widows, Orphans,
And love-lorn Virgins pine for it in *Rome*!
Even her great Senate droops; her Nobles fail;
Her *Circus* ſhrinks; her every *Luſtre* thins;
Nature herſelf, by frequent Prodigies,
Seems at this havock of her Works to ficken:
And our *Auſonian* Plains are now become
A Horror to the Sight: At each ſad Step,
Remembrance weeps. Yet her, the greateſt Prize
It hitherto has yielded; her, whoſe Charms
Are only turn'd to whet its cruel Point;
Thou to thy wedded Breſt haſt taken her:
Haſt purchas'd thee her Beauties by a Sea
Of thy Protector's Blood; and on a Throne
Set her, this day recover'd by their Arms.
Canſt thou thy ſelf, thou, think of it with patience?
Nor to a *Roman* mention King.—A *Roman*
Would ſcorn to be a King.—The *Roman* People
Took liberty from out the very Duſt,
And for great Ages urg'd it to the Skies,

The

The Dread of Kings !

MASINISSA.

Be not so haughty, *Lælius*.

It scarce becomes the gentle *Scipio*'s Friend ;
Suits not thy wonted Ease, the tender Manners
I still have mark'd in thee. I honour *Rome* ;
But honour too my self, my Vows, my Queen :
Nor will, nor can, I tamely hear thee threaten
To seize her like a Slave.

LÆLIUS.

I will be calm.

This thy rash Deed, this unexpected Shock,
Such a peculiar Injury to me,
Thy Friend and Fellow-Soldier, has perhaps
Snatch'd me too far. For hast thou not dishonour'd,
By this last Action, a successful War ?
Our common Charge, entrusted us by *Scipio*.

MASINISSA.

Ay, there it is.—Has not thy vain Ambition,
(Oh where is Friendship!) plan'd her for thy Triumph ?
To think on't, Death ! to think it is Dishonour.
At such a sight, the Warriour's Eye might wet
His burning Cheek ; and all the *Roman* Matrons,
Who line the laurel'd Way, asham'd, and sad,
Turn from a Captive brighter than themselves.
But *Scipio* will be milder.

LÆLIUS.

I disdain

This thy Surmise, and give it up to *Scipio*.
Those Passions are not comely.—Here to-morrow
Comes the Proconsul. Mean time, *Masinissa*,
Ah harden not thy self in flattering Hope !
Scipio is mild, but steady.—Ha ! the Queen.
I think she hates a *Roman*—and will leave thee.

SCENE



S C E N E V.

SOPHONISBA, MASINISSA.

SOPHONISBA.

Was not that *Roman Lælius*, as I enter'd,
Who parted gloomy hence?

MASINISSA.

Madam, the same.

SOPHONISBA.

Unhappy *Afric*! since these haughty *Romans*
Have in this lordly manner trod thy Courts.

I read his fresh Reproaches in thy Face;
The lesson'd Pupil in thy fallen Look,
In that forc'd Smile which sickens on thy Cheek.

MASINISSA.

Oh say not so, thou Rapture of my Soul!
For while I see thee, meditate thy Charms,
I smile as cordial as the Sun in *May*;
Deep from the Heart, in every Sense of Joy
I fondly smile.

SOPHONISBA.

Nay, tell me, *Masinissa*;
How feels their Tyranny, when 'tis brought home?
When, lawless grown, it touches what is dear?
Pomp for a while may dazle thoughtless Man,
False Glory blind him; but there is a Time,
When ev'n the Slave in Heart will spurn his Chains,
Nor know Submission more.—What said his Pride?

MASINISSA.

His Disappointment for a Moment only
Burst in vain Passion, and——

SOPHONISBA.

You stood abash'd;

You

You bore his Threats, and tamely-silent heard him,
 Heard the fierce *Roman* mark me for his Triumph.
 Oh bitter!

MASINISSA.

Banish that unkind Suspicion.
 The Thought inflam'd my Soul. I vow'd my Life,
 My last *Massylian* to the Sword, ere he
 Shou'd touch thy Freedom with the least Dishonour.
 But that from *Scipio* —

SOPHONISBA.

Scipio!

MASINISSA.

That from him —

SOPHONISBA.

I tell thee, *Masinissa*, if from him
 I gain my Freedom, from my self conceal it.
 I shall disdain such Freedom.

MASINISSA.

Sophonisba!

Thou all my Heart holds precious! doubt no more.
 Nor *Rome*, nor *Scipio*, nor a World combin'd
 Shall tear thee from me; till outstretch'd I lie,
 A nameless Wretch!

SOPHONISBA.

If thy Protection fails,
 Of this at least be sure, be very sure,
 To give me timely Death.

MASINISSA.

Cease thus to talk,
 Of Death of *Romans*, of unkind Ambition.
 My softer Thoughts those rugged Themes refuse,
 Can turn alone to Love. — All, all, but thee,
 All Nature is a passing Dream to me,
 Fix'd in my View, thou dost for ever shine,
 Thy Form forth-beaming from the Soul divine.
 A Spirit thine, which Mortals might adore;
 Despising Love, and thence creating more.
 Thou the high Passions, I the tender prove;
 Thy Heart was form'd for Glory, mine for Love.

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

MASINISSA, NARVA.

MASINISSA.

HAIL to the joyous Day! With purple Clouds;
The whole Horizon glows. The breezy
Spring

Stands loosely-floating on the Mountain-top,
And deals her Sweets around. The Sun too seems,
As conscious of my Joy, with brighter Eye
To look abroad the World; and all Things smile
Like *Sophonisba*. Love and Friendship sure
Have mark'd this Day from out their choicest Stores;
For Beauty rais'd by Dignity and Virtue,
With all the Graces all the Loves embellish'd;
Oh *Sophonisba*'s mine! and *Scipio* comes!

NARVA.

My Lord, the Trumpets speak his near Approach.

MASINISSA.

I want his secret Audience——Leave us, *Narva*.



SCENE II.

SCIPIO, MASINISSA,

MASINISSA.

Scipio! more welcome than my Tongue can speak!
Oh greatly, dearly welcome!

SCIPIO.

Masinissa!

My Heart beats back thy Joy.——A happy Friend,
VOL. I. * E With

With Laurel green, with Conquest crown'd, and Glory;
 Rais'd by his Prudence, Fortitude, and Valour,
 O'er all his Foes; and on his native Throne,
 Amidst his rescu'd shouting Subjects, set:
 Say, can the Gods in lavish Bounty give
 A Sight more pleasing?

MASINISSA.

My great Friend! and Patron!
 It was thy timely thy restoring Arm,
 That brought me from the fearful Desert-Life;
 To live again in State, and purple Splendor.
 And now I wield the Sceptre of my Fathers,
 See my dear People from the Tyrant's Scourge,
 From *Syphax* freed; I hear their glad Applauses;
 And, to compleat my Happiness, have gain'd
 A Friend worth all: O Gratitude, Esteem,
 And love like mine, with what divine Delight
 Ye fill the Heart!

SCIPIO.

Heroic Youth! thy Virtue
 Has earn'd whate'er thy Fortune can bestow.
 It was thy Patience, *Masinissa*, Patience,
 A Champion clad in Steel, that in the waste
 Attended still thy Step, and sav'd my Friend
 For better Days. What cannot Patience do?
 A great Design is seldom snatch'd at once;
 'Tis Patience heaves it on. From savage Nature,
 'Tis Patience that has built up human Life,
 The Nurse of Arts! and *Rome* exalts her Head
 An everlasting Monument of Patience.

MASINISSA.

If I have that, or any Virtue, *Scipio*,
 'Tis copy'd all from thee.

SCIPIO.

No *Masinissa*,

'Tis all unborrow'd, the spontaneous Growth
 Of Nature in thy Breast.—Friendship for once
 Must, tho' thou blushest, wear a liberal Tongue;
 Must tell thee, noble Youth, that long Experience,

In

In Councils, Battles, many a hard Event,
 Has found thee still so constant, so sincere,
 So wise, so brave, so generous, so humane,
 So well attemper'd, and so fitly turn'd
 For what is either great or good in Life,
 As casts distinguish'd Honour on thy Country;
 And cannot but endear thee to the *Romans*.
 For me, I think my Labours all repaid,
 My Wars in *Afric*. *Masinissa's* Friendship
 Smiles at my Soul. Be that my dearest Triumph,
 To have assisted thy forlorn Estate,
 And lent a happy Hand in raising thee
 To thy paternal Throne, usurp'd by *Syphax*.
 The greatest Service could be done my Country,
 Distracted *Afric*, and Mankind in general,
 Was aiding sure thy Cause. To put the Power,
 The public Power, into the good Man's hand,
 Is giving Plenty, Life, and Joy to Millions.

But has my Friend, since late we parted Armies;
 Since he with *Laelius* acted such a brave,
 Auspicious Part against the common Foe;
 Has he been blameless quite? has he consider'd,
 How Pleasure often on the youthful Heart,
 Beneath the rosy soft Disguise of Love;
 (All Sweetness, Smiles, and seeming Innocence)
 Steals unperceiv'd, and lays the Victor low?
 I would not, cannot, put thee to the pain——
 ——It pains me deeper —— of the least Reproach.——
 Let thy too faithful Memory supply
 The rest. [Pausing.]

Thy Silence, that dejected Look,
 That honest Colour flushing o'er thy Cheek,
 Impart thy better Soul.

MASINISSA.

Oh my good Lord!

Oh *Scipio*! Love has seiz'd me, tyrant Love
 Inthralls my Soul. I am undone by Love!

SCIPIO.

And art thou then to Ruin reconcil'd?
 Tam'd to Destruction? Wilt thou be undone?

* E 2

Resign

Resign the towering Thought? the vast Design,
 With future Glories big? the Warriour's Wreath?
 The glittering Files? the Trumpets sprightly Clang?
 The Praise of Senates? an applauding World?
 The Patriot's Statue, and the Heroes Triumph?
 All for a Sigh? all for a soft Embrace?
 For a gay transient Fancy, *Masiniſſa*?
 For shame, my Friend! for Honour's ſake, for Glory!
 Sit not with folded Arms, deſpairing, weak,
 And careleſs all, till certain Ruin comes:
 Like a ſick Virgin fighting to the Gale,
 Unconquerable Love!

MASINISSA.

How chang'd indeed!

The Time has been, when, fir'd from *Scipio*'s Tongue,
 My Soul had mounted in a flame with his.——
 Where is Ambition flown? Hopeleſs Attempt!
 Can Love like mine be quell'd? Can I forget
 What ſtill poſſeſſes, charms my Thoughts for ever
 Throw ſcornful from me what I hold moſt dear?
 Not feel the Force of Excellence? To Joy
 Be dead? And undelighted with Delight?
 Soft, let me think a Moment——no! no! no! ——
 I am unequal to thy Virtue, *Scipio*!

SCIPIO.

Fie, *Masiniſſa*, fie! By Heavens! I bluſh
 At thy Dejection, this degenerate Language.
 What! periſh for a Woman! Ruin all,
 All the fair Deeds which an admiring World
 Hopes from thy riſing Day; only to ſooth
 A ſtubborn Fancy, a luxurious Will?

How muſt it, think you, ſound in future Story?
 Young *Masiniſſa* was a virtuous Prince,
 And *Afric* ſmil'd beneath his early Ray;
 But that a *Carthaginian* Captive came,
 By whom untimely in the common Fate
 Of Love he fell. The Wiſe will ſcorn the Page.
 And all thy Praise be ſome fond Maid exclaiming,
 Where are thoſe Lovers now?——O rather, rather,
 Had I ne'er ſeen the vital Light of Heaven,

Than

Than like the Vulgar live, and like them die !
 Ambition sickens at the very Thought.——
 To puff, and bustle here from day to day,
 Lost in the Passions of inglorious Life,
 Joys which the careless Brutes possess above us.
 And when some Years, each duller than another,
 Are thus elaps'd, in nauseous Pangs to die ;
 And pass away, like those forgotten Things,
 That soon become as they had never been.

MASINISSA.

And am I dead to this ?

SCIPIO.

The Gods, young Man,
 Who train up Heroes in Misfortune's School,
 Have shook thee with Adversity, with each
 Illustrious Evil, that can raise, expand,
 And fortify the Mind. Thy rooted Worth
 Has stood these wintry Blasts, grown stronger by
 them.

Shall then in prosperous Times, while all is mild,
 All vernal, fair ; and Glory blows around thee ;
 Shall then the *dead Serene* of Pleasure come,
 And lay thy faded Honours in the Dust ?

MASINISSA.

O gentle *Scipio* ! spare me, spare my Weakness.

SCIPIO.

Remember *Hannibal*——A signal Proof,
 A fresh Example of destructive Pleasure.
 He was the Dread of Nations, once of *Rome* !
 When from *Bellona's* Bosom, nurs'd in Camps,
 And hard with Toil, he down the rugged *Alps*
 Rush'd in a Torrent over *Italy* ;
 Unconquer'd, till the loose Delights of *Capua*
 Sunk his victorious Arm, his Genius broke,
 Perfum'd, and made a Lover of the Heroe.
 And now he droops in *Bruttium*, fear'd no more,
 Sinks on our Borders like a scatter'd Storm.
 Remember him ; and yet resume thy Spirit,
 Ere it is quite dissolv'd.

MASINISSA.

Shall *Scipio* stoop,

Thus to regard, to teach me Wisdom thus ;
 And yet a stupid Anguish at my Heart
 Repel whate'er he says ?——But why, my Lord,
 Why should we kill the best of Passions, Love ?
 It aids the Heroe, bids Ambition rise,
 Turns us to please, inspires immortal Deeds,
 Even softens Brutes, and makes the Good more good.

SCIPIO.

There is a holy Tenderness indeed,
 A nameless Sympathy, a Fountain-love ;
 Branch'd infinite from Parents to their Children,
 From Child to Child, from Kindred on to Kindred,
 In various Streams, from Citizen to Citizen,
 From Friend to Friend, from Man to Man in general ;
 That binds, supports, and sweetens human Life.
 But is thy Passion such ?——Lift, *Masinissa*,
 While I the hardest Office of a Friend
 Discharge ; and with a necessary Hand,
 A Hand tho' harsh at present really tender,
 I paint this Passion. And if then thou still
 Art bent to sooth it, I must fighting leave thee,
 To what the Gods think fit.

MASINISSA.

O never, *Scipio* !

O never leave me to my self ! Speak on.
 I dread, and yet desire thy friendly Hand.

SCIPIO.

I hope that *Masinissa* need not now
 Be told, how much his Happiness is mine ;
 With what a warm Benevolence I'd spring
 To raise, confirm it, to prevent his Wishes.
 O Luxury to think !——But while he rages,
 Burns in a Fever, shall I let him quaff
 Delicious Poison for a cooling Draught,
 In foolish Pity to his Thirst ? shall I
 Let a swift Flame consume him as he sleeps,
 Because his Dreams are gay ? shall I indulge
 A Frenzy flash'd from an infectious Eye ?

A sudden Impulse unapprov'd by Reason ?
 Nay by thy cool deliberate Thought condemn'd ?
 Resolv'd against ?——A Passion for a Woman,
 Who has abus'd thee basely ? left thy Youth,
 Thy Love as sweet as tender as the Spring,
 The blooming Heroe for the hoary Tyrant ?
 And now who makes thy sheltering Arms alone
 Her last Retreat, to save her from the Vengeance,
 Which even her very Perfidy to thee
 Has brought upon her Head ?——Nor is this all.—
 A Woman who will ply her deepest Arts,
 (Ah too prevailing, as appears already)
 Will never rest, till *Syphax*' Fate is thine ;
 Till Friendship weeping flies ; we join no more
 In glorious Deeds, and thou fall off from *Rome* ?
 I too could add, that there is something mean,
 Inhuman in thy Passion. Does not *Syphax*,
 While thou rejoicest, die ? The generous Heart
 Should scorn a Pleasure which gives others Pain.

If this, my Friend, all this consider'd deep,
 Alarm thee not, not rouse thy Resolution,
 And call the Heroe from his wanton Slumber,
 Then *Masiniſſa*'s lost.

MASINISSA.

Oh, I am pierc'd !

In every Thought am pierc'd ! 'Tis all too true. ——
 I wish I could refuse it.——Whither, whither,
 Thro' what enchanted Wilds have I been wandering ?
 They seem'd *Elysium*, the delightful Plains,
 The happy Groves of Heroes and of Lovers :
 But the Divinity that breathes in thee
 Has broke the Charm, and I am in a Desert ;
 Far from the Land of Peace. It was but lately
 That a pure joyous Calm o'erspread my Soul,
 And Reason tun'd my Passions into Bliss ;
 When Love came hurrying in, and with rash Hand,
 Mix'd them delirious, till they now ferment
 To Misery.——There is no reasoning down
 This deep, deep Anguish ! this continual Pang !
 A thousand things ! whene'er my raptur'd Thought

Runs back a little.—But I will not think.—
And yet I must—Oh Gods! that I could lose
What a fond few Hours Memory has grav'd
On Adamant.

SCIPIO.

But one strong Effort more,
And the fair Field is thine——A Conquest far
Excelling that o'er *Syphax*. What remains,
Since now thy Madness to thy self appears,
But an immediate manly Resolution,
To shake off this effeminate Disease;
These soft Ideas, which seduce thy Soul,
Make it all idle, unaspiring, weak,
A Scene of Dreams; to puff them to the Winds,
And be my former Friend, thy self again?

I joy to find thee touch'd by generous Motives;
And that I need not bid thee recollect,
Whose awful Property thou hast usurp'd;
Need not assure thee, that the *Roman* People,
The Senators of *Rome*, will never suffer
A dangerous Woman, their devoted Foe,
A Woman, whose irrefragable Spirit
Has in great part sustain'd this bloody War,
Whose Charms corrupted *Syphax* from their side,
And fir'd embattled Nations into rage;
Will never suffer her, when gain'd so dear,
To ruin thee too, taint thy faithful Breast,
And kindle future War. No, Fate it self
Is not more steady to the Right than they.
And, where the public Good but seems concern'd,
No Motive their impenetrable Hearts,
Nor Fear nor Tenderness, can touch: such is
The Spirit, that has rais'd *Imperial Rome*.

MASINISSA.

Ah killing Truth!——But I have promis'd, *Scipio*!
Have sworn to save her from the *Roman* Power.
My plighted Faith is pass'd, my Hand is given.
And, by the conscious Gods! who mark'd my Vows,
The whole united World shall never have her.
For I will die a thousand thousand Deaths,

With

With all *Massylia* in one Field expire ;
 Ere to the lowest Wretch, much more to her
 I love, to *Sophonisba*, to my Queen,
 I violate my Word.

SCIPIO.

My Heart approves
 Thy Resolution, thy determin'd Honour.
 For ever sacred be thy Word, and Oath.
 Virtue by Virtue will alone be clear'd,
 And scorns the crooked Methods of Dishonour.
 But, thus divided, how to keep thy Faith
 At once to *Rome* and *Sophonisba* ; how
 To save her from our Chains, and yet thyself
 From greater Bondage ; this thy secret Thought
 Can best inform thee.

MASINISSA.

Agony ! Distraction !
 These wilful Tears ! — O look not on me, *Scipio* !
 For I'm a Child again.

SCIPIO.

Thy Tears are no Reproach.
 Tears oft look graceful on the manly Cheek.
 The Cruel cannot weep. Even Friendship's Eye
 Gives thee the Drop it would refuse itself.
 I know 'tis hard, wounds every bleeding Nerve
 About thy Heart, thus to tear off thy Passion.
 But for that very Reason, *Masinissa*,
 'Tis hop'd from thee. The harder, thence results
 The greater Glory.—Why should we pretend
 To conquer, rule Mankind, be first in Power,
 In great Assemblies, Honour, Place, and Pleasure,
 While Slaves at heart ? while by fantastick Turns
 Our frantic Passions rage ? The very Thought
 Should turn our Pomp to Shame, our Sweet to Bitter ;
 And, when the Shouts of Millions meet our Ears,
 Whisper Reproach.—O ye celestial Powers !
 What is it, in a Torrent of Success,
 To bear down Nations, and o'erflow the World ?
 All your peculiar Favour. Real Glory
 Springs from the silent Conquest of ourselves ;

And

And without that the Conqueror is nought
 Save the first Slave.—Then rouse thee, *Masiniſſa* !
 Nor in one Weakneſs all thy Virtues loſe ;
 And oh beware of long, of vain Repentance !

MASINIſſA.

Well ! well ! no more.—It is but dying too !



S C E N E III.

SCIPIO *alone.*

I wiſh I have not urg'd the Truth to rigour !
 There is a Time when Virtue grows ſevere,
 Too much for Nature, and even almoſt cruel.



S C E N E IV.

SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO.

Poor *Masiniſſa*, *Lælius*, is undone ;
 Betwixt his Paſſion and his Reason toſt
 In miſerable Conflict.

LÆLIUS.

Entering, *Scipio*,

He ſhot athwart me, nor vouchſaf'd one Look.
 Hung on his clouded Brow I mark'd Deſpair,
 And his Eye glaring with ſome dire Reſolve.
 Faſt o'er his Cheek too ran the haſty Tear.
 It were great pity that he ſhould be loſt !

SCIPIO.

By Heavens ! to loſe him were a ſhock, as if
 I loſt thee, *Lælius*, loſt my deareſt Brother,

Bound

Bound up in Friendship from our infant Years.
A thousand lovely Qualities endear him,
Only too warm of Heart.

LÆLIUS.

What shall be done?

SCIPIO.

Here let it rest, till Time abates his Passion.
Nature is Nature, *Lælius*, let the Wife
Say what they please. But now perhaps he dies.—
Haste! haste! and give him Hope—I have not time
To tell thee what.—Thy Prudence will direct—
Whatever is consistent with my Honour,
My Duty to the Publick, and my Friendship
To him himself, say, promise, shall be done.
I hope returning Reason will prevent
Our farther Care.

LÆLIUS.

I fly with Joy.

SCIPIO.

His Life

Not only save, but *Sophonisba's* too:
For both I fear are in this Passion mixt.

LÆLIUS.

It shall be done.



S C E N E V.

SCIPIO *alone*.

If Friendship pierces thus,
When Love pours in his added Violence,
What are the Pangs which *Masiniſſa* feels!

SCENE



SCENE VI.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

SOPHONISBA.

Yes, *Masiniſſa* loves me—Heavens! how fond!
 But yet I know not what hangs on my Spirit,
 A diſmal Boding; for this fatal *Scipio*,
 I dread his Virtues, this prevailing *Roman*,
 Even now perhaps deludes the generous King,
 Fires his Ambition with miſtaken Glory,
 Demands me from him; for full well he knows,
 That, while I live, I muſt intend their Ruin.

PHOENISSA.

Madam, theſe Fears——

SOPHONISBA.

And yet it cannot be.
 Can *Scipio*, whom even hoſtile Fame proclaims
 Of perfect Honour, and of poliſh'd Manners,
 Smooth, artful, winning, moderate, and wiſe,
 Make ſuch a wild Demand? Or, if he could,
 Can *Masiniſſa* grant it? give his Queen,
 Whom Love and Honour bind him to protect,
 Yield her a Captive to triumphant *Rome*?
 'Tis Baſeneſs to ſuſpect it; 'tis inhuman.

What then remains? — Suppose they ſhould re-
 ſolve

By Right of War to ſeize me for their Prize.
 Ay, there it kills! — What can his ſingle Arm,
 Againſt the *Roman* Power? that very Power
 By which he ſtands reſtor'd? Diſtracting Thought!
 Still o'er my Head the Rod of Bondage hangs.
 Shame on my Weakneſs! — This poor catching Hope,
 This tranſient Taſte of Joy, will only more
 Imbitter Death.

PHOENISSA.

A Moment will decide.

Madam, till then—

SOPHONISBA.

Would I had dy'd before!
 And am I dreaming here? Here from the *Romans*,
 Beseeching I may live to swell their Triumph?
 When my free Spirit should ere now have join'd
 That great Assembly, those devoted Shades,
 Who scorn'd to live till Liberty was lost,
 But ere their Country fell, abhorr'd the Light.
 Whence this pale Slave? he trembles with his Mes-
 sage.



S C E N E VII.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA; *and to them a SLAVE,*
with a Letter and Poison from MASINISSA.

SLAVE *kneeling.*

This, Madam, from the King, and this.

SOPHONISBA.

Ha!—Stay.

(Reads the Letter.)

Rejoice, *Phœnissa*! Give me Joy, my Friend!
 For here is Liberty! My Fears are Air!
 The Hand of *Rome* can never touch me more!
 Hail! perfect Freedom, hail!

PHOENISSA.

How? what? my Queen!

Ah what is this?

(Pointing to the Poison.)

SOPHONISBA.

The first of Blessings, Death.

PHOENISSA.

Alas! alas! can I rejoice in that?

SOPHO-

SOPHONISBA.

Shift not thy Colour at the Sound of Death,
 For Death appears not in a dreary Light,
 Seems not a Blank to me; a losing all
 Those fond Sensations, those enchanting Dreams,
 Which cheat a toiling World from day to day,
 And form the whole of Happiness they know.
 It is to me Perfection, Glory, Triumph.
 Nay fondly would I chuse it, tho' persuaded
 It were a long dark Night without a Morning,
 To Bondage far prefer it! since it is
 Deliverance from a World where *Romans* rule,
 Where Violence prevails — And timely too —
 Before my Country falls; before I feel
 As many Stripes, as many Chains, and Deaths,
 As there are Lives in *Carthage*. — Glorious Charter!
 By which I hold immortal Life and Freedom,
 Come, let me read thee once again. — And then,
 To thy great Purpose.

[Reads the Letter aloud.

MASINISSA to his QUEEN.

The Gods know with what Pleasure I would have kept my Faith to Sophonisba in another manner. But since this fatal Bowl can alone deliver thee from the Romans: call to mind thy Father, thy Country, that thou hast been the Wife of two Kings; and act up to the Dictates of thy own Heart. I will not long survive thee.

Oh, 'tis wondrous well!

Ye Gods of Death! who rule the *Stygian* Gloom,
 Ye who have greatly dy'd! I come! I come!
 I die contented, since I die a Queen;
 By *Rome* untouch'd, unsullied by their Power;
 So much their Terror that I must not live.

And thou, go tell the King, if this is all
 The nuptial Present he can send his Bride,
 I thank him for it — But that Death had worn

An

An easier Face before I trusted him.
 His Poison, tell him too, he might have spar'd,
 These Times may want it for himself ; and I
 Live not of such a Cordial unprovided.
 Add, hither had he come, I could have taught
 Him how to die. — I linger not, remember,
 I stand not shivering on the Brink of Life ;
 And, but these votive Drops, which grateful thus
 [Taking them from the Poison.]
 To Jove the high Deliverer I shed,
 Assure him that I drank it, drank it all,
 With an unalter'd Smile ——— Away.
 [Drinks.]



S C E N E VIII.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA.

SOPHONISBA.

My Friend !

In Tears, my Friend ! Dishonour not my Death
 With womanish Complaints. Weep not for me,
 Weep for thyself, *Phœnissa*, for thy Country,
 But not for me. There is a certain Hour,
 Which one would wish all undisturb'd and bright,
 No Care, no Sorrow, no dejected Passions,
 And that is when we die ; when hence we go,
 Ne'er to be seen again ; then let us spread
 A bold exalted Wing, and the last Voice
 We hear be that of Wonder and Applause.

PHOENISSA.

Who with the Patriot wishes not to die !

SOPHONISBA.

And is the sacred Moment then so near ?
 The Moment, when yon Sun, those Heavens, this
 Earth

Hateful

Hateful to me, polluted by the *Romans*,
 And all the busy slavish Race of Men,
 Shall sink at once ; and strait another State,
 New Scenes, new Joys, new Faculties, new Wonders,
 Rise on a sudden round : but this the Gods
 In Clouds and Horror wrap, or none would live !
 How liberal is Death !—Methinks, I seem
 To touch the happy Shore.—Behind me frowns
 A stormy Sea, with tossing Mortals thick ;
 While, unconfin'd and green, before me lies
 The Land of Bliss, and everlasting Freedom :
 Where walk the mighty Dead ; all of one mind,
 One blooming Smile, one Language, and one Country.
 Oh to be there ! — my Breast begins to burn ;
 My tainted Heart grows sick.—Ah me ! *Phœnissa*,
 How many Virgins, Infants, tender Wretches,
 Must feel these Pangs, ere *Carthage* is no more !
 Soft — lead me to my Couch — My shivering
 Limbs,
 Do this last Office, and then rest for ever.
 I pray thee weep not, pierce me not with Groans.
 The King too here !—Nay then my Death is full !



SCENE IX.

SOPHONISBA, PHOENISSA, MASINISSA,
 LÆLIUS, NARVA.

MASINISSA.

Has *Sophonisba* drank this cursed Bowl ?
 Oh Horror ! Horror ! what a Sight is here !

SOPHONISBA.

Had I not drank, *Masinissa*, then,
 I had deserv'd it.

MASI-

MASINISSA.

Exquisite Distress!

Oh bitter, bitter Fate! And this last Hope
Compleats my Woe.

SOPHONISBA.

When will these Ears be deaf,
To Misery's Complaint? These Eyes be blind,
To Mischief wrought by Rome?

MASINISSA.

Too soon! too soon!—

Ah why so hasty? But a little while,
Hadst thou delay'd this horrid Draught; I then
Had been as happy, as I now am wretched!

SOPHONISBA.

What means this Talk of Hope? of coward waiting?

MASINISSA.

What have I done? Oh Heavens! I cannot think
Without Distraction, Hell, and burning Anguish,
On my rash Deed! — But, while I talk, she dies!
And how? what? where am I then? — Say, canst
— thou

Forgive me, *Sophonisba*?

SOPHONISBA.

Yes, and more,

More than forgive thee, thank thee, *Masinissa*.

Hadst thou been weak, and dally'd with my Free-
dom,

Till by proud *Rome* enslav'd; that Injury
I never had forgiven.

MASINISSA.

I came with Life!

Lælius and I from *Scipio* hasted hither;
But Death was here before us—this vile Poison!

SOPHONISBA.

With Life! — There was some merit in the Poison;
But this destroys it all.—And couldst thou think
Me mean enough to take it? Oh! *Phænissa*,
This mortal Toil is almost at an end. —

Receive my parting Soul.

VOL. I.

* F

PHOENISSA.

PHOENISSA.

Alas, my Queen!

MASINISSA!

Dies! dies! and scorns me! — Mercy! *Sophonisba*!
 Grant one forgiving Look, while yet thou canst;
 Or Death it self, the Grave cannot relieve me:
 But with the Furies join'd, my frantic Ghost
 Will howl for ever.—Quivering! and pale!
 Have I done this?

SOPHONISBA.

Come nearer, *Masinissa*.—

Out! stubborn Nature! —

MASINISSA.

Misery! these Pangs

To me transferr'd were Ease.—A Moment only!
 An agonizing Moment! while I have
 An Age of things to say!

SOPHONISBA.

We, but for *Rome*,
 Might have been happy—Rouse thee now, my Soul!
 The cold Deliverer comes.—Be mild to *Syphax*!—
 In my surviving Friend behold me still! —
 Farewell! —'Tis done.—O never, never, *Carthage*,
 Shall I behold thee more!

(Dies.)

MASINISSA.

Dead! dead! oh dead!

Is there no Death for me?

[Snatches *Lælius's* Sword to stab himself.]

LÆLIUS.

Hold, *Masinissa*!

MASINISSA.

And wouldst thou make a Coward of me, *Lælius*?
 Have me survive that murder'd Excellence?

Did she not stir? Ha! Who has shock'd my Brain!
 It whirls, it blazes.—Was it thou, old Man?

NARYA.

Alas! alas! — good *Masinissa*, softly!

Let me conduct thee to thy Couch.

MASI-

MASINISSA.

The Grave

Were welcome.—But ye cannot make me live!
Oppress'd with Life! — Off! — Croud not thus a-
round me!

For I will hear, see, think no more! — Thou Sun,
Keep up thy hated Beams! And all I want
Of thee, kind Earth, is an immediate Grave!

Ay, there she lies! — Why to that pallid Sweetness
Can not I, Nature! lay my Lips, and die!

[Throws himself beside her.]

LÆLIUS.

See there the Ruins of the noble Mind,
When from calm Reason Passion tears the Sway.
What pity she should perish! — Cruel War,
'Tis not the least Misfortune in thy Train,
That oft by thee the Brave destroy the Brave.
She had a *Roman* Soul; for every one
Who loves, like her, his Country is a *Roman*.
Whether on *Afric's* sandy Plains he glows,
Or lives untam'd among *Riphaean* Snows;
If Parent-Liberty the Breast inflame,
The gloomy *Libyan* then deserves that Name:
And, warm with Freedom, under frozen Skies,
In farthest *Eritain* *Romans* yet may rise.

The End of the Fifth Act.



EP I L O G U E.

By a F R I E N D.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

NOW, I'm afraid, the modest Taste in vogue
Demands a strong, high-season'd Epilogue.
Else might some filly Soul take Pity's part,
And odious Virtue sink into the Heart.

Our squeamish Author scruples this Proceeding ;
He says it hurts sound Morals, and good Breeding :
Nor Sophonisba would be here produce,
A glaring Model, of no private Use.
Ladies, he bid me say, behold your Cato.
What tho' no Stoic she, nor read in Plato ?
Yet sure she offer'd, for her Country's sake,
A Sacrifice, which Cato could not make—
—Already, now, these wicked Men are sneering,
Some wresting what one says, and others leering.
I vow they have not Strength for — public Spirit.
That, Ladies, must be your superior Merit.

Mercy forbid ! we should lay down our Lives ;
Like these old, Punic, barbarous, Heathen Wives.
Spare Christian Blood.—But sure the Devil's in her,
Who for her Country would not lose a Pinner.
—Lard ! how could such a Creature shew her Face ?
How ? — Just as you do there—thro' Brussels Lace.
The Roman Fair, the Public in distress,
Gave up the dearest Ornaments of Dress.

How

*How much more cheaply might you gain Applause?
 — One Yard of Ribban, and two Ells of Gause.
 And Gause each deep-read Critic must adore;
 Your Roman Ladies dress'd in Gause all o'er.
 Should you, fair Patriots, come to dress so thin;
 How clear might all your—Sentiments be seen!
 To foreign Looms no longer owe your Charms;
 Nor make their Trade more fatal than their Arms.
 Each British Dame, who courts her Country's Praise,
 By quitting these outlandish Modes, might raise
 (Not from yon powder'd Band, so thin, and spruce)
 Ten able-bodied Men, for — public Use.*

*But now a serious Word about the Play.—
 Auspicious smile on this his first Essay,
 Ye generous Britons! your own Sons inspire;
 Let your Applauses fan their native Fire.
 Then other Shakespears yet may rouse the Stage,
 And other Otways melt another Age.*





*A NUPTIAL SONG, intended to have been
inserted in the Fourth Act.*

COME, gentle *Venus*! and assuage
A warring World, a bleeding Age.
For Nature lives beneath thy Ray,
The wintry Tempests haste away,
A lucid Calm invests the Sea,
Thy native Deep is full of thee;
And flowering Earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er Spring, all Sun the Sky.
A genial Spirit warms the Breeze;
Unseen, among the blooming Trees,
The feather'd Lovers tune their Throat,
The Desert growls a soften'd Note,
Glad o'er the Meads the Cattle bound,
And Love and Harmony go round.

But chief, into the human Heart
You strike the dear delicious Dart;
You teach us pleasing Pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious Woe,
To feel the generous Passions rise,
Grow good by Gazing, mild by Sighs;
Each happy Moment to improve,
And fill the perfect Year with Love.

Come, thou Delight of Heaven and Earth!
To whom all Creatures owe their Birth;
Oh come, red-smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final Doom.
For long the furious God of War
Has crush'd us with his iron Car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd Plains,
Has curs'd them with his cruel Stains,
Has clos'd our Youth in endless Sleep,
And made the widow'd Virgin weep.

Now

Now let him feel thy wonted Charms;
 Oh take him to thy twining Arms!
 And, while thy Bosom heaves on his,
 While deep he prints the humid Kifs,
 Ah then! his stormy Heart controul,
 And sigh thy self into his Soul.

Thy Son too, *Cupid*, we implore,
 To leave the green *Idalian* Shore;
 Be he, sweet God! our only Foe;
 Long let him draw the twanging Bow,
 Transfix us with his golden Darts,
 Pour all his Quiver on our Hearts,
 With gentler Anguish make us sigh,
 And teach us sweeter Deaths to die,





The CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

SPRING,	— — —	Page	1
SUMMER,	— — —		65
AUTUMN,	— — —		159
WINTER,	— — —		231
A HYMN,	— — —		284
A POEM to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON,			291
BRITANNIA, a Poem,	— — —		307

VOL. II.

Antient and modern ITALY compar'd; being the the first Part of LIBERTY, a POEM,	Page	1
GREECE, being the second Part. — —		27
ROME, being the third Part. — — —		59
BRITAIN, being the fourth Part, — —		95
The PROSPECT, being the fifth Part, —		171
A POEM to the Memory of Lord TALBOT,		217
AGAMEMNON, a Tragedy.		
EDWARD and ELEONORA, a Tragedy.		



